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WATERWAYS AND RAILWAYS

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Of all the means used by man for travel or for the conveyance of things from one place to another, waterways and water-craft have held the largest place in history and literature; all that pertains to them still appeals to the imagination and to a sympathy deepened by centuries. Rivers formed by the processes of nature existed before the land-roads wrought by the hand of man. Sloops and triremes, navigating the seas, penetrated the rivers also.

As the stationary succeeded the nomadic life, forests had to be cleared and swamps to be drained. Not only in Holland and Belgium, but in Austria-Hungary, and even in England, the digging of ditches to drain supersaturated soil was the first step toward the construction of canals. Along a drainage channel a small boat could be propelled from one farm to another, and in a deeper and wider channel to a neighboring village. Thus were foreshadowed the artificial waterways which have generally been built to connect two natural waterways.

With the recession of the mediæval period, canals were extended, rivers were dredged, and their banks revetted to make more secure the channels for navigation, and to prevent the inundation of adjoining lands. With the

launching of larger ocean vessels, harbors and ports were improved. Wares brought from foreign lands by sailing-vessels to the ports were trans-shipped to the interior by smaller sailing-vessels or rowboats, over the rivers, and by boats drawn by hand or by animal-power along the canals. During the first quarter of the nineteenth century the differentiation between deep-sea craft and inland water-craft became still more pronounced because of the utilization of steam as power.

By elemental forces the deep seas have been made, and are maintained as highways, free of cost, and for their use no toll is charged. Upon the vast expanse the roll of the mightiest steamer shakes no yielding bank. The ocean will carry the greatest vessels that man can build. His concern is only with the proportions of the craft: the relation of weight, displacement, and cubical contents to the propelling power, and to the resistance of wind and water. The more powerful the engines, the more serviceable the shape, the less is the resistance, the greater the burden that can be undertaken, and the greater the speed. The degree in which inland waterways are available for navigation depends upon the degree in which their physical characteristics approach

those of the deep seas. Over great bays and into estuaries the largest of the present-day ocean liners can go; but there are few of the boundaries dividing estuary from river which they can pass. Smaller ocean-going craft can traverse the deeper reaches of the greatest rivers, permitting regular communication such as that which exists between Cologne and Strasburg on the Rhine, and Liverpool, Havre, and Hamburg on the seas.

The facility with which even the greatest rivers can be navigated varies greatly. The Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, the Weser, the Danube, flow over stretches of hundreds of miles, along gradual declivities which in great measure have firm beds, and their currents carry little mud and silt in suspension. Others of the continental rivers have more tortuous channels and a less gradual slope. But few of those of England are navigable from as far as one hundred miles in the interior. There is no one of these rivers of any country upon which navigation is not impaired to a greater or less extent, by drought in summer and by frost in winter. In the United States but few of the rivers tributary to the Atlantic are navigable for considerable distances. The depths of the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Ohio, fluctuate within wide limits from one season to another. The channels of the greater rivers are tortuous and subject to constant modification by the violent periodic rush of the currents, which carry in suspension an almost unbelievable amount of sediment that is deposited here and there on the bars.

Although not comparable with the deep sea, a river is still a natural highway. Its channel has been cut, its bed and its banks determined by the erosion of the ages. Even when the channel is dredged and the banks revetted, the river is still in the main a product

of nature, existing in accord with and not in opposition to the play of natural forces.

This does not mean that the construction and maintenance of a canal must necessarily be in opposition to nature. Yet the fact that a canal is dug by man instead of the force of nature evidences that it is not a natural channel, the product of natural force. Canals that are built through level country easily become stagnant, because their currents are weak; when built across elevations, the supply of water must be preserved, often at extraordinary expense, and has to be adjusted by the use of locks. Canals are more susceptible to drought and to freezing than are rivers, and artificial banks tend to yield to the force of the water pushed aside by passing craft.

On the deep sea any number of ships as large as can be navigated may pass with undiminished speed. On a river, the size of craft, the rapidity of movement, and feasibility of passing, are limited by the width and depth of the channel; these limitations apply with greater force on a canal; and where there are locks the rate of movement and facility of passage are further restricted. It is not uncommon for the canal-boats on the comparatively short stretch between Paris and the Belgian frontier to suffer a detention of seventy-two hours in making what would normally be a twenty-four-hour journey, because of waiting turn at the locks. In England the locks on the canals, which as in France are tunnels, average perhaps more than one to a mile, expensive of construction, through which the propelling of the boats is slow and laborious.

The introduction of steam as power applied not only to locomotion by sea but to locomotion by land. From the time of the building of the first steam railway a score of years were consumed

in experiment before the construction of road-bed, rails, and locomotives had arrived at that mutual adaptation which gave some indication of the possibilities of this method of transport overland. That the canals had found a competitor which would wage a winning contest for supremacy was realized first of all in England. An article published in the *Quarterly Review* in 1835 said, "The disadvantages of the canal are many. The frost at one season of the year entirely puts a stop to all conveyance of goods, and the drought at another renders it necessary to proceed with half cargo. The speed at which goods can be conveyed on a railway can be so regulated as to be certain and constant, while boats are frequently delayed for hours at the lockages of a canal. Railways may be made to branch out in every direction to accommodate the traffic, whatever be the nature of the surface; while the possibility of carrying branches from a canal in any direction must depend entirely on the surface and a supply of water. Experiment has shown that at the speed of two miles an hour, under the same moving force on a turnpike road, on a canal, and on a railway, the canal has the advantage of the turnpike as 15 to 1; of the railroad as 2 to 1; at the speed of 2.82 miles the railway and the canal will be found to be equal, but at the rate of three miles an hour the railway has obtained the advantage over the canal in the ratio of 22.4 to 19.9, and at nine miles an hour the canal can take only one-eighth of the weight conveyed on a railway with the same power."

It is evident that at a speed of thirty miles an hour the disparity is still greater. The everyday spectacle in the United States of great freight-trains moving at this speed at intervals of a few minutes, and passing on double tracks, gives some comprehension of

the relative feebleness of the most capacious canal that it is feasible to construct. The test chronicled in the *Quarterly Review* was with traffic at grade in a straight line. In rounding curves and on up-grades the advantage of the railway multiplies.

Little wonder, then, that the canal proprietors of England, panic-stricken from the very inception of the railway enterprises, in many cases blocked the projects by opposing the charters until the railways had taken over their canals. The apprehensions then felt that the canals could not hold their own against the railways have been fully verified. The canals that did not pass under railway control have, with but few exceptions, fallen into decay. Although by reason of being responsible for the up-keep of the canals forced upon them, and in many cases for dividends they have guaranteed, the railroads have had every incentive to build up their traffic in order to make them at least self-sustaining, these canals have been operated year after year at a loss.

In the United States, during the early decades of the nineteenth century many canals were built, at a cost ranging from fourteen to seventeen thousand dollars a mile in the level middle states, to from thirty to sixty thousand dollars a mile, and even more, in the mountainous east. It was at first the general belief that, while the railways would be more useful for the conveyance of high-class merchandise, demanding quick service, they would never supplant the canals in the conveyance of low-grade heavy commodities. Within about thirty years, however, from the opening of the first railways, that is by about 1860, they had clearly demonstrated their superiority in the carriage, not only of high-class merchandise, but of low-grade materials and commodities. Canal after canal was abandoned, until at this time

there are very few interior canals in use in the whole country.

In England the railways not only demonstrated their superiority over the canals for the transportation of interior traffic, but in very great measure displaced the coastwise vessels that had been in service between one and another of the ports. For example, the railways carry the traffic between Liverpool and London and between Bristol and Hull, which in earlier days went by vessel. In the United States the railways demonstrated their superiority not only over the canals, but also over the rivers, in large measure displacing even the steamboats for which the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and their tributaries were famous. Both in England and in the United States these results were obtained by the railways so reducing their rates to and from places between which they had water competition, that the boats could not afford to continue in service. In obedience to primal law, in the struggle for existence there was survival of the fittest.

In the countries of the continent of Europe, especially in Germany and France, the railways when under corporate ownership developed the same practices, and were leading to the same result, the entire defeat of the waterways. There was a great outcry that instruments created by pygmy man were despoiling the gifts of nature, destroying the usefulness of the naturally-ordained highways of commerce. In both countries there was governmental interference to protect the suffering waterways from the rapacity of the iron and steel marauders. In Germany the rates of the railways were made, and are maintained, at a level so high that the water-craft, which are allowed to charge whatever they please and to whomsoever they please, have in this respect a tremendous advantage. In France the rates of the railways

were arbitrarily made, and are arbitrarily maintained, at a level which averages twenty per cent higher than the rates of the water-craft, which, in that country, as in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Italy, are allowed to charge whatever they please. Discrimination between one shipper and another by the water-craft, which do not have to publish or adhere to established rates, is permitted by governments which rigidly prohibit such discrimination by the railways, compelling them to publish and maintain their rates.

From time immemorial, improvement of harbors, building of wharves, and provision of the appurtenances necessary to enable a port to engage in deep-water traffic, have been at the expense of a nation, a province, a city, or other community. Such expenditure has been incurred in but few cases and at few places by private corporations. In the continental countries of Europe even down to the present day this practice has undoubtedly been justifiable, inasmuch as the seaports have often been the commercial metropolises, the entrepôts for merchandise collected for export or imported for distribution throughout a nation having comparatively little interior commerce, depending for its prosperity in the main upon that moving by sea. This traditional practice obtains even in the United States, where the domestic traffic is by far the more important, with the result that the national government is continually besieged to improve one port that it may more successfully compete with another, which in turn makes demand upon the national treasury.

In the olden time, and even to this day in many places, especially in the countries of continental Europe, it is held that the provision of highways in general should be at governmental expense, because they are for the use of

the people in general. In the mediæval period, when communities were almost entirely self-sufficient, there was not often the inducement for corporations to provide highways, nor could adequate capital as a rule have been obtained by private subscription. Moreover, any one of the large rivers traversed what then were several countries. This led to the improvement of such streams under international agreement, to the abolition of tolls on international traffic, and finally to the abolition of tolls on all river-traffic. Governmental improvement and maintenance of riverways, and governmental construction and maintenance of canals, have continued and extended, until at this time, with negligible exceptions, tolls are not charged for the use of the rivers of Europe, nor in most cases for the use of canals. The results of this policy are shown by statistics that are startling.

The total capital expenditure of Prussia on its rivers, canalized rivers, and canals, to 1906, amounts to \$132,500,000. The expenditure in improving its rivers has averaged over \$30,000 per mile, the average on the Rhine being over \$60,000 per mile; the expenditure on the canalized rivers and canals has averaged over \$40,000 per mile. The total expenditure on the maintenance of its interior waterways in 1905 was over \$4,000,000; its total receipts in that year from these interior waterways about \$1,700,000. That is, the revenue from the interior waterways in 1905 was over \$2,300,000 less than the expense for maintenance. If there be added thereto interest on the capital at three and one-half per cent, amounting to \$4,637,750, it is found that the charge borne, without offset, by the state of Prussia during 1905 for its interior waterways amounted to nearly \$6,500,000.

In France, the grand total of the governmental capital expenditure on

rivers and canals amounted in 1906 to \$320,000,000, varying from \$64,000 per mile for improvement of rivers to \$200,000 per mile for construction of canals. The annual expense for maintenance borne by the government is between \$3,500,000 and \$4,000,000. It is estimated that the total traffic of the rivers and canals of France yields to the boatmen from \$12,000,000 to \$16,000,000 annually. The government receives none of this. But let it be supposed that from the higher figure there is deducted \$3,500,000 to cover the annual expense of maintenance, and there is left but \$12,500,000. Interest at four per cent on the \$320,000,000 expended by the government on the construction and improvement of these waterways would amount to \$12,800,000 a year. That is, the government has made a capital investment of \$320,000,000, on which it not only receives no interest, but pays annually for maintenance over ten per cent. Because of this investment and outgo a bare livelihood is obtained by the boatmen and their families, whose entire revenue is less than the cost of maintenance and the interest, if the latter be calculated at four per cent. If the charge borne by the French government on account of its interior waterways be distributed over the total traffic, it will average over four and one-half mills per ton-mile. This, added to the low estimated average transportation charge of a centime and a half per ton-kilometer, discloses that the interior waterway traffic of France bears a charge of nearly nine-tenths of a cent per net ton per English mile, which considerably exceeds the average received by the railways of the United States on all their traffic.

In Belgium the capital expenditure on the rivers and canals has been from \$55,000 to over \$450,000 a mile, the total to 1905 being \$79,050,000. The

average annual charge for current improvements and maintenance is \$445,000. The receipts for 1905 were \$400,000. If to the deficit in meeting the current expenditure for that year be added interest on the capital at three and one-half per cent, amounting to \$2,766,750, it is found that the total charge borne, without offset, by the state of Belgium on account of its waterways for the year 1905 amounted to over \$2,800,000.

In Holland capital expenditure on inland waterways has been made during long periods of time, not only by the national government, but by provinces and communities, and to a limited extent by private corporations. Adequate records of the totals have not been kept, and if they had been it would be impossible to allocate them between the purposes of drainage and navigation. The annual expenditure by the national government on the maintenance of the inland waterways has, during the past ten years, ranged downward from about \$3,000,000 to \$2,000,000 per annum. The total maintenance expenditures of the provincial and local governments and the private companies were not procurable. Neither the national government nor the provincial nor local governments receive any return on the capital expended in the construction and improvement of the rivers and canals. On the limited extent of these waterways for the use of which tolls are charged, these tolls are but nominal, the cost for maintenance and operation being in largest part without offset. That is, even in Holland, the one country in the world where it might reasonably be expected that the use of the inland waterways would be attended with direct pecuniary profit, they not only pay no return on capital, but do not meet the current expenditure for their maintenance.

In Russia the capital expenditure of

the government on the interior waterways during the last one hundred years has approximated \$500,000,000. The annual expenditure for maintenance and operation is about \$6,000,000, against which the only offset is about \$90,000 per annum.

It is Germany and France that are pointed to with pride by waterway enthusiasts, as countries whose example in encouraging and developing traffic upon inland waterways might well be emulated. Yet in Germany the length of the navigable waterways, which was 6200 miles in 1875, was 6200 miles in 1905 also, and the Rhine carries forty-three per cent, the Elbe twenty-four per cent, of the entire inland water traffic. In France the length of the interior waterways really available for navigation is 7378 miles, and over but about half of these is carried ninety-six per cent of the interior waterway traffic. These are the rivers and canals in the northeast, serving Paris and Havre, and carrying coal to and from Belgium and Germany. The other interior waterways of France, that is, the other half of those really available for navigation, carry less than five per cent of the traffic.

Contrasting with these statistics as to the status of the waterways, which have been obtained directly from the respective governments and from official publications, are the statistics in regard to the status of the railways, which likewise have been obtained from official sources.

In Prussia, if the traffic of 1905 be measured by ton-kilometers, it would seem that the waterways carry one-fourth of the total freight, but in reality they carry but about one-seventh. This is because the longer haul of the freight on the waterways, the far more circuitous haul, gives a greater volume of ton-kilometers than the haul by railway, which is usually over a route that

is approximately direct. Although the total capacity of all the freight-cars is substantially the same as that of all the water-craft, they carry seven times as much freight. This of course is because of the greater speed of movement, the greater promptness and rapidity of loading and unloading. Notwithstanding the lower rates by the Rhine, over one-fifth of the coal from the Westphalian mines to the city of Frankfort is carried by practically parallel rail-lines. The capital expenditure on the Prussian railways to 1905 was \$2,286,000,000. The receipts for that year were \$432,315,000, the expenses \$262,075,000, thus leaving a surplus of \$170,240,000, which is equivalent to nearly seven and one-half per cent on the capital and is over one-fifth of the revenue of the state, which owns substantially all the railways within its limits. This is the result, notwithstanding the traditional fostering of the waterways, and notwithstanding that the possibility of developing the Prussian railways to a capacity even approximating that of those of the United States has received practically no consideration.

In France, if allowance be made for the longer distance caused by the circuitous routes of the waterways, it will be found that they carry but eleven per cent, and the railways eighty-nine per cent of the traffic. The waterways of France are not only exempt from the payment of any return on capital or for maintenance, but they are exempt from all taxation and from all service to the government. On the other hand, through taxes of one kind and another, the government receives from the railways over \$30,000,000 a year, and its saving because of special services performed gratuitously or at reduced rates by the railways amounts to about \$20,000,000 more. If a corresponding burden were placed on the boats, they

would all be at the bottom of the canal. Yet the receipts for the railways stand for 1907 at \$13,760 per mile.

The administration by the Belgian government of the railways which here, as in Germany, are nearly all owned by the state, is admittedly wasteful. But, notwithstanding that fact, their surplus revenue during recent years averages over four per cent on the capital. As Holland is the one country in the world where it might reasonably be expected that the use of the inland waterways would be pecuniarily profitable, so also is it the one country in the world where it might be expected that the management of the railways could not be other than a losing struggle for existence. Yet these railways, which are leased from the state and are operated under corporate management, pay a rental to the government averaging about one and one-half per cent on its capital investment, pay for their maintenance and operation, and in addition return to the shareholders in the operating companies dividends which have ranged from four and one-half and five per cent in 1899 to three per cent in 1908.

In all of the countries that have been named, the tariffs of the railways are under strict governmental control, which in the case of Germany and France permits the charge of higher rates per ton per mile than the average rates of the railways of the United States. In every one of these countries the government practically makes the boatmen a present of the waterways. Yet in every one of these countries the superiority of the railways is manifest, even although not one of them has developed anything like the efficiency of those of the United States. Their locomotives being far less powerful, and their freight-cars much smaller, it is not possible to haul train-loads anywhere nearly so heavy.

This greater profitableness of the railways than of the interior waterways, notwithstanding the adverse conditions to which the governments subject them, clearly indicates that they are the better adapted for the purposes of transportation, so that the larger traffic flows to them despite the artificially imposed handicaps. The principal reasons for this are clearly shown in the article in the *Quarterly Review* which has been quoted. In their development the inland waterways and their craft have not made as much progress as even the backward railways of these countries. In the United States, where the railways have attained a far higher degree of efficiency than in Europe, and where the waterway traffic has not been nursed and bolstered to such an extent by the government, their victory over the rivers and canals is more complete. The impression that there is a clearly defined distinction between the kinds of commodities carried by rail and those carried by water, is not correct. The traffic of the waterways in greater proportion is of heavy and coarse commodities, but they also carry a share of the high-class merchandise, and the railways carry a large part of the fuels, ores, stones, and other crude materials.

Channels of transportation, to be efficient, must accord with the channels of traffic. In this respect the interior waterways of Europe have an advantage over those of the United States. Inasmuch as the import and export traffic of every country of the continent is mainly by water, it must pass through one or the other of the ports, of which nearly every one of the more important is at or near the mouth of one of the great rivers.

While the rail traffic between one and another nation of Europe is small compared with that which moves by deep water from port to port, rail

traffic between one and another region of the United States, whose total area is about equal to that of Europe, vastly predominates. Here the flow of traffic is mainly between the east and the west. In this direction the only waterways available for considerable traffic are the great lakes, which, in depth, extent, and navigable facility, are comparable to the great seas. But even the great lakes are not navigable during a considerable part of every winter because of ice-floes in the straits. The Erie Canal, originally constructed to connect the lakes with the Hudson River, has had a losing struggle, tolls for its use having been abolished in 1880 in order that it might carry some crumbs of the traffic that in vast volume moves over the railways.

Before the railways had become the generally accepted means of transportation in the United States, the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Ohio rivers were the great highways of the Mississippi Valley. Merchandise went down from Pittsburg and Cincinnati, and came up from New Orleans and Memphis. Collection from and distribution throughout the interior was made by wagon from the river-landings. Drought in the summer and ice in the winter caused cessation of navigation. When railways were built paralleling these rivers, they gradually secured an increasing share of the traffic, until at the present time there are but few lines of steamboats in regular service. In but one respect do these waterways now serve an important phase of commerce. This is in the conveyance of coal from the fields of western Pennsylvania, the Virginias, and eastern Ohio, and from fields in other adjacent states, to the South. Yet during 1908 but one and a half million tons of coal passed out of the Ohio River into the Mississippi. The coal that passes from the Pittsburg field down the Ohio

River beyond the Pittsburg district is but a small fraction of that consumed within the district itself; and even the companies engaged in the river coal-traffic supply a large part of their markets by rail.

In the United States, as in Europe, the improvement and maintenance of the rivers is held to be a function of the national government. In calculating the charge for transportation, the owners of the water-craft, as in Europe, need consider only the investment in the craft. The charge for the transportation of any particular consignment therefore need but little more than cover the cost of transportation.

The railway companies, on the other hand, are obliged to provide their entire plant, road-bed, structures, and equipment, and to bear the entire expense of maintenance as well as of operation. Their capital is obtained from investors, who will not subscribe unless they think there is prospect of return. The railways moreover are heavily, the water-craft but lightly, taxed.

Yet the railways are censured when they reduce their rates to meet water competition, although in such cases they simply adopt the same basis of calculation that the beneficence of the government permits the water-craft to adopt. That is, when the railways reduce their rates between competitive water points they figure their charges to cover but little more than the actual cost of transportation. If the government in its beneficence permits the charges for water transport to be made on a basis that disregards capital and maintenance, why should there be objection when the railways adopt the same basis, especially in view of the fact that the capital and maintenance expenditure of the railways are not obtained by taxation, as is that of the waterways?

It must be understood that if a rail-

way has to choose between carrying certain traffic or not carrying it, it is justified in carrying that traffic even at a rate so low that it will but little more than pay the actual expense of running the cars or the trains to accommodate it; inasmuch as whatever surplus the traffic yields above this prime cost contributes by that amount to the expense of maintenance. If a railway company, by devoting cars and locomotives to such transportation, should not have sufficient equipment remaining to carry other and more profitable traffic, it might be argued that it would be justified in abandoning the comparatively unremunerative for the sake of the remunerative traffic. The next step in this line of the argument is that, if the transportation of the less remunerative traffic be an economic necessity, additional means of transportation should be provided to relieve the overburdened railway.

Here arises the question: Should this additional means of transportation be provided and maintained by the nation at the expense of the taxpayers, or should it be provided by the subscription of investors? Investors will not subscribe capital unless there is prospect of return. It is incontestable that capital for the improvement of rivers and the construction of canals cannot be obtained by private subscription because they offer no prospect of return. It is equally incontestable that the capital of private investors will flow by the hundreds of millions of dollars into the construction and extension of railways if the operation of those railroads be not unduly hampered by antagonistic public opinion, and unjustly impeded by ill-advised legislation.

Where nature has provided navigable waterways, competition of the water-craft with the railways is economically sound. Expenditures to

prevent inundation, for irrigation, and for reclamation, cannot be here discussed. But wherein is the justification for the government expending without recompense money, obtained from the taxpayers, for the provision and upkeep of channels of transportation to compete with the railways that are constructed and operated with invested capital? It must be remembered that capital, in the one case as in the other, comes out of the resources of the nation; that if the government expends capital in ways that are economically unsound, there is so much less to be spent in ways that are economically sound. Why then should the government bestow capital gratis upon a less efficient means of transportation to which investors are not willing to subscribe?

It must also be understood that money expended by the government upon an interior waterway, although it come from the pockets of the whole people, can usually at the best benefit but the limited area contiguous to the waterways. In Germany over sixty per cent of the industrial establishments of the country are located in the valley of the Rhine, with the result that the interior districts are in a backward state of development. For this reason there is vigorous and widespread opposition to the expenditure by the state of further vast sums upon waterways that will pay no return and will serve only the adjacent districts. It is admittedly, as a rule, less expensive and more convenient to ship entirely by rail from one point to another, neither of which is on a waterway, than to ship by rail to waterway, unload and reload, and then transfer again from waterway to rail. In the United States this contention has far greater force. Even the Erie Canal, upon which the State of New York has showered millions of dollars, does

not serve the interests of the southern and northern counties of that state; and inasmuch as it is principally designed for the conveyance of through traffic, it renders but negligible service even to the counties it penetrates, these counties receiving and shipping nearly all of their products by rail.

Those in favor of the improvement of rivers and the construction of canals are wont to cite the Manchester Ship Canal as an example to be commended. It is unquestionable that this canal has revived the commerce of Manchester, and increased the value of lands along its banks to which industries have come, many plants having been attracted from other places of prior establishment. It certainly would be a cause for regret if the \$85,000,000 expended in its construction had not resulted in some benefit to somebody. Up to this time there has not been a dollar of return to the share capital, which was subscribed not only by the business interests of Manchester but by clerks, workingmen, and even servant-girls, in the furore of popular enthusiasm that attended the inception of the project twenty years ago. It is a matter, however, that concerns the people of Manchester. They were certainly entitled to have the canal if they were willing to pay for it. Had the \$85,000,000 come from the national treasury, the case would wear a different aspect.

At this time, happily, the popular enthusiasm of a few years ago in favor of the construction or reconstruction of a general network of canals in any part of the United States would seem to have waned. The country may well await the result of the expenditure of the \$101,000,000 appropriated by the State of New York for the improvement of the Erie Canal; and what the Panama Canal has yet in store no one can tell. A system of waterways to carry even heavy and coarse commod-

ities in the channels of traffic now served by the railways would have to be a network of such extent and intricacy that it would convert the whole United States into a gigantic Holland.

Public interest for several years has been centred upon the provision of a deep waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf. There was clamor for such a waterway along which Lake vessels could go to New Orleans and thence out into the Gulf with unbroken cargo. The report of the Special Board of Engineers on the Survey of the Mississippi River, submitted to Congress by the Secretary of War on June 9, 1909, effectually demonstrates that this is entirely visionary, that the proposal to construct a channel from Chicago or St. Louis to New Orleans, adapted for lake, or ocean-going craft, is too wild for consideration; that the Lake vessels are not adapted to passage through rivers; and that even a fourteen-foot waterway would involve an expenditure entirely incommensurate with any volume of commerce in prospect. The report further states that "The immense commerce of the Rhine would be carried more readily and cheaply on the Mississippi to-day than on the Rhine, if such commerce were available for transportation by water and demanded such transportation. The decline in the commerce of the river has not arisen from its lack of navigability, but from the reduction in the amount of material available for shipment." This does not mean that the volume of commerce has decreased, but that it moves by the railways. That is, the shippers prefer the railways, even although the Mississippi as it is to-day affords better facilities for navigation than the Rhine. The great traffic of the Rhine is due, not only to its tremendous and comparatively stable volume of water, its gradual descent in a firm channel, its being

a minor estuary and a direct thoroughfare between the great industrial centres along its banks and the cities of the North Sea, but also to the advantages derived from extensive adjacent deposits of coal and of iron ore. No river in the United States is so favored.

That transportation by water has been and will continue to be a necessary factor in advancing civilization, no one can deny. The great vessels that ply the oceans, the seas, and the lakes, are of marvelous efficiency. To the extent that their usefulness can be furthered, expenditure is justifiable. The improvement of harbors conduces to this end, as does the construction of such canals as that of the Sault Ste. Marie, which permits large vessels to pass from deep water to deep water. By the same token the ship canal projected across Cape Cod, to enable coastwise vessels to avoid the circuitous voyage around the Cape, is a worthy undertaking. The building of a ship canal from the upper reach of Chesapeake Bay across to the Atlantic has been discussed for many years. This would save nearly two days in the voyage of the vessels that now have to round the capes at the mouth of the Chesapeake. Even on minor streams, the modern gasoline boats are doing good service by plying between river towns with rail communication and the smaller settlements and farms along the shores that have not that advantage.

In the United States, as in every country of Europe, the subject is a matter of politics, tossed forward and back as one or another party comes into power, and as popular enthusiasm waxes and wanes. Appropriations are made with liberality when there is a gust of favoring sentiment; and then, as the exchequer becomes low, work under way is not infrequently allowed to go to rack and ruin because funds for its prosecution are withheld.

THE THEOLOGIAN AT THE MITRE

BY E. V. LUCAS

I REMEMBER hearing an ingenious journalist remark that if ever he were appointed editor of a literary paper he would now and then devote a whole number to reviews of one book only, each review to be the work of a critic of eminence who was unaware that his verdict was not (as is usual) the only one that would be printed. "Thus," he added, "I should make an interesting number of my paper, while the differences of opinion in the reviews would healthily illustrate the vanity of criticism."

After having just read, with much entertainment, in an old book, the record of the travels in England of an intelligent German in the year 1782, I am inclined to think that, were I the editor of a general paper, I should adopt my friend's idea, and now and then induce several foreigners to visit my city or country, and record their impressions in parallel columns; just to show the reader how we strike contemporaries and strangers. But here, of course, the differences of opinion would rather tend to complete the picture than to bring criticism into disrepute. The result would be like those myriad reflections of one's self that are obtained from the triple mirrors in hatters' shops—all true, but all different, and some exceedingly unfamiliar and surprising.

If one of my observers were a man as shrewd and philosophic as Charles Moritz, the 1782 traveler, the excellence of one column at any rate of that number would be assured, for Moritz had both eyes and a brain.

A pastor in his native land, he sailed for England alone in May, 1782, bent upon seeing London and, for some unexplained reason, the Peak of Derbyshire. He knew the language perfectly, from books; and he brought to his adventure an open and tolerant mind, courage, determination, and humor. As it turned out, he found himself in need of all these qualities. Indeed, no traveler can afford to do without any of them. He wrote in German: my copy of his work was translated "by a Lady," and is furnished with a lengthy and rather too patronizing preface by an anonymous editor, with a standard of criticism for this kind of work so severe that it is a miracle that Moritz ever passed it at all.

As to the translator, she is, says the conscientious *entrepreneur*, "a very young lady, whose name, if it had been thought proper to mention it, would be indifferent to no lover of sound and deep learning, and exemplary piety." Since, however, the impropriety of mentioning it was so evident, we shall probably never be any the wiser. My own acquaintance with the deep learning and exemplary piety of the seven-teen-eighties, at any rate in conjunction, is so meagre that I throw up the sponge forthwith. And now for the book itself, the translation of which seems to me easy and spirited almost beyond praise. "Some little stiffnesses," says the editor, who confesses to a revising hand, "may still remain"; but if so I have missed them.

Let us disembark at Dartford on

June 2, 1782, with Mr. Moritz, and proceed with him to London in a post-chaise, by way of Greenwich. I have read of post-chaisses before, but never found them so vividly or informingly described as by this German pastor. It is worth while to pause a moment before going further and ask ourselves what we know of post-chaisses in England in 1782. It will make Mr. Moritz the more interesting. Speaking for myself, I certainly did not know that three persons might (by Act of Parliament) ride for the same cost as one, and that the charge was fixed at a shilling a mile. Had you realized that? I had always thought of the post-chaise as a luxury for the rich only, but this brings it within reach of much humbler purses. And now for the German: —

“These carriages are very neat and lightly built, so that you hardly perceive their motion, as they roll along these firm smooth roads; they have windows in front, and on both sides. The horses are generally good, and the postilions particularly smart and active, and always ride on a full trot. The one we had wore his hair cut short, a round hat, and a brown jacket, of tolerable fine cloth, with a nosegay in his bosom. Now and then, when he drove very hard, he looked round, and with a smile seemed to solicit our approbation.”

That is quite a picture, is it not? Dickens could have made the post-boy look round no less brightly and triumphantly, but he would have given him jokes. This is Dickens without language: Dickens on the cinematoscope.

The road to London is very prettily etched in: —

“A thousand charming spots, and beautiful landscapes, on which my eye would long have dwelt with rapture, were now rapidly passed with the speed of an arrow. Our road appeared to be

undulatory, and our journey, like the journey of life, seemed to be a pretty regular alternation of uphill and down, and here and there it was diversified with copses and woods; the majestic Thames every now and then, like a little forest of masts, rising to our view, and anon losing itself among the delightful towns and villages. The amazing large signs which, at the entrance of villages, hang in the middle of the street, being fastened to large beams, which are extended across the street from one house to another opposite it, particularly struck me; these signposts have the appearance of gates, or of gateways, for which I at first took them, but the whole apparatus, unnecessarily large as it seems to be, is intended for nothing more than to tell the inquisitive traveler that there is an inn. At length, stunned as it were by this constant rapid succession of interesting objects to engage our attention, we arrived at Greenwich nearly in a state of stupefaction.”

It is very much as a few years ago men wrote of their first motor-car ride, or as Wilbur Wright's passengers write now.

Between Greenwich and London in 1782 Mr. Moritz was surprised precisely in the same way in which I was surprised in Berlin in 1907. One thing in particular, he says, “struck and surprised me not a little; this was the number of people we met riding and walking with spectacles on, — among whom were many who appeared stout, healthy, and young.” Is not that — considering the date — odd? No German traveler would make such a remark now.

In London he lodged with a tailor's widow somewhere near the Adelphi. The family consisted “of the mistress of the house, her maid, and her two sons, Jacky and Jerry; singular abbreviations for John and Jeremiah. The

eldest, Jacky, about twelve years old, is a very lively boy, and often entertains me in the most pleasing manner, by relating to me his different employments at school and afterwards desiring me, in my turn, to relate to him all manner of things about Germany. He repeats his *amo, amas, amavi*, in the same singing tone as our common school-boys. As I happened once, when he was by, to hum a lively tune, he stared at me with surprise, and then reminded me it was Sunday; and so, that I might not forfeit his good opinion by any appearance of levity, I gave him to understand that, in the hurry of my journey, I had forgotten the day. . . . When the maid is displeased with me, I hear her sometimes at the door call me the German; otherwise in the family I go by the name of the Gentleman." Quite an Addisonian touch.

The tailor's widow was a woman out of the common, for a favorite author of hers was Milton, and she told her lodger that her "late husband first fell in love with her on this very account; because she read Milton with such proper emphasis." This endeared her to her lodger too, for a pocket Milton was his inseparable companion during his travels. But I fear that when he proceeds to deduce from the widow a general love of the great authors among even the common English people, he goes too far. He made indeed the mistake that he might make to-day, when cheap reprints of classics are far more numerous: the mistake of supposing that people read what they possess. Classics are still largely decoration. For the most part, I fear, the owners of the hundred best books are reading something from the circulating library.

The widow and her servant looked after him well, giving him bread and butter cut as thin as "poppy leaves!" But what he liked even better was their toast: —

"Another kind of bread and butter usually eaten with tea, which is toasted by the fire, and is incomparably good. You take one slice after the other and hold it to the fire on a fork till the butter is melted, so that it penetrates a number of slices at once. This is called toast."

That seems to me a very pleasant touch. I wonder into how many books of travel in England toast has found its way.

His curiosity took him everywhere, sometimes without any introduction, and sometimes with a letter from the German minister, Count Lucy. His first experience of the House of Commons, with no influence at his back, was amusing and illuminating.

"Above there is a small staircase, by which you go to the gallery, the place allotted for strangers. The first time I went up this small staircase and had reached the rails, I saw a very genteel man in black standing there. I accosted him without any introduction, and asked him whether I might be allowed to go in the gallery. He told me that I must be introduced by a Member, or else I could not get admission there. Now, as I had not the honour to be acquainted with a Member, I was under the mortifying necessity of retreating, and again going downstairs: as I did, much chagrined. And now, as I was sullenly marching back, I heard something said about a bottle of wine, which seemed to be addressed to me. I could not conceive what it could mean, till I got home, when my obliging landlady told me, I should have given the well-dressed man half-a-crown, or a couple of shillings, for a bottle of wine.

"Happy," he says, "in this information, I went again the next day; when the same man who before had sent me away, after I had given him only two shillings, very politely opened the door for me, and himself recom-

mended me to a good seat in the gallery."

Manners in Parliament seem to have improved a little. Mr. Moritz says:—

"The Members of the House of Commons have nothing particular in their dress; they even come into the house in their great-coats, and with boots and spurs. It is not at all uncommon to see a Member lying stretched out on one of the benches while others are debating. Some crack nuts, others eat oranges, or whatever else is in season. There is no end to their going in or out; and as often as any one wishes to go out, he places himself before the Speaker, and makes him his bow, as if, like a school-boy, he asked his tutor's permission. Those who speak, seem to deliver themselves with but little, perhaps not always with even a decorous, gravity. All that is necessary is to stand up in your place, take off your hat, turn to the Speaker (to whom all the speeches are addressed), to hold your hat and stick in one hand, and with the other to make any such motions as you fancy necessary to accompany your speech."

Mr. Moritz had good fortune, for he heard both Fox and Burke. He writes:

"Charles Fox is a short, fat, and gross man, with a swarthy complexion, and dark; and in general he is badly dressed. There certainly is something Jewish in his looks. But upon the whole, he is not an ill-made nor an ill-looking man: and there are many strong marks of sagacity and fire in his eyes. I have frequently heard the people here say, that this same Mr. Fox is as cunning as a fox. Burke is a well-made, tall, upright man, but looks elderly and broken."

A few weeks later, on his return to London, Moritz was again in the House to hear the debate on the death of the Marquis of Rockingham. Fox, General Conway, and Burke were the speakers. This is interesting:—

"Burke now stood up and made a most elegant, though florid speech, in praise of the late Marquis of Rockingham. As he did not meet with sufficient attention, and heard much talking and many murmurs, he said, with much vehemence, and a sense of injured merit, 'This is not treatment for so old a Member of Parliament as I am, and I will be heard!' On which there was immediately a most profound silence."

Our traveler was fortunate in the matter of Charles James Fox, for he heard him again, at an election. The hustings were erected outside St. Paul's, in Covent Garden, and Sir Cecil Wray was returned.

"In the area before the hustings, immense multitudes of people were assembled, of whom the greatest part seemed to be of the lowest order. To this tumultuous crowd, however, the speakers often bowed very low, and always addressed them by the title of gentlemen. Sir Cecil Wray was obliged to step forward and promise these same gentlemen, with hand and heart, that he would faithfully fulfil his duties as their representative. He also made an apology, because, on account of his long journey, and ill health, he had not been able to wait on them, as became him, at their respective houses. The moment that he began to speak, even this rude rabble became all as quiet as the raging sea after a storm; only every now and then rending the air with the parliamentary cry of *hear him! hear him!* and as soon as he had done speaking, they again vociferated aloud an universal huzza, every one, at the same time, waving his hat.

"And now, being formally declared to have been legally chosen, he again bowed most profoundly, and returned thanks for the great honour done him: when a well-dressed man, whose name I could not learn, stepped forward, and in a well-indited speech congratulated

both the chosen and the chusers. 'Upon my word,' said a gruff carter, who stood near me, 'that man speaks well.'

"Even little boys clambered up and hung on the rails and on the lamp posts; and as if the speeches had also been addressed to them, they too listened with the utmost attention: and they too testified their approbation of it, by joining lustily in the three cheers, and waving their hats.

"When Fox, who was among the voters, arrived at the beginning of the election, he too was received with an universal shout of joy. At length, when it was nearly over, the people took it into their heads to hear him speak, and every one called out 'Fox! Fox!' I know not why, but I seemed to catch some of the spirit of the place and time; and so I also bawled 'Fox! Fox!' and he was obliged to come forward and speak; for no other reason that I could find, but that the people wished to hear him speak.

"When the whole was over, the rampant spirit of liberty, and the wild impatience of a genuine English mob, were exhibited in perfection. In a very few minutes the whole scaffolding, benches, and chairs, and every thing else, was completely destroyed; and the mat with which it had been covered torn into ten thousand long strips, or pieces, or strings, with which they encircled or enclosed multitudes of people of all ranks. These they hurried along with them, and every thing else that came in their way, as trophies of joy; and thus, in the midst of exultation and triumph, they paraded through many of the most populous streets of London.

"Whilst in Prussia poets only speak of the love of country as one of the dearest of all human affections, here there is no man who does not feel, and describe with rapture, how much he loves his country. 'Yes, for my coun-

try, I'll shed the last drop of my blood!' often exclaims little Jacky, the fine boy here in the house where I live, who is yet only about twelve years old. The love of their country, and its unparalleled feats in war, are, in general, the subjects of their ballads and popular songs, which are sung about the streets by women, who sell them for a few farthings. It was only the other day our Jacky brought one home, in which the history of an admiral was celebrated, who bravely continued to command, even after his two legs were shot off, and he was obliged to be supported."

Living authors seem to have had no interest for Mr. Moritz, and therefore we get no glimpse of Dr. Johnson; but he saw everything else. He went to Ranelagh and Vauxhall; to many of the churches, even preaching in one; to the British Museum and to the theatre, where he was so much taken with a musical farce called *The Agreeable Surprise* that he saw it again and wished to translate it into German. Edwin was the principal comedian. Although the play was good, the audience was very uncivil.

Here again it is not uninteresting to pause and ask ourselves for our views on the London theatre-gallery in 1782. It had not occurred to me that the gods were quite as highspirited and powerful as Mr. Moritz describes them. In his seat in the pit Mr. Moritz became at once their target; but whether it was because he looked foreign, or because he had the effrontery to be able to afford to sit there, is not explained.

"Often and often, whilst I sat here, did a rotten orange or pieces of the peel of an orange fly past me, or past some of my neighbours, and once one of them actually hit my hat: without my daring to look round, for fear another might then hit me on the face.

"Besides this perpetual pelting from the gallery, which renders an English

play-house so uncomfortable, there is no end to their calling out and knocking with their sticks, till the curtain is drawn up. I saw a miller's, or a baker's boy, thus, like a huge booby, leaning over the rails and knocking again and again on the outside, with all his might, so that he was seen by everybody, without being in the least ashamed or abashed.

"In the boxes, quite in a corner, sat several servants, who were said to be placed there to keep the seats for the families they served, till they should arrive; they seemed to sit remarkably close and still, the reason of which, I was told, was their apprehension of being pelted; for if one of them dares to look out of the box, he is immediately saluted with a shower of orange peel from the gallery."

And here the London experiences end.

Now for the open road. Having coached to Richmond, Mr. Moritz set out to reach Oxford on foot, sleeping at whatever village he came to at night-fall. But he was not very fortunate, either because he fell among peculiarly rude and inhospitable folk or because his appearance was so odd as to be irresistible. A traveler on foot in this country, he says, "seems to be considered as a sort of wild man, or out-of-the-way being, who is stared at, pitied, suspected, and shunned by everybody that meets him. At least this has hitherto been my case, on the road from Richmond to Windsor.

"When I was tired, I sat down in the shade under the hedges, and read Milton. But this relief was soon rendered disagreeable to me; for those who rode, or drove, past me, stared at me with astonishment; and made many significant gestures, as if they thought my head deranged. So singular must it needs have appeared to them to see a man sitting along the side of a public

road, and reading. I therefore found myself obliged, when I wished to rest myself and read, to look out for a retired spot in some by-lane or cross-road.

"Many of the coachmen who drove by called out to me, ever and anon, and asked if I would not ride on the outside; and when, every now and then, a farmer on horseback met me, he said, and seemingly with an air of pity for me, 'Tis warm walking, sir!' and when I passed through a village, every old woman testified her pity by an exclamation of 'Good God!'"

His troubles continued, for an Eton inn refused to admit him at all, and the servants at the Windsor inn did all they could to make him uncomfortable. He had his revenge, however: —

"As I was going away, the waiter, who had served me with so very ill a grace, placed himself on the stairs, and said, 'Pray remember the waiter!' I gave him three halfpence: on which he saluted me with the heartiest 'G—d—n you, sir!' I had ever heard. At the door stood the cross maid, who also accosted me with 'Pray remember the chambermaid!'—'Yes, yes,' said I, 'I shall long remember your most ill-mannered behaviour and shameful incivility'; and so I gave her nothing. I hope she was stung and nettled by my reproof: however, she strove to stifle her anger by a contemptuous, loud horse-laugh."

But this was not all, for just outside Windsor Mr. Moritz made acquaintance with the perils of trespassing: —

"I found no regular path leading to these hills; and therefore went straight forward, without minding roads; only keeping in view the object of my aim. This certainly created me some trouble. I had sometimes an hedge, and sometimes a bog, to walk round; but at length, I had attained the foot of the so earnestly wished-for hill, with the high

white house on its summit, when, just as I was going to ascend it, and was already pleasing myself in the idea of the prospect from the white house, behold I read these words on a board: 'Take care! there are steel traps and spring-guns here.'

"All my labour was lost, and I now went round to the other hill; but here were also steel traps and spring-guns, though probably never intended to annoy such a wanderer as myself, who wished only to enjoy the fine morning air from this eminence."

An adventure with a foot-pad and rebuffs from other landlords followed, but in the little Berkshire village of Nettlebed, five miles northwest of Henley, he found repose. Nettlebed remained in his mind as the most charming spot in England: he liked the inn, he liked the people, and he liked the church. His description of the inn actually re-creates the past; indeed, it is not unworthy to stand beside that description of the inn in *The Old Curiosity Shop* in which the nature of dwarfs and giants was so illuminatingly discussed, over the landlord's wonderful stew.

"May I stay here to-night?' I asked with eagerness.

"Why, yes, you may.' — An answer which, however cold and surly, made me exceedingly happy.

"They shewed me into the kitchen, and let me sit down to sup at the same table with some soldiers and the servants. I now, for the first time, found myself in one of their kitchens which I had so often read of in Fielding's fine novels, and which certainly give one, on the whole, a very accurate idea of English manners.

"The chimney in this kitchen, where they were roasting and boiling, seemed to be taken off from the rest of the room and enclosed by a wooden partition: the rest of the apartment was

made use of as a sitting and eating room. All round on the sides were shelves with pewter dishes and plates, and the ceiling was well stored with provisions of various kinds, such as sugar-loaves, black-puddings, hams, sausages, flitches of bacon, etc.

"While I was eating, a post-chaise drove up; and in a moment both the folding-doors were thrown open, and the whole house set in motion, in order to receive, with all due respect, these guests, who, no doubt, were supposed to be persons of consequence. The gentlemen alighted, however, only for a moment, and called for nothing but a couple of pots of beer; and then drove away again. Notwithstanding the people of the house behaved to them with all possible attention, for they came in a post-chaise.

"Though this was only an ordinary village, and they certainly did not take me for a person of consequence, they yet gave me a carpeted bedroom, and a very good bed.

"The next morning I put on clean linen, which I had along with me, and dressed myself as well as I could. And now, when I thus made my appearance, they did not, as they had the evening before, shew me into the kitchen, but into the parlour: a room that seemed to be allotted for strangers, on the ground floor. I was also now addressed by the most respectful term, Sir; whereas, the evening before I had been called only Master: by this latter appellation, I believe, it is usual to address only farmers, and quite common people.

"This was Sunday; and all the family were in their Sunday-cloaths. I now began to be much pleased with the village."

On at last tearing himself from Nettlebed, after three futile efforts, Mr. Moritz walked to Dorchester, where he hoped to sleep but was not permitted. Late at night, therefore, he set out for

Oxford, and was joined on the way by another traveler to the same city, a young clergyman. They reached Oxford just before midnight, and Mr. Moritz proposed to sleep on a stone. "No, no," said his companion: and here we come to the gem of the book.

Hitherto Mr. Moritz has been now and then a little caustic, and always an alert observer, holding himself well in hand; but in the next two pages a very delightful satirical glint appears. I consider the midnight theological conversation that follows by no means unworthy to be remembered along with Hogarth's picture of a not dissimilar occasion. Mr. Moritz's editor no doubt had different views, for humor in a book of travel, as indeed in life, was not looked for in 1782; but at least he did not revise it out of the volume, and we must honor him accordingly. Whether it is known at Oxford I have not inquired; but I have several friends there who would immensely relish it.

"No, no," said his friend, "'come along with me to a neighbouring ale-house, where it is possible they may n't be gone to bed and we may yet find company.' We went on a few houses further, and then knocked at a door. It was then nearly twelve. They readily let us in; but how great was my astonishment when, on being shewn into a room on the left, I saw a great number of clergymen, all with their gowns and bands on, sitting round a large table, each with his pot of beer before him. My traveling companion introduced me to them, as a German clergyman, whom he could not sufficiently praise for my correct pronunciation of the Latin, my orthodoxy, and my good walking.

"I now saw myself in a moment, as it were, all at once transported into the midst of a company, all apparently very respectable men, but all strangers to me. And it appeared to me very

extraordinary that I should, thus at midnight, be in Oxford, in a large company of Oxonian clergy, without well knowing how I had got there. Meanwhile, however, I took all the pains in my power to recommend myself to my company, and in the course of conversation I gave them as good an account as I could of our German universities, neither denying nor concealing that, now and then, we had riots and disturbances. 'O, we are very unruly here too,' said one of the clergymen, as he took a hearty draught out of his pot of beer, and knocked on the table with his hand. The conversation now became louder, more general, and a little confused; they enquired after Mr. Bruns, at present professor at Helmstadt, who was known by many of them.

"Among these gentlemen there was one of the name of Clerk, who seemed ambitious to pass for a great wit, which he attempted by starting sundry objections to the Bible. I should have liked him better if he had confined himself to punning and playing on his own name, by telling us again and again, that he should still be at least a Clerk, even though he should never become a clergyman. Upon the whole, however, he was, in his way, a man of some humour, and an agreeable companion.

"Among other objections to the Scriptures, he stated this one to my traveling companion, whose name I now learnt was Maud, that it was said in the Bible that God was a wine-bibber and a drunkard. On this Mr. Maud fell into a violent passion, and maintained that it was utterly impossible for any such passage to be found in the Bible. Another divine, a Mr. Caern, referred us to his absent brother, who had already been forty years in the Church, and must certainly know something of such a passage if it were in the Bible, but he would venture to lay any wager his brother knew nothing of it.

“‘Waiter! fetch a Bible!’ called out Mr. Clerk, and a great family Bible was immediately brought in, and opened on the table among all the beer-jugs.

“Mr. Clerk turned over a few leaves, and in the book of Judges, 9th chapter, verse xiii, he read, ‘Should I leave my wine, which cheareth God and man?’

“Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, who had before been most violent, now sat as if struck dumb. A silence of some minutes prevailed, when all at once the spirit of revelation seemed to come on me, and I said, ‘Why, gentlemen, you must be sensible that it is but an allegorical expression; and,’ I added, ‘how often in the Bible are kings called Gods!’

“‘Why, yes, to be sure,’ said Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, ‘it is an allegorical expression; nothing can be more clear; it is a metaphor, and therefore it is absurd to understand it in a literal sense.’ And now they, in their turn, triumphed over poor Clerk, and drank large draughts to my health. Mr. Clerk, however, had not yet exhausted his quiver, and so he desired them to explain to him a passage in the prophecy of Isaiah, where it is said in express terms that God is a barber. Mr. Maud was so enraged at this, that he called Clerk an impudent fellow; and Mr. Caern again yet more earnestly referred us to his brother, who had been forty years in the Church, and who therefore, he doubted not, would also consider Mr. Clerk as an impudent fellow, if he maintained any such abominable notions. [This is sheer Dickens, is n’t it?]

“Mr. Clerk all this while sat perfectly composed, without either a smile or a frown; but turning to a passage in Isaiah, chapter xx, verse 7, he read these words: ‘In the same day the Lord shall shave with a razor . . . the head, and the hair of the feet: and it shall also consume the beard.’ If Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern were before stunned

and confounded, they were much more so now; and even Mr. Caern’s brother, who had been forty years in the Church, seemed to have left them in the lurch, for he was no longer referred to. I broke silence a second time, and said, ‘Why, gentlemen, this also is clearly metaphorical, and it is equally just, strong and beautiful.’ ‘Aye, to be sure it is,’ rejoined Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern both in a breath; at the same time rapping the table with their knuckles. I went on, and said, ‘You know it was the custom for those who were captives to have their heads shorn; the plain import, then, of this remarkable expression is nothing more than that God would deliver the rebellious Jews to be prisoners to a foreign people, who would shave their beards!’ ‘Aye, to be sure it is; any body may see it is; why it is as clear as the day!’ ‘So it is,’ rejoined Mr. Caern, ‘and my brother, who has been forty years in the Church, explains it just as this gentleman does.’

“We had now gained a second victory over Mr. Clerk; who being perhaps ashamed either of himself or of us, now remained quiet, and made no further objections to the Bible. My health, however, was again encored, and drunk in strong ale; which, as my company seemed to like so much, I was sorry I could not like. It either intoxicated or stupefied me; and I do think it overpowers one much sooner than so much wine could. The conversation now turned on many different subjects. At last, when morning drew near, Mr. Maud suddenly exclaimed, ‘D——n me, I must read prayers this morning at All-Souls!’”

The scene of that convivial disputation was the Mitre; and if there are more amusing descriptions of a night in that inn I should like to read them. It reflects credit, not only upon the trav-

eler, but also upon the very young lady, his translator, whose name was so fragrant with exemplary piety.

Mr. Maud, before he departed on his conscientious errand, arranged to call for Mr. Moritz and show him Oxford; but the strong ale had been too much for the foreigner and he was not able to see the city till the day following. He was then taken to Corpus Christi and All Souls and other colleges. While "going along the street, we met the English poet laureate, Warton, now rather an elderly man; and yet he is still the fellow of a college. His greatest pleasure, next to poetry, is, as Mr. Maud told me, shooting wild ducks." After Oxford, Mr. Moritz visited Stratford-on-Avon, which he reached in a coach. And after Stratford-on-Avon, he saw Birmingham and the Peak of Derbyshire, and so returned to London and Germany. He had other adventures

and encounters, all described with liveliness; but here I must stop, hoping, not with Mr. Moritz's editor, that you may have both admired his genius and respected his good sense.

The ideal travel book could, I suppose, be written only by the Wandering Jew, who, never ceasing, as he does, to perambulate this globe, returning periodically, as one imagines, to every country, has it in his power in each successive description to note not only physical but social changes. I don't know what intervals elapse between his visits to London, but they must be sufficiently lengthy to permit of very noticeable alterations, perceptible even to a footsore and disenchanted Hebrew of incredible age. In default of this ancient peripatetic, no one could do it better than Halley's Comet, whose visits are paid punctually every seventy-four years, and who is with us now.

THE MADELON VIERA

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

THE schooner *Madelon Viera* has gone down off the Georges, and her captain, Raphael Viera, with her. They said that as she sank he stood with his arms folded, looking level before him as though he were on watch. They said, too, that through the drifting fog he loomed up incredibly huge, like some supernatural creature. The fog-wraiths and the early silver morning light seemed to have magnified him, so far as the mere size of him went, out of all reason, as if that dawn swimming with light glorified him, as if the moment of

his death were his apotheosis. His men in the dories even at that time of danger must needs gaze astonished at him as he stood on the deck of his wounded boat that was settling so inevitably in the water. From one and another of them one got the picture of Raphael Viera standing on his sinking vessel, now obscured by the fog, now standing out clear for a second as the mist blew from him, a dark, towering mass against the early day. When they were picked up they told, in a babble of voices, of how he stood there superbly

indifferent, as if the sinking of the boat were no concern of his; of how they implored him to save himself and how he did n't answer their cries.

He must have impressed them profoundly, for they mentioned only as an incident that, when the schooner went under, the swirl she made upset one of the dories hovering too near, and that Manuel Doutra and Antonio Susa were drowned, — that was the detail, all in the day's work. Later it appeared that those two men were his best friends on the schooner; their death seemed rather logical. It was as if some savage chieftain had taken with him his favorites, since it had pleased himself to die. That was the word for it, — "it had pleased him to die." He chose to. He was one of those men of whom it might be said fairly that though he might be killed, he could n't be beaten. He had played the winning card, though that card was his life; he had won the game from his wife Madelon. She shivers now and cries at the story of his death, cries without grief and yet beyond measure; and for her the drowning of Manuel Doutra and Antonio Susa is no detail, for Flores Doutra, widow of Manuel, and the old mother of Antonio have wept with her. They do not know, as does Madelon, that it is because of her that they were drowned. It is hard for her also to meet the eyes of Raphael's mother. Madelon is a very religious woman, tender of conscience, and her scruples have as many *nuances* as if she were New England by blood instead of by birth alone.

The first meeting of Madelon and Raphael Viera was so little one of the ordinary colorless meetings that, had you been superstitious, you might have felt that Fate had marked it off. Had Madelon never seen him again she must have always remembered him, and when she thought of him there must have been an echo of the hard beating

of her heart. Fire and ice must have fought together within her at his bare memory, as they did that first time.

Madelon stood leaning over the gate, watching the harbor flushing softly to strange pinks shot with indescribably soft blues. She sighed with content. "It's pretty as changeable silk," she thought.

A schooner stole in, its sails golden in the evening light. Madelon watched the men moving about like black ants putting up the sails. Presently they dropped into a dory; they faced the west, and their sunburned faces flamed deep orange against the soft water. The man in the end of the boat towered up above the others, a young, commanding presence. They clambered out on the shore, in front of the gate where Madelon stood. They seemed to this girl who came from an inland town like a different breed from any men she had ever known, — swarthy, hairy men these, copper-hued. A person more versed than Madelon in the romance of the world might have compared them to a band of pirates. Their very apparel gave to most of them a foreign aspect: they wore high boots, their shirts were open at the neck, and they carried little bundles of effects tied in bright-colored handkerchiefs. Madelon stared at them with the frank curiosity with which one stares at the dwellers of a foreign country. Her eyes traveled idly from one to another till they met the eyes of Raphael Viera, and there they stayed, as if they had lost the power to move from his face.

Under his steady gaze her face flushed from pearl to deep rose; her wide gray eyes stared into his dark ones, startled, wide-open. Her hand had traveled unconsciously to her throat with a vague little panic-stricken gesture, as if she had read his thought and knew that if he could he would have strode the three steps that separated them and

then have gathered her into his arms. She would have run then, if she could; instead, she stayed, with her eyes on Raphael's, as though his swift flaming desire of her had been some force that paralyzed her will. It was as if in those few moments Madelon lived a lifetime of shivering protest against this man of alien blood; the very depths of her were in passionate arms against him, yet his eyes, tender, devouring, confident, burned her with fire. A sense of her own power thrilled her, while at the same time the sense of her powerlessness held her in panic.

As she looked back on it afterwards, it seemed to her that she had stood there always, scorching and shivering, the depths of her crying out with loathing against this intruder, her heart beating high with the sudden sense of power that so little and gentle a creature as herself should for a moment of time hold in her hand this master of men.

When the spell broke, Raphael advanced, his hat in his hand, to speak to some one coming up behind her. A little dazed, her heart still beating painfully, Madelon turned, flushing again, without reason, at the sight of her friend whom she was visiting. She recovered her self-possession as her friend introduced them. Mechanically she put her soft hand in his outstretched one, where it lay fluttering like an imprisoned bird. She looked away as she answered the commonplace things he said, not liking to see on his face the high triumphant expression of a man who has now found the thing on earth that he most desires.

As for Raphael, the touch of her hand, so little, so cool, confessing by its vague trembling all the things that her mask of self-possession denied, sent the blood beating to his brain. He enveloped her in a look that was a caress, while he talked of the indifferent things

one does to a girl one meets for the first time. His soft foreign accent rang so strangely in her ears, and his look so troubled her, that she scarcely knew what he was saying. Then, —

"I got be goin'," he told them. "You girls wan' cum wit' me to-ni't an' get ice-crim?"

Helen Kelsey, the girl Madelon was visiting, accepted, without hesitation; and, when Raphael had gone, prattled to her visitor concerning him.

Madelon barely heard her, absorbed in the contemplation of this man who had come up out of the sea to take possession of her. When it was her turn to speak, she said, —

"I don't think I like him, — he stares at one so, — he looks so foreign."

In that moment a wave of homesickness swept over her. She longed to be away from the sea that stretched so far and so sad-colored before her. The sails of the boats had faded from gold to a strange unearthly green; the soft dove-like pinks and blues had deepened and strengthened to colors that Madelon, in her meagre vocabulary, called "queer." The very noises were unhomelike. The lap, lap of little waves on the shore, the thumping of oars on thole-pins, the chug-chug of gasolene dories, — all fell strange and unfamiliar on her ear. She longed passionately for the little hill-encircled village clustered around a green common and shaded by swaying elm-trees, and for the men and women with white skins who walked up and down its asphalt streets. Here, knots of dark-faced Portuguese merd and sleek, black-headed, dark-eyed girls passed and repassed the house, and all of them bore some curious kinship in their looks to Raphael Viera. Madelon shivered slightly. They were all unhomelike, foreign-looking creatures, — handsome, vaguely repellant because of their strangeness.

"They're almost like colored people," she faltered.

"Why, Madelon Brennan," Helen remonstrated, "they're as white as we are. Of course they're different!" She spoke with that complacent patronage with which the dominant, fair-haired race speaks of the Southern race.

"They're awful different," Madelon agreed.

But their difference represented to her that horror that the women of the North have at times for the men of the South. Yet, in spite of their strangeness, Madelon must watch them, with the shrinking fascination with which her eyes had remained fixed, in spite of herself, on those of Raphael Viera.

That evening they waited for Raphael in the little yard. Out in the harbor the riding-lights of the boats twinkled like the lights of a town. Spikes of lilies made the air sweet with their troubling odor. Madelon waited, very quiet, — keyed high like a too tightly drawn violin string. Afterward, when she returned to her town, that evening and the succeeding ones were to her as part of a phantasmal dream, a dream where dark-eyed, dark-skinned men and women passed her, smiling, chattering; a dream where a heavy, dark man, a stranger, brooded perpetually over her.

On their way back the party became separated, — another man had joined them and walked with Helen. Raphael walked beside her, speaking little. He asked her questions such as a child might ask, about herself: —

"You called Mad'lon?" He said the name over two or three times.

Madelon strolled slowly on through the people swarming on the boardwalk, acutely conscious that his eyes never left her. He asked her questions concerning her parents, and where she lived.

"You wan' see my ship? Come out

on this pier wit' me, I show you." He looked at her covetously. "Come," he urged gently, — and yet with his gentleness there was the hint in his voice of a man accustomed to being obeyed by men and women.

He led the way up a small lane, which in turn led to one of the half-rotted wharves that jutted out into the harbor. Madelon followed slowly, letting the distance grow between them. She felt herself trembling; she wanted to turn and run from the shadow ahead of her. Instead, she followed, as if some invisible chain held her to him.

He stopped, and Madelon stopped also, a little distance from him. He pointed into blackness at a vague, shadowy something.

"My boat!"

Then she felt, rather than saw, that he had turned toward her, faced her squarely, and stood motionless.

"Come, Mad'lon," he said to her. And as she did not move, "Come," he said again, and she began walking toward him very slowly, as if he were drawing her to him by that mysterious bond that had kept her from running, as she wished to do just when his eyes met hers. She knew he was looking at her; oh, she knew well the expression of his eyes with which he watched her coming to him like a white ghost! She knew it as if this look had been a danger from which she had tried all her life to escape, and which was now upon her.

He did not move or speak again until she was near enough so that he could see her trembling in the darkness; until her soft, difficult breathing was like a whisper in his ears; until she was so close to him that in the darkness he could see her eyes lifted to him as if pleading, pleading for a moment's breathing-space. Even then he waited, as though listening intently to her, as though to give her time, if she wished

to run; or if she wished to break the spell that surrounded her. But Madelon did not speak. She stood there quivering before him, too frightened by his strange power to defend herself.

Suddenly, he gathered her in his arms and kissed her. First gently, lingeringly, with tenderness, then with a certain restrained and fierce eagerness. Her head drooped like a flower beaten down by rain. She did not resist, she did not make the faintest movement to leave him. She suffered as though stunned. She was very young, and had never seen before the uncloaked passion of man, and it swept over her and carried her with it as a great wave sweeps over a trifling object in its path. In the face of this great elemental thing, modesty, training, maidenliness, those trivial and ineffectual breakwaters, were swept away. Passive, as if in the face of a great storm, she let him raise her face in his hands like a cup and drink thirstily from her mouth. She had neither anger nor revolt. She had come to him when he bade her come. And to what she was coming his first look at her had made no secret.

As they walked back silent as ghosts over the soft rotting planks of the wharf, she trembled as one who has been in the face of some terrible danger. They did not speak. In the darkness Raphael groped for her hand and found it; she let it lie there unresisting. Then she turned toward him and spoke, in the monotonous voice of one speaking in sleep, — the end of a sentence, apparently of a long speech; as one may hear some one breaking out into spoken words where the rest has only been dreamed.

"But you can't make me kiss you, ever!"

Then she stopped, as if astonished at what she had said, astonished even at the sound of her voice, astonished

that she should be able to speak loud enough to be heard above the tumultuous beating of her heart.

The days that followed gave her no time for the recovery of herself. Before she knew it she had promised to marry him. Without putting it into words she supposed she was seeing the full fury of the storm. She could not know that Raphael kept watch and guard on himself, knowing that this girl whom he loved so irrevocably was as wax in his hands. Her bewilderment touched him, her acquiescence aroused his chivalry. Because he was arrogant and a man, it never occurred to him to wonder if she loved him. For his part, he loved her too well to harm her. But there was no hour that he did not make full of himself. He drowned her; he drove her hither or thither as a storm drives a rudderless boat.

At last, when her visit was over and she went home to her little green village, she felt like one who crawls back to firm shore again, out of the clutch of a smothering sea.

Raphael prospered amazingly that summer. He bought a new schooner, which would wait for their wedding for its name. The significance of this passed over Madelon, — boats meant nothing to her. It was when he wrote of a house which he had bought and was having remodeled, of a certain little upper balcony that would please her, and asked her advice and that of her mother on such intimate questions as the color of its paint, that she began to look here and there like a wild thing trying to escape.

Here Madelon found herself very much alone, as women have before her who have promised themselves in marriage to a likely-looking man with more money than any one had reason to expect. Her little Irish mother, so tender of her and so considerate, so proud of her girl, had no patience with her.

When Madelon cried and said she did n't wish to marry Raphael, the good woman lost her temper and told Madelon that girls nowadays were kittle cattle. Raphael seemed to her a fine big broth of a man she was glad to have Madelon marry, knowing that she herself was old, and that the world is a bad place for motherless girls. When pressed for reasons for not wishing to marry, Madelon could give none except that he was a foreigner, to which the old lady replied with spirit that he was no more foreign than she, and that his accent was every bit as good as her own mother's brogue. And while they treated her like a capricious child, Madelon, with panic in her heart, ran round and round in the cage of her thoughts, looking here and there to see if there were no way that she could hide from her captor.

Her nights were full of him. He appeared strange and dark and foreign, burning eyes on her, and she would cover her face with her hands to escape this compelling look of his, and wake up crying. The innermost drop of her blood revolted against him. She turned for help to the priest, and from him to her best friend, a young married woman. They all told her, wagging their heads wisely, that once married all would be well. As a proof that her revolt was caprice, they all pointed out the fact, irrefutable, that Madelon had engaged herself. And she had no words to explain that this, too, was a part of her resentment; that he should have drowned her in the violence of his love-making so that she had no ears nor eyes nor will, but was as if she had been beaten into a dumb acquiescence.

Now there remained only Raphael as a door of escape. If she could tell him, he would perhaps let her go.

When he came, his large presence, his childish satisfaction, smothered her. She took her courage in her desperate

hands before he had time to benumb her will.

"Come out here, Raphael; I want to speak to you."

He followed, adoring eyes on her.

"You look a lit'le pale. You wan' sea air. Soon you get sea air, Mad'lon," he laughed with meaning, trying to slip his arm around her.

"I've got to speak to you, Raphael," she repeated. Her purpose was oozing from her, the fears that held her bound were so large, her will so puny.

"I don't want to marry you, Raphael." She had said it now, and she stood waiting for the shock.

He smiled tenderly.

"You won't feel lak that way long."

Like the priest, he seemed to feel her reluctance becoming.

"You don't understand," she repeated slowly. "I don't want to marry you, Raphael."

He smiled kindly again, smiled as if he had not heard what she said. She heard him breathing as if in a prayer of adoration, "O Mad'lon! Oh, my little girl, Mad'lon!"

It was more shattering to her than any remonstrance or anger could have been. She had braced herself, for she dreaded the rush of his feeling—feared it as a man who has been half-drowned fears drowning; and he only said, "O Mad'lon!" from the depths of his contentment.

Some instinct told him to keep aloof from her. He patted her hand kindly and consolingly. She was not far from tears.

"No good'll come of my marrying you, Raphael. Don't marry me, Raphael," she begged. "No good *can* come of marrying me. I don't know what's the matter of me. You're kind and good, Raphael, you ought to find a good wife. Don't marry me, Raphael!"

He smiled at her with his uncomprehending indulgence.

In after years she always felt glad that she tried to hide from him what she felt. She repeated to herself, as if it were a lesson learned, that she would become used to him in time. She was a well brought-up girl and knew what was due a husband; moreover, she was religious and believed marriage to be a sacrament. She prayed earnestly that her heart might change. This also she was glad to remember.

She prayed on, even though the slender fondness she had for him had been killed dead the first week of their marriage. A chill horror clutched at her. The sound of Raphael's footstep made her start; when he came into the room she shivered as with cold.

As for him, at first he saw nothing. What he thought to be her modesty delighted him, her reluctance to be alone with him seemed a charming coquetry. Then in Madelon's horror a resentment began to grow. She remembered without ceasing how she had begged him to let her go in peace. After all, it was his fault. He had gone forth to get her, she had never lifted a finger, he had carried her along in the swift rushing current of his passion. Why, then, need she be forever submissive? There must be some way she could live more tolerable than this. Her unspoken resentment flicked him like the sudden, unexpected bite of a whip. He began to watch her; the result of his observation made him ask, —

"You shiver w'en I touch you, — w'at mek you shiver, Mad'lon?"

For answer she had only tears, a bitter rush that had been gathering through the staring nights and tearless, burning days. The passion in them appalled him. This was the first emotion he had from her. He had known her as submissive and very gentle, as unresisting as a lovely cup from which one might drink of pleasure unrestrained. Now she cried like a child frightened by the

nameless horrors of the dark. When he would have comforted her in the only way he knew, she drew from him shudderingly as from something unclean. His outstretched hand fell by his side as nerveless as though broken. At this moment he could as little have touched her as she could have defended herself from him in the beginning.

Soon after, he went away on a cruise. He was successful even beyond his former successes. He turned his ship toward home triumphant, master again of himself.

The first two weeks he was gone she was like a child out of school. She sang about the house, occupied herself about the homely household tasks she loved, and played mistress of her fine new home, putting from her the thought of what price had been paid for it. She looked at the sea as little as possible. It was the symbol of him. He had come out from it to her; presently it would bring him to her again.

At night she would wake up in cold fear from a dream that he was already home.

When his schooner came bravely to her mooring, Madelon sat waiting for him in the midst of the shiny new furniture of the sitting-room, now hot now cold, a burning mist floating before her eyes, like a creature in a fever, alone with her unfathomable debasement.

She sat with haunted, unseeing eyes fixed on the door. He opened it to find her staring at him. He stood in the doorway as he had flung it open, and as his eyes fell on her face his look of high expectancy vanished. His face grew black with the blood that flooded his dark skin. Then pity for her suffering swallowed his first movement of anger, for he loved her, and knew besides how to be kind to women.

"W'y, Mad'lon," he said gently, "w'y, my lit'le girl, Mad'lon!"

He advanced toward her, his arms outstretched.

She tried now to be submissive as a wife should. She waited his coming, settled heavily in her chair as if she had been a woman of stone; but when he bent over her and she felt his breath hot on her neck, she sprang from him. Still pitiful and tender, he followed her. She cowered against the wall and put an arm up to fend off his caress as one does a blow. So they stood staring at each other, it seemed for a long time. At last, —

“W’at meks it?” he asked. His voice came to her in a hoarse whisper. “W’at meks it you don’ lak me, Mad’lon?”

The foreign cadence of his voice was louder in her ears than his anguish. That, too, reached her, but it did not touch her; instead, it was a certain sullen satisfaction to her, for she had suffered — what had n’t she suffered? Now it was his turn, and she was glad.

Some look of triumph must have flashed to her eyes and kindled his rage.

“You don’ lak me, Mad’lon! You don’ lak me! You love somebody! You always love somebody else!”

Jealousy and fury and desire all had their way with him. He raged like an animal in pain, taunting her and pleading with her by turns, while she stood white and motionless against the door, the power of speech gone from her as if a storm blew the words from her mouth. He raged on, lashing himself into a fury against this white speechless woman who had so bitterly betrayed him. Then he made as though he would strike her down where she stood, and she fled to her room and locked the door and stood with her back pressed against it as if she would defend it with her life if he tried to break it down.

A strange lightness filled her. He had given her a reason for hating him. He

had injured her, insulted her; he would have struck her. The blame was shifted. She listened to his pleadings without answering a word. He might rage now, she did n’t care. Unmoved she listened to him begging forgiveness. In his heart of hearts she knew he had thought no evil of her; he knew her too well for that. This only hardened her; the insult was only the more wanton.

She went downstairs boldly next morning and prepared breakfast. She greeted him pleasantly. She turned to him a hard brightness as though he had been a stranger. He watched her, dazed, as if he saw her through a fog. He who was accustomed to act so definitely in the moments of physical crisis was as bewildered as a landsman in a shipwreck. What had happened? what to do next? There seemed to be nothing to do, nothing at all. Some one else was sitting at the helm of the boat that was their life, and it was Madelon; she was guiding it with a firm, steady hand, into strange waters.

Through his night of fitful sleep he had been angry at her, and at himself, by turns. He had tried to give himself an account of what had happened. He could not tell. He had thrown himself back on that comfort used by all men in such distress, that women are hard to understand. He had come down ready to forgive and to be forgiven, to find this new Madelon hard and shining as a crystal ball, with no angle anywhere that one could take hold of; instead of repelling him, her attitude was a curious irritation to his senses. It aroused in him that desire of mastery.

The world of Raphael Viera had obeyed him. He had been stronger than other men. He was master of his boat. He had pitted his own wit and resources against the fury of the sea and won; time and time again he had won through desperate chances; now

this blond child was stronger than he.

He watched her as she came and went, at her household tasks, watched her hungry, his eyes sometimes a menace, sometimes a caress; and while she answered him and spoke with him, he felt as if, for all the difference his presence made, he might have been some one else, he might have been no one at all. He went out and stayed the morning, came home to eat, went out again. Madelon attended to his wants with the precision of a conscientious housekeeper. She did not start at the sound of his footsteps, he did not ruffle the smooth surface which she presented to him. Overnight she had become captain of herself.

That evening they sat with the lamp between them, a picture of domestic peace, — Madelon sewing on some garment of Raphael's; Raphael, his pipe in his hand; between them a strange tenseness growing, unrecognized, unvoiced.

There was fought out that night, once again, in that new and shining room, the primeval battle of the Northern white woman's inner hatred for the darker blood, and her passionate desire to keep her race pure against the Southerner who looks with longing eyes to the woman, fair-haired, whiter-skinned than his own sisters; fire and ice met there and fought, wordlessly.

Madelon Viera sewed and spoke no word, and Raphael Viera spoke no word and looked with sombre eyes at the woman who was his wife, and who was not his.

Out in the harbor two bells struck from one ship to another. The little over-ornamented clock on the mantelpiece chimed nine. Madelon arose.

"Good-night, Raphael," she said. Her eyes rested on him with neither hate nor pity, as detached as if great spaces of time divided them. She went to her room and locked the door.

And now there came over Raphael a white flame of rage. He had the simple man's ideas of what the duties of a wife are. Incredible it was, a mockery, that a woman should dare — a little soft blond woman — to go to her room and lock her door. He raged up the stairs behind her. He knocked on the door. No answer.

"Open the door, Mad'lon," he called, his voice low, and with the flicker of his rage and desire in it. "Mad'lon, open the door, or I brek it!"

No answer. He heard her moving within as though his voice had not come to her. He lifted his great shoulder and crashed the door through.

She was standing before the glass, her long hair falling about her, still dressed. She turned quietly toward him, no fear in her eyes, no remonstrance on her lips, and faced him mutely.

"Take me, if you will," her look said, "but you will not hold me in your arms. Your body is stronger than mine, but you will hold only illusion. See, I do not fight with you; I don't fear you; I don't plead with you."

So they stood, his face working with anger and passion, hers as serene as a child whose hand is in its mother's, ready to meet what she must. It was the cold, unfaltering strength of the Northern race against the mad passion of the South. She had suffered all she could; she had feared all she could; she had passed beyond the place where there was fear or suffering.

So she stood there, a little soft thing he could have crushed in his hand. And beaten by a force he was ignorant of, he turned and left her.

He stood the shattered door into its place. She heard him sighing as if under a great burden. But as though it were no concern of hers, she went on and undressed herself and went to her bed.

He found no change in her the next morning; he watched her furtively.

They even talked about the things of his house, his mother's health.

"I'm starting off to-morrow, Mad'lon," he told her.

She nodded, and asked him what things he would need. She seemed not to notice either his anger in its sullen bursts of inner rage, or the times when he looked at her as he had never looked at man or woman, piteously, with appealing eyes, begging for mercy.

The day dawned lowering. Other fishing-boats stayed in the harbor.

"I think we get-a blow."

"Yes," she answered indifferently.

The fury of the sea meant nothing to her.

"Perhaps I'm gone long, Mad'lon."

She did not answer.

Suddenly he flung out his arms, —

"Mad'lon, my Mad'lon!" he cried.

"You kiss me good-by, Mad'lon, you kiss me good-by?"

She did not answer; looked at him with level eyes, and they faced each other again, he, with his head up this time, proudly taking his defeat like a man, knowing, for reasons he could never understand, that she would never kiss him of her will; that she would never be his. And so, triumphantly as he had won her, triumphantly he gave her up, with his head held high, his eyes shining on her, as if he saw even now his schooner going down under him.

"Good-by, Mad'lon, my Mad'lon," he said to her.

For it could be fairly said of Raphael Viera that though death for him might be the winning card, he could not be beaten in this game of life.

THE RELIGION OF THE PRESENT

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

I

IN Plato's version of the Greek mythology there were three Fates, Lachesis singing the events of the past, Clotho chanting the deeds of the present, and Atropos forecasting in her weird music the mysteries of the future; in each case the verdict was sure, because these three sisters were the daughters of Necessity. There are three ways in which religion may be viewed. The Achilles of the war-camp of educators has spoken for the religion of the future with the valor and vigor of the Greek hero, and with none of his wrath;

an American man of letters in foreign residence has written with insight and sympathy of the religion of the past; in this paper I purpose to say something about the religion of the present. Lachesis and Atropos should not be allowed to sing alone; however hoarse her voice may be, Clotho should be added to the choir. Would that the resulting harmony might be as of old, what indeed it can never hope to be, the song of Necessity.

It is no doubt an audacious task for one to undertake to speak worthily of the religion of to-day. Pure religion and undefiled is the chief glory of hu-

man existence; it is of infinite worth and beauty; it shines in the intellect with a steady light; it beats in the heart with a pulse of fire; it utters itself in the sacrament of loving service; it builds the character into permanent conquest over evil and pain and fear. Even when religion is mixed, as it usually is, with the alloy of ignorance and passion, it is still great. In the darkness it is the impulse to seek the light, the furnace, often seven times heated, in which love and being are refined, the supreme consolation in struggle and defeat, the Eternal Spirit of renewal, fulfillment, and hope in our human world. One may well hesitate to discuss this wonder of a humanity aflame with the Deity, burning but unconsumed; he may well shrink from the attempt to translate the mystery into words. No wise man will allow himself to speak here till he has seen for himself the unutterable glory of the soul of true religion, till he has done penance and has received absolution for his audacities and mistakes, till he has confessed himself unworthy to represent a reality so divine.

At the very outset the duty of limitation meets us. A general view of the subject is alone possible, and that must always be a limited view; the mountain-top outlook is wide, includes large things, but gives no special features, no details. Then, too, limitation must here be made to the Christian religion, and to the Christian religion in free communities, where alone the present differs from the past.

If the first duty was one of limitation of the subject to be discussed, the second is the definition or description of it. What is the religion of the present, thus limited? It is, I dare believe, essentially the religion of Jesus Christ, conceived by the minds of men to-day and reproduced in their souls. For example, there is the Lord's Prayer with

its incomparable union of belief and emotion. That Prayer carries its religious feeling in a scheme of belief as truly as the electric current is carried on the live wire. "Our Father": here we have the one humanity in its appeal to the Eternal Father who is the object of its trust and adoration. "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done": here we have the summum bonum of the race, the eternal good and its ground in the primal will. "Give us our daily bread": here is the belief that the temporal life of man is of concern to God. "Lead us not into temptation": lead us through it; here is the vision of the universal moral trial and the possibility of victory. "Forgive us our debts": here is the recognition of moral servitude, and the chance of moral freedom. The scheme of belief in the Lord's Prayer, in union with the emotion in it, in union also with the Lord himself, the Holy Spirit added thereto, and the logic of the Prayer as to the worth of man and his world, may be said to represent the essential working faith in the free churches of America.

If we may be allowed to assume that the religion of the present is content to be represented by the Lord's Prayer, we may proceed to distinguish two aspects of that religion. There is the experimental aspect, containing a fusion of thought and feeling and conduct; an experiment in which no special analysis is made, a content of life, a consciousness of new moral worth and power. In the second aspect we have the emphasis laid upon the intellectual implications of the experience; these implications are the meanings of the new life rendered in terms of the intelligence; as such they are regarded as the truth. This truth expresses itself in a series of beliefs about the soul, society, the Church, the Bible, Christ, and God. Religion, thus regarded, contains a vital and a formal element, an ex-

perience with its fusion of intellect and heart and will, and an intellectual account of this experience as the objective and eternal truth.

There is a third form of discipline in sound religion. As religion lives and moves and has its being in ideas, it seeks to greaten itself by expressing itself in a more adequate order of ideas. Hence exact scholarship is a religious discipline, the work of thought a servant of the soul, enlightenment a means of grace, a true philosophy of religion the hope of glory. For the free spirit, religion is not at its best in its state of fusion; for the genuine Protestant religion comes to its highest through the reason. For this type of believer nothing kills religion so quickly as the attempt to confine it to feeling, to declare that it is forbidden ground for the intellect, to limit its meaning to the subject of it, to call it poetry in contrast with fact, to hint that it is a mystery of loveliness unanswerable to reason and without foundation in the rational order of the world. These three forms or aspects of religion must now be considered in detail.

II

In religion as an experience there are four great notes, — the quest for personal worth, the concern for social righteousness, the triumph over death, and the mood of reconciliation to the universe, the beatitude of peace toward God. These are the four voices — the soprano, the contralto, the tenor, and the bass — of the richest humanity, that have sung, now with one voice leading and again another, now with this measure of depth and purity and again with that, in the religious soul of the world in all past time; and these are the great voices in the religion of the present. Here at least past and present blend in one vast harmony; here the ages reveal

their inmost heart in a noble identity. The disciples of Moses and the Prophets, the apostles of Christ, devout souls in the Church of the East and the Church of the West, Buddhist and mediæval mystic, Catholic and Protestant, unite in a great fellowship here. So far as they are religiously alive, their quest is for personal worth, social righteousness, triumph over death, and reconciliation to the will of the Most High. This is the mystic, unfathomable song of the ages of faith; and to its great notes we must listen if we would understand anything of the sources of the strength, pathos, dignity, and beauty of our human world.

Real religion would seem to begin in the quest for personal worth. The initial thing is perhaps the vision of the Infinite worth: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God, the Almighty, who was and who is and who is to come. Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honour and the power." In the vision of the Infinite worth the worthlessness of the mere natural man is revealed, in all deep souls, in a tremendous way. Then we hear coming to us from the four winds of heaven the great confession: "I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; But now mine eye seeth thee, Wherefore I abhor myself, And repent in dust and ashes." In the Temple Isaiah has his vision of the Infinite worth, and at once breaks out in the lamentation: "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

These examples from the past point to the origin of true religion to-day. Ethical triumph in the stress of the personal life is the primal fountain of all great religion. Indeed there is not in existence a religion worthy of the name that does not reveal its strength first

of all in this personal ethical triumph. Convictions of sin, repentances, prostrations before God, are all preventive; they are the outriders, religion itself is King.

Religion now, as of old, begins in the vision of the moral ideal, in the faith that the moral ideal is a true intimation of the purpose of God concerning the soul, in the confidence that God is somehow in that heavenly vision, in the daring resolution to begin, with the help of the Highest, to order this tumultuous human existence by the light and authority of the ideal. Sorrows there are, misgivings many and deep, obstacles that seem insurmountable, discouragements that deplete strength, despondencies that terrify one like nightmare. Nevertheless these are no part of religion; they are not even the impedimenta; they are part of the host of Satan that must be fought and overcome. Religion lives in the ethical triumph of the personal soul; religion in its aboriginal nature is moral triumph through the vision and grace of the moral Deity. Jesus meets the Devil in the wilderness of Judæa, defeats him, keeps his moral nature entire, and thus, as personal moral victor, returns in the power of the Infinite to begin his public ministry. His vision — "I saw Satan fall from heaven as lightning" — is from his own soul where the Infinite worth is on the throne; his confidence in his cause — "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" — has its first and deepest fountain in his own absolute moral victory; his assurance to his few fearful disciples — "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom" — is won through the victorious insight of his own conscience.

Concern for the social ideal is another great note of contemporary religion. Never, since Jesus preached in the fields of Galilee and the hillsides of

Judæa the good news of the kingdom, has the social ideal as inseparable from true religion been advanced to the eminence and authority which it everywhere holds to-day. The nominal Christian, and the genuine, are here set apart as far as the east is from the west. The man whose interest begins and ends in himself cannot by any possibility be counted on the side of religion: his soul is still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. No matter what his standing in intellect or society or church may be, if his conscious concerns are limited to himself and his family, he is in a state of excommunication from the kingdom of love. Doubtless industrious and decent lives are public utilities; but they are so by the constitution of the world, and not by the virtue of the selfish human being who cannot attain his ends without them. Men of humor, good fellows, persons who can tell and appreciate a good joke, doubtless have their social uses; but we are not so hard pressed for recruits as to be compelled to draft them into the army of social idealists. Soundness in the faith can no longer atone for cruelty in the life; we have no religious use for those whose creed is this:—

Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
No matter — stick to sound believing.

Religion to-day, as in all other days, has many professors but few confessors. In the presence of the moving beauty of the social ideal the hearts of the multitude are dead; their religion, if religion it can be called, is little more than a branch of their selfish concern for existence. As in the Master's parable, when the robbers are left out of the count, the priests and the Levites in the religious community are two to one compared with the good Samaritan. No reduction of the stern demands of moral law, no generous bestowment of sweet compliments upon active and

productive men who yet care nothing for the human soul, no hauling down of the ensign of a rigorous and glorious social idealism, can in the least add to the essential strength of the religious community. If social idealism, if intense and constant public concern, is not in the hearts of men, it is the bitterest mockery to call them Christians, the utmost vanity to look for religious issues from them. The warning is still wrought in all the solemnity of truth: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." The Master was the incomparable soldier of the social ideal, and only they who march under that banner can with truth be called his.

Soldiers of the social ideal, religious men to-day are, in great numbers and with unwonted enthusiasm and hope. The horrible theological masks under which in other days the love of good men for bad, righteous men for unrighteous, men in the ethical triumph of the religious life for men still in their sins, concealed itself, are now torn off and cast aside. "Freely ye have received, freely give"; there is the essential impulse for example in the soul of the foreign missionary. For the missionary himself Christianity is the highest moral ideal in process of realization; his heart is on fire over the advent of personal worth and joy. His experience justifies the Christian ideal for the world, and for the universal conquest of that ideal he goes forth to lay down his life.

Here our analysis of the religion of the present meets a new wonder. The social ideal, when truly served, refines and exalts the human nature of the servant. Domestic affections become purer and more tenacious. Moral idealism discovers unsuspected depths in the human heart; Christian faith brings into existence a new humanity. Life in the inner centres of home, and in the

outer circles of friendship, becomes increasingly precious and more and more dependent upon the well-being of those to whom it is thus attached. What happens? Death is clothed with new terror. It now threatens the world that love has created, that love inhabits and delights in, with total and ruthless extinction. It raises a new question. How can men keep the humanity that lifts itself into finer forms and dearer attachments, and yet be able to face death as the final end? If men are to regain calm, must they not surrender or quench the finer and intenser humanities? Does not this question issue in a dilemma? Reduce your affections to indifference, and face death without fear; or retain the burden of a great Christian heart, and break down in moral despair?

Thus it is that the Christian faith is to-day what it has always been, the triumph over death. The incomparable servant of the social ideal who was the Founder of Christian faith triumphed over death. The social idealist does not, at this stage of his evolution, reason about immortality; he believes that as the sovereign social idealist could not be held under the dominion of death so his disciples shall not see death. The idealist in time is created by the Idealist in eternity; the temporal idealist is the servant of the Eternal Idealist. Man in his social vision and service has the Highest in him and behind him. Therefore he fears no evil for himself or his cause, even in the valley of the shadow of death. This sanction of human worth out of the Infinite, this deliverance from the fear of death, this translation into a great confidence and a vast hope, is the fruit of the Spirit in the new Christian humanity.

The final note in the religion of to-day, as in all other great days, is reconciliation to the will of God. Here the ideal, personal and social, is seen with

purser eyes and served with a more energetic will; here the process of the refinement and exaltation of the human heart goes on with an intenser and surer movement; and the horror of death as the destroyer of man's fair world of love grows greater and not less. Now, however, things are accepted as they are. The bird no longer dashes itself against the bars of its cage; the world beyond is no longer the object of wistful or indignant gaze; it now inspires deep and calm reflection and content. Then men come to utter in their own name the supreme wisdom of the past: "No evil can happen to a good man, whether he be alive or dead"; "all things work together for good to him who is dear to God"; "all things work together for good to them that love God"; "in life and in death we are the Lord's"; "Thou hast made us for Thyself and we are restless till we rest in Thee"; "His will is our peace"; "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done!" Reconciliation has begun; we make no plans; we live in the circle of the Eternal good-will; we do not choose our lot, we accept with content what is given. Here begins the peace that flows like a river, the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

III

The fusion of thought and feeling and action found in religion as an experience does not seem to be a final satisfaction. When this experience is at the flood, it carries in its tides the immediate sense of the Eternal; then it looks upon reflective thought with impatience, if not with disdain. In few men, however, does the religious consciousness remain at the flood, and while the depths of the soul may never be deserted, the volume of life is reduced by these great recessions. Then come the reflective hours, the ques-

tions and the work of the intellect, the analysis and the synthesis that are the serious criticism of religious experience. Are not the meanings and assurance of the life of the spirit to be found in ideas? What is the intellectual content of the Christian consciousness? What think ye of Christ, ye who have become under him the soldiers of the ideal? Is there an infinite reality answering to the thought of the God and Father of Jesus Christ? What is to be said for the kingdom of God, when looked at as an idea, in the presence of the organized selfishness of society and in the centres of this wild and terrible cosmos? What is the deepest nature of man? Is he essentially physical and incidentally spiritual, or essentially spiritual and incidentally physical? In spite of his brute inheritance, is man's vocation in the kingdom of love? What value shall we attach to the burdens of the Bible old? Does the fellowship of believers gain anything beyond comfort and efficiency when it calls itself a church, or the church? Has man's soul a merely temporal value, or is its worth essential to the eternal worth?

It is universally felt among us that, sooner or later, the question of truth emerges; that in religion, as in everything else, this is the sovereign question. Theology, or the philosophy of religion, is the endeavor to find the truth in which religion lives. While it is clear that a true theology or philosophy is no substitute for genuine religion, and cannot by any possibility atone for a shabby religion, as it so often tries to do, it is likewise clear that good religion would become better were it grounded in the sound understanding of itself. This, at all events, is the conviction that has animated the theological movement of all the Christian centuries; the aim has been to find and declare the truth of religion, and the declaration has been made in an order or system of

ideas. Heart and flesh fail; the subjective in religion is apt to have a fugitive character; the great objective ideas that have risen like stars out of the depths of the religious mind, and that assemble in its heights in splendor and majesty, become the refuge of all the weary; there they shine forever and ever. The love of doctrine is no delusion; even when men have sworn to have nothing more to do with it, they turn up in unexpected quarters and with strange requests, like Abraham Lincoln's friend who had signed the pledge and who under stress of thirst appeared in the drug-store with the supplication, "Give me a drink unbeknown to me."

The traditional philosophy of the Christian religion came into being as a servant, and a noble servant it has been. Remade in the light of to-day, a noble servant it remains. In its old form, however, it has fallen to the ground, and that from the operation of two causes. It has been seen to be untenable by men outside its pale, who have found and declared, in ideas, the truth of other sections of human experience; and it has been found, as a whole, as a system, to be inadequate and unworthy by men inside the circle of faith who have considered well the fullness and majesty of the Christian heart, and, above all, who have looked into the unfathomable depth and glory of the mind of Christ. *The Origin of Species*, and *The Descent of Man*, by Darwin, raised questions and created doubts that were new. Here was an able and a devoted man of science, with certain sections of human experience before him, doing his best to give a rational account of them. He may not have been entirely successful in his attempt; where he did succeed, errors may have crept in to mar the greatness of his achievement. Nothing done by any individual, however extraordinary his

genius may be, is ever complete as it leaves his hands or entirely free from mistake. To this statement no one would be readier to assent than the modest man of science, Charles Darwin. Still, incomplete as his work was, it wrought a revolution in ideas concerning the origin of man, and thereby did much to make untenable the dogma on which, from Tertullian onward, ecclesiastical theology was built.

Simultaneously there was going on inside the circle of faith the great movement of scientific research as applied to the Bible. Here again it is not necessary, nor would it be safe, to claim even for such scholars as Ewald, Wellhausen, Keunen, Robertson Smith, and their successors in Europe and America, entire and unmixed success. The final chapter of this movement is not yet written, because the movement itself is still in progress. But the results, long ago obvious to common sense, and clear as axioms to men of the spirit, have acquired the certainty of scientific determinations that all parts of the Bible are not of equal value, that errors of fact are of frequent occurrence, that many instances of barbaric custom may be cited within its compass, that everywhere with its divine content human fallibility mixes, that where the Bible is supreme and incomparable as the revelation of God to man, it is still true that we have this treasure in earthen vessels.

This immense relief from the slavery of the Christian spirit to even the greatest Book, this vast introduction to the interior splendor and preciousness of the Bible, began at once to work changes in belief. From radical thinking upon the basis of Christian experience the intellect had been prohibited. The supreme Book had been used to browbeat and intimidate the reason. Now the reason could be both reverent and free. It was no longer enough, in order

to prove the truth of a given contention, to cite a text in its favor from any corner of the Bible. A vast structure of belief had been built up with no deference to Christian experience at its best, upon an indiscriminate use of Scripture, upon isolated texts, educed as proofs from a practically infallible Book; when the proof-texts were discredited the structure fell to the ground.

Inquiry into the origins and growth of the literature gathered in the Bible was accompanied by investigation of the intellectual conditions under which the doctrines of the Church arose. This revealed the fact that many of the elements in the Church's philosophy of religion were extra-Biblical in their origin. The classic philosophers of Greece contributed much; the Stoics contributed something; Roman law exercised considerable influence over the formation of opinion concerning man; while as an institution, the Christian Church was openly developed on imperial lines.

This analysis did not mean necessarily the destruction of the reigning order of ideas. Nothing lives, nothing dies, simply on account of the region where it was born. In the realm of the spirit it is the question of worth that determines the life and death of ideas. Therefore a far greater movement has now to be named than the scientific treatment of natural history, or the critical consideration of the Bible, or the analysis of theological belief into its elements and origins. The greatest thing in the Christian thought of the present is the judgment of religion, in all its forms and phases, by the might of the free Christian conscience. All that men have thought and done, all that God has done as expressed in the order of nature and in the constitution of the race, is brought to the bar of the Christian conscience for judgment. Never hitherto, perhaps, has a critical power so tremendous been introduced

to religious belief; never has the conscientious Christian been allowed such entire freedom as he possesses to-day.

This conscience is itself the product, the sublimest product, of the Christian religion; its imperiousness constitutes a new and deeper basis for faith. On the assumption of the existence of the God and Father of Christ, nothing can be true that does not accord with that assumption; and this means that nothing can be true that does not win the favorable verdict of the moral reason of Christian freemen. Against this rock the ship of traditional theology struck and foundered. No man living in any civilized centre has heard in twenty years a sermon, true to the ancient tradition, on the decrees of God, election, reprobation, expiatory atonement, and eternal punishment, such as Emmons, and many another less eminent than he, preached in Massachusetts seventy-five years ago. What would the most conservative men of to-day think if they were addressed in these words, which Dr. Griffin, the first minister of Park Street Church, Boston, spoke to his congregation: "To his own dear people he [Christ] will be a refuge from the hail that shall eternally lash the howling millions of the damned." The revolt against such teaching has been coming for two generations. Occasionally these moral symptoms have appeared in strange places and in strange words. A certain minister of the Church of Scotland, being hard pressed by the arguments of members of his Bible class concerning the justice of God in decreeing man's fall, his sin and all its consequences, and then in sending the non-elect to eternal hell for doing what their Maker had decreed that they should do, is reported to have replied as follows: "My friends, you must understand that the Almighty in his public and judicial capacity is obliged to do many things which in a

personal and private capacity he would be ashamed to do." Here is the symptom of moral awakening and the tentative application of moral reason to religious belief. Within a generation there has been a resurgence, in the field of religious opinion, of the buried Christian conscience.

IV

Two great characteristics of the religious thought of to-day we have found: the intellect working with scientific method as the judge of the records of faith, and the conscience as the final judge of the worth of the order of ideas in which religious experience expresses itself. The Christian intellect operates in the field of fact, is content with nothing less or other than fact; the Christian conscience proceeds upon the aboriginal assumption of the Gospel, the moral perfection of the God and Father of Jesus Christ, and brings all the ideas of faith into that court of final assize. The method in the field of fact is inductive; in the field of ideas it is deductive. The great premise of the Christian religion is an assumption, namely, the perfect goodness of God. While that premise remains valid, inconsistent ideas or inconsequential inferences are ruled out; fidelity to that premise means a new heaven and a new earth wherein the perfect moral being of God dwells. The premise itself, the perfect love of God for men, is of faith. An induction of facts, human and cosmic, may precede the adoption of the premise; facts appear that seem to call for it with the voice of necessity; other facts arise that seem to contradict it; it is adopted because it is believed to be the truth, and it remains a fundamental position of faith because it is not held as given in complete logical form. It is of faith because the rational attestation of it is incomplete. The

point is that this fundamental position of faith becomes the determining principle over the entire order of religious belief. Hence it is that, owing to this principle and its free use, a new day has dawned in the judgment of the ideas of faith. It is now felt, as perhaps never before, that Christian experience has hitherto failed in getting itself expressed in an order of ideas equal to its own moral worth. It is felt that the heart of Christendom is to-day what it has always been since apostolic times, immeasurably greater than its head. The God of love in the universe, the Lord of love in time, the life of love in the community of religious men, the idealisms, personal and social, that constitute the soul of Christianity and the grace of the Eternal in human hearts, have never been adequately or even worthily represented in any accredited system of theology.

The work of the scholar in the records of religion and the demands of the Christian heart have made the present an age of transition. To those unable to survey the whole movement, who have not seen into the faith from which it springs, who are lost in the dust and smoke of local engagements, the battle seems to be a form of civil war, in no sense a wise attempt to greaten the forces of the Christian spirit or to advance its sway. The unrest of the time seems to many to be needless, the fruitless toil of militant and audacious men, the sign of a degenerate Christianity bent on the sacrifice of its historic dignity to the wayward and pagan notions of the age. All this and much more of a similar import is in the air. It is the inevitable accompaniment of a Christianity dissatisfied with itself on the side of history and on the side of ideas, and bound to declare its worth for the soul in a worthier philosophy. For the patient under this sort of surgery there is no anæsthetic; pain must be inflicted

upon good men; the great consolation lies in the swifter coming of the kingdom of Truth.

There are many who raise the question, Why not abandon theology altogether? On its historical side it throws up great mounds of dogmatic débris; on its critical side it runs riot in every kind of excess, and obscures the records of faith with the dust and confusion of its issueless toil; on its philosophic side its procedure is so tentative and inconclusive as to make it worthless elsewhere than in "the heaven-and-hell amalgamation society." What value can there be in all this for the soul triumphant in its visions and rejoicing in the visible transformations wrought by its services? The old earth does not need either astronomy or geology in order to circle its orbit and run its course; these are the occupations of men of leisure who are borne on the back of the flying planet. The religious soul needs neither theology nor anthropology, neither a systematic doctrine of God nor a philosophic doctrine of man; it goes in the strength of its vision and passion, and keeps the world habitable and beautiful for the lazy and strange class of human beings who take pleasure in the compulsions of the intellect, and who glory in every new brood of uncertainties that they have been able to hatch.

These wild words fairly represent the attitude of many Christian men and women to-day. They find an order of ideas implicit in the courses of religious experience; they discover there the sense of Christ, the consciousness of the God and Father of Christ, the reality of the kingdom of Love; they know the Bible as the indispensable nourisher of faith; and beyond this order of thought implicit in life these persons do not care to go. The truth of religion, so these persons hold, is given in experience; the certitudes of the spirit are immediate; when the Christ-

ian soul turns from these to the domain of criticism and of philosophy, it exchanges clearness for confusion, confidence for doubt, the light and joy of the heart for the gloom and foreboding of the intellect unconscious of its incompetence.

There are other voices still that cry out in this day of trouble. These voices tell us that philosophy can have no influence upon life because life is lived before philosophy begins. Life is the object to be understood; but to be understood it must first of all be lived. Perfect understanding of man's world implies that man's world is already done to completeness. These prophets quote Hegel's famous and beautiful comparison of philosophy to the Owl of Minerva, that takes its flight only when the shades of night are gathering.

In this lamentation there is doubtless some truth. It is true that we give thanks for the years that bring the philosophic mind, that we grieve that the wisdom of one generation cannot be made over to another, that the compound of instincts, impulses, visions, deeds, and experiences is the great propulsive power of existence, that reflection and wisdom are less strictly life than about life. Yet when all this is admitted, it must be added, that it is in the highest degree unreasonable to hold that a man's veritable belief about the meaning of his existence and the universe in which he finds himself does not influence in potent ways his character and behavior. There is something wrong with the philosophy that thus empties itself of vital meaning, and then detaches itself from the sovereign struggles of men. If knowledge is no help to morality — then the character of God owes nothing to his omniscience; in that case the perfect intellect might well be the most destitute of religious worth. Such inversions of the thought of wise men are to be disre-

garded. We must recall the obvious fact that men are practical beings from the inmost centre to the outermost circle of their nature, that all ideation is but the prophecy of action; it is either the instantaneous decision of the gun to fire, or the longer or shorter run of the fuse before the explosion that blasts the rock. Nor must it be forgotten that philosophy is the love of wisdom, that the great figure who inaugurated its vast course in European history sought and loved it wholly for its divine influence upon man's existence. In Plato and Aristotle, the incomparable masters of philosophy, this discipline never outran its original meaning; it remained a way for the refinement and exaltation of life, and in the case of both thinkers, it terminated in the vision of God. Life is not first lived and then understood; it is poorly lived till understood; when well understood, life begins a new career of achievement and worth. Hegel's comparison is, therefore, beautiful but utterly fallacious. When the divine bird begins its flight, even if it should be near sunset, at once another and more glorious day dawns, the day in which upon the discovered purpose of existence, the new creation in answer to that purpose appears. Knowledge of the truth is not a luxury, it is a necessity; it is not an æsthetic delight at the end of the day, but the blast of the bugler calling the soldier of the ideal to arms and to the fresh conquests of the new prophetic morning.

It is, therefore, worthy of note that the men who are in any true sense helping to determine the character of Christianity in the free churches of this nation believe, with practical unanimity, that the philosophy of religion is an essential part of religion; that, independent of expression in an order of ideas, religion cannot attain its highest maturity and power. Nor do these leaders

intend to break with history in this invigorating search for the truth of faith. The traditional theology fails chiefly for two reasons: first, on account of its crudities; and second, on account of its negations. When the crude thinking has become mature and the negations have been removed, the great ideas that have held sway through Christian history emerge in unspent power. God is still sovereign; his will is now on the side of humanity; it is the infinite good-will, and as such the source of moral freedom and the assurance of victory to all souls; resistance to this will, whether through ignorance or perversity, remains the supreme calamity; forgiveness and moral hope continue to have their ground in the love of God perfectly disclosed in the sacrificial career of the Divine man, whose words have gained new meaning with the lapse of the centuries:—"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father"; the kingdom of God in time and beyond, as the sphere of man's vocation and the increasing realization of the Holy Spirit, abides; even the Trinity, which carries associations offensive to many, is felt to be of permanent worth, as the witness that social humanity is grounded on an eternally and ineffably social Deity.

The forms of historic thought no wise contemporary thinker will lightly disregard; especially the evolution of Christianity from the person of its Founder. A Christless Christianity is no part of the programme of the truly representative prophet of to-day; with him personality is the key to the world of man, the key to the universe of God, and here the personality of Jesus Christ is of inexpressible moment. Moral personality in man had its first universal accentuation, and moral personality in God its supreme revelation, in the Master of the Christian world. Besides, he so epitomizes in himself our world of

faith, transfigures it in the glow of his moral victory, translates it from the abstract into the concrete, and wins for it the loving devotion and service of his disciples that to attempt to separate the Gospel of love from the Lord of love would be to do violence to the method and spirit of Christianity, and at the same time would outrage the heart of the Christian community.

Let no one say that these words are intended either as a censure upon liberalism or as a sop to the Cerberus of a complaisant, callous, and often demoted orthodoxy. No doubt religious liberalism is in danger of forgetting the deeper meanings of the person of Christ; no doubt it is exposed to the temptation of a too easy reduction of Jesus to the levels of men of the Spirit in all ages and among all peoples; no doubt it is in peril of failing to note his unique vocation in the kingdom of God, of falling a prey to a hard and impatient rationalism, of taking him and his Gospel more through the understanding and less through the totality of human life. While this is obviously true, it is felt by many that the dangers of orthodoxy are far greater. Its closed mind and conceit in the presence of an infinite interest are bad omens. One must experience a severe shock in going from the elaborate and exclusive forms of modern Christianity into the presence of the Lord whom it professes to adore and follow. It is at first sight hard to discover the connection between its multiplied machinery and His sublime simplicity, its emphasis upon ritual and His sole reliance upon the prophetic gift, its confidence in apostolical succession and His glorious trust in truth, its redundant and exclusive ecclesiasticism and the Master's absolute immunity from this disease. When one considers this Divine preacher either in the humble meeting-houses of his people, or in the fields of Galilee and

the hillsides of Judæa, notes the pure spirituality of his message and the interior splendor of his soul, one is ready to assert that the only hope of the proudly orthodox churches of the world is in ever deeper association with him. In no other way would it seem to be possible that they should ever catch a glimpse of the things for which he had a divine concern, awake to the awful contrast that exists between the spirituality and simplicity of His cause and the mixed and multitudinous character of their own, and subordinate their idiosyncrasies to the universality and freedom of His kingdom.

It is seen by many representative thinkers among us that the radicalism and the conservatism of to-day are both suggested in the Sadducee and the Pharisee of that age; it is recalled, with many significant reflections upon the fact, that while Jesus met strong opposition from the heterodox Sadducee he encountered a more subtle and deadly enmity in the orthodox Pharisee. The Christian Church has never laid this truth to heart; indeed it may be said that the Church has never seen it. It was against a flippant heterodoxy that Jesus vindicated faith in the endless life of the human soul: God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. It was against an exclusive and callous orthodoxy that Jesus spoke his parable of the Good Samaritan; it was against the pride and inhumanity of the same class that the Master made his defense of his interest in publicans and sinners, in the parables of the Lost Sheep, the Lost Drachma, and the Lost Son. The peril of current liberalism is great; the peril is vastly greater of a morally obtuse and consequential conservatism, confident that it holds the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. These obvious dangers of the time suggest many reasons why there should be an association infinitely closer and pro-

founder than has ever yet existed between the evolution of Christianity and the Founder of Christianity.

The task which the new generation of Christian thinkers puts before itself is, first, to discover the truly representative experience, and then to take the ideas on which the soul lives in the courses of experience, clear them of confusion, lift them to maturity, authenticate and set them in a great majestic order. And in this constructive endeavor two ideals, or two aspects of one ideal, are the guiding forces. There is the ideal that everything in the universe is amenable to reason, that final unintelligibility nowhere exists. Mystery, as the sign forbidding reason to trespass in this domain or that, or as signifying that inscrutability is the essence of any section of existence, is expelled; mystery, as the symbol of the unexplored, the token of the immeasurable task that the reason has on its hands, is everywhere present. Little is yet understood; all may be understood; for the reason that the universe is an endless opportunity, an open door that no man can shut. The universe, as it lives in the senses and in the soul of man, answers the questions and falls into the order of reason. This is the ideal that animates and supports the scientific activity of the world; and while individuals grow weary at an immeasurable task, break out in lamentation over the slightness of the progress made and in despair of attaining the goal, no such paralysis ever takes permanent possession of the race. It is ever young, ever buoyant, ever sure of the ideal of complete intelligibility, ever undiscouraged and full of hope in the vast and exhilarating pursuit.

That in the world of faith everything must answer at last to the moral reason of man is the second ideal. According to this ideal, the universe justifies essential Christian faith; the universe

does this because its final character is just. Subjective substitutes for objective validities are no part of the normal triumphant faith of to-day; consolations drawn exclusively from the religious life in time are deemed insufficient; the shout is now what it has ever been—the Eternal God is thy refuge. Theology confined to the temporal shares the same fate with philosophy confined to phenomena; both are doomed to confusion in the presence of an outstanding universe unresponsive to reason. Ethics limited to man's world in time must become a chapter in the black book of despair. What are all our causes, our human idealisms, personal and social, if the swell of the Eternal is against them? The moral reason, with its inherent and boundless idealism, claims for its field the universe; to disallow its claim is to reduce it to vanity, to deny it the friendship of the Infinite is to decorate it with folly in time. Socrates drinking the hemlock, and Jesus on his cross, are justified not only out of the limited and brief world of man, but also out of the Eternal. Were it otherwise, who would care to work at the Sisyphus stone of the kingdom of Love not because its worth would vanish, but because all hope of its actual sovereignty would forever perish.

Here is the moral problem involved in the question of immortality. If death means annihilation, it means eventually the utter destruction of man's world. The economic, æsthetic, scientific, and philosophic phases of that world might well enough vanish utterly, thus damned for the glory of God; but if man as a servant of the moral ideal, as victor over brute worlds in the name of the ideal, as a creator of intrinsic moral values, as a lover and doer of the behest of the Eternal, is to cease to be at death, the moral character of God is henceforth a fiction, his pity for man at his worst and his sym-

pathy with man at his best become wholly incredible. In such a connection to say that like as a Father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, or to repeat the opening sentence of the Lord's Prayer, or any words from the Gospels that declare the infinite worth of the soul to God, is an exercise in self-delusion. If the world that comes out of the moral reason of man is not of permanent worth to God, it can only be because in God moral reason does not exist. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing; and one of them doth not fall to the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

The obligation that demands from man life for the moral ideal, and that denies him the privilege of endless service of the same, contains an unconscious but obvious insult to the Deity. Is there no obligation resting upon the Being who has put man under moral bonds? Has he no sense of fairness who calls upon men for that supreme quality? Is God justified in throwing man into the boiling stream of time, in calling upon him to learn to swim, or to rescue those who have not yet learned, and finally in drowning this valiant swimmer as the best way of getting rid of him? According to what conception of justice is man under duty to surrender his soul in service while God stands absolved? I can imagine duty from man to man to stand fast, were there no God; but I cannot imagine a moral Deity absolved from accountability to the conscience which is his sovereign gift to man. On this ground Jesus would not be the apostle of God, but his immeasurable moral superior. If we hold our moral world and all its precious treasures without the concern of the Eternal, by all means let us hold and increase it, but let us cease to worship God or to pay him the compliment of

the homage that he does not deserve.

The Christian religion to-day, as in the earliest day, identifies man's fortune with God's character, man's cause with God's purpose. In the Gospel the union of the Divine and the human that in Christ was perfect is by anticipation perfect in mankind. Identity of moral being between God and man, broken by sin, seeks through the Gospel of reconciliation the reestablishment and the endless duration of the aboriginal fellowship. Christianity is the religion of the Infinite; it first fills human life with God, and then it fills the universe with the will of the God who lives in man. All reductions of religion in deference to the gloom of the temporal order, or through fear in the presence of the cosmos; all selective devices whereby a human idealism sweet and fair is founded on the brute necessity that disowns it, and that is frowned upon by the black mysteries above it; all forms of rainbow-colored sentiment that derive their sole value from the retina of man's spirit; all limitations of the scope of religion that it may become more and more manageable to an impatient rationalism, are against the genius of the Gospel of Christ and equally against the Christianity that reigns to-day in the free, progressive communities of the land. Christian men are forward to declare that their idealism is the image of the Eternal realism. They want no delusions and no pigmy faiths; they want a religion that fills the universe with light, that gives to the moral ideal the final sovereignty, that guards in a great way the treasures of human love, that opens before the soldiers of the ideal in the day of their distress vistas of endless hope, that calls them to do battle in a campaign that cannot fail, that makes faith an act of trust in the supremacy of conscience in man and in God.

IRISH FAIRIES

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

WHEN Giraldus Cambrensis visited Ireland in the twelfth century, he found the people "a trifle paganish." They believed in all sorts of fairies, banshees, witches, and changelings — "the gods of the earth," as the ancient Book of Armagh calls them. Eight centuries have changed the Irish but little in this respect. The credit of "the little good people" is as good as ever amongst them. "Have you ever seen a fairy or such-like?" Mr. Yeats inquired of an old man in County Sligo. "Am n't I annoyed with them?" was the answer. "Do the fishermen along here know anything of the mermaids?" he asked a County Dublin woman. "Indeed, they don't like to see them at all," said she, "for they always bring bad weather." In County Cork, young maidens still wake up in the dead of night, and hear the fairies taking down pots and dishes and cooking themselves a fine supper by the fire. The Hackets of Castle Hacket, Galway, claim to have had a fairy for their ancestor.

The Irish cosmogony derives the fairies from a station between heaven and earth. They are a sort of inferior angels —

Too mocking for bliss, and too merry for burning.

If we may trust Crofton Croker, they were "turned out of heaven" along with all Satan's host, and "landed on their feet in this world, while the rest of their companions, *having more sin to sink them*, went down further to a worse place." Some of them, at times, show a momentary anxiety about the state

of their souls. A great gathering of fairies in Cork once sent a young man, whom they met by the riverside, to ask the priest what chance there was for them all to become good Christians at the last day?

It is soon seen that these Irish fairies are no mere nursery playmates. They attend earthly weddings and funerals, and at their own dances (in Donegal, at least) welcome handsome young mortals and frolic freely with them. They engage in airy battles among themselves, which seem in miniature not unlike the faction fights of their mortal countrymen at fairs and patron festivals. When the wind whirls the thatch off a peasant's house, he knows it is a scrimmage of the fairies overhead. Indeed the only thoroughly childish trick which seems to be common amongst them is that of exchanging themselves for mortal babies, and hiding away in cradles. They share with all other Irishmen an exceeding love for little children, and steal them away for the pure pleasure of their company; some skylarking old fairy volunteering to impersonate the baby, and delude the sharp eyes of the mother. These undertakings, so far as I can discover, are always unsuccessful. The mother invariably suspects the wizened occupant of her cradle, and with the help of some wise woman of the neighborhood, wheedles it into declaring its real age. The cat being thus out of the bag, it becomes an easy matter to chase the fairy away with a red-hot poker or boiling teakettle, when

the baby is miraculously restored. Irish babies are robust, and bear the change from fairy back to mortal climes better than did Bonnie Kilmeny in Hogg's fine poem.

The greatest charm of the Irish fairy tales is their unparalleled realism — one might almost have said veracity. The mixture of dream and reality, thought so remarkable in Mr. Kipling's *Brushwood Boy* and *They*, is surely outdone in this particular by the fairy stories of Croker, Lover, and Carleton. They invariably begin by assigning the actors in the story to a certain county of Ireland, and often name a village of that county. "People may have heard of Daniel O'Rourke," begins a wild tale by Crofton Croker. "I knew the man well. He lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go toward Bantry." Nor does the verisimilitude diminish as the tale proceeds. The air of careful fidelity to fact is kept up throughout; and often at the end one finds a grave speculation as to whether some trivial detail or other has been sufficiently verified.

Carleton has an engaging way of following some particularly tall statement about a fairy or witch with a cautious bit of hedging. "Now I won't swear the leprecaun's hat was red, for 'fraid I'd tell a lie." The plausible scenery and geography of these stories having gone so far to beguile the reader, a liberal admixture of very human beings, all behaving quite naturally and cheerfully in the midst of the fairies' pranks, completes the charm, and leaves the impression of a candid and conscientious narrative. Miss MacClintock conveys this illusion very readily. In her excellent story of *Jamie Freel and the Young Lady*, the fairies have long held their revels in the ruined castle, and Jamie has heard them singing and dancing there a dozen times before

he ventures to join them; at which point his mother endeavors to dissuade him in much the same tone and manner as she might if he were bent on running away to sea, or joining the army. Carleton thus describes the talk of Frank Martin, the weaver of Tonagh Forth, who "maintained a great intimacy with the fairies":—

"Well, Frank, when did you see them?"

"Whist! There's two dozen of them in the shop this minute. There's a little ould fellow sittin' on the top of the sleys, and all to be rocked while I'm weavin'. . . . Go out o' that, you shingawn! Let the tallow alone, you little glutton. See, there's a weeny thief o' them aitin' my tallow."

"What size are they, Frank?"

"Oh, little wee fellows, with green coats, and the purtiest little shoes ever you seen. There's two of them — both ould acquaintances of mine — runnin' along the yarn-beam. That ould fellow with the bob-wig is called Jim Jam, and the other chap with the three-cocked hat is called Nickey Nick. Nick plays the pipes. Nickey, give us a tune, or I'll malivogue you. Whisht now, listen!"

"It was well known," continues Carleton, "that at night, whenever he woke out of sleep, the first thing that he did was to put out his hand, and push them, as it were, off his bed."

"Go out o' this, you thieves, you — go out o' this now, and let me alone. Nickey, is this any time to be playin' the pipes, and me wants to sleep? There now. Sure they're all gone, barrin' poor Red Cap, that does n't like to lave me."

There is not much revengeful spirit in the Irish fairies. Teig O'Kane, in Mr. Douglas Hyde's fine translation from the Gaelic, was indeed made to carry a corpse about, from parish to parish, through a long night of terror;

but he afterwards reformed from his wild ways, "married Mary," and led an industrious and prosperous life. The reader reared on Grimm and Andersen may tremble horribly for the fate of Billy MacDaniel in the fine rollicking story of *Master and Man*, when he spoils the old fairy's plot for carrying off the young bride. Had MacDaniel but held his tongue, instead of shouting out "God bless us!" when the young bride sneezed, the plot would have succeeded; and yet he escapes with a scolding and a slap or two, and is able to join the wedding-party and spend a jovial evening with them. Light-hearted, good-humored Irish fairies! They are so talkative and confidential that they often let mortals into the secret of their mischievous intentions. Their minds seem as transparent as their bodies. They have a share of the all-redeeming humor which in Carleton's hands humanizes the murderous faction fight, and which Miss Lawless puts into the mouth of her revengeful exile from County Clare: —

Hark, yonder in the darkness one distant rat-tat-tat!
The old foe's coming on — *God bless his soul for that!*

Irish fairies are quite capable of enjoying a good joke upon themselves. Even Satan, in *The Three Wishes*, enters quite into the spirit of the clever blacksmith, who has got the best of him in a bargain, and in the midst of receiving a fearful drubbing with a sledge-hammer, calls out politely, —

"But if possible, Mr. Dawson, be a little more delicate."

The fairies inhabit the whole of Ireland; but they have their favorite haunts and meeting-places. Their great fighting tournaments are held on May Eve on the Plain-a-Bawn, where they contend for the best ears of corn in the coming harvest. The little village of B—— claims to be the most "gentle"

(that is, fairy) place in County Sligo; but others claim that honor for Drumahair or Drumcliff. Miss MacClingtock's Ulster fairies speak a dialect partly Scotch, and Mr. Douglas Hyde's belong to Roscommon and Galway. Black's *Guide to Ireland* provides fairies and ghosts liberally for castles, promontories and lakes; the prettiest legend of all being assigned to Lough Leane, where fairies dance about the ghost of The O'Donoghue, as he returns every seven years to his old home. Mr. and Mrs. Hall devote many pages of their imposing three-volume work to fairy legends, and in particular to sunken towns and villages in the Irish lakes. The fairies are very fond of hawthorn trees, and indeed plant them for their own pleasure; and woe to the man who cuts down a fairy "thorn." It was under such a tree that Anna Grace, in Ferguson's lovely ballad, met her fate.

It is easy to anger the fairies by throwing water out of windows after dusk or before dawn. Often they are trooping by, and are bespattered. One Mrs. Corcoran was bedridden for seven years for no other offense than this. Lady Wilde says that in some parts of Ireland it is customary, when throwing away water at night, to warn the fairies by shouting in Gaelic, "Away with yourselves from the water." This shows that the trooping fairies have no *penchant* for woods and fields, but prefer the main-traveled roads.

There are many sorts of fairies in Ireland. These trooping clans, the friendliest, wear green jackets; the solitary fairies wear red. According to McAnally, a peasant once witnessed a battle between them; and when the trooping fairies began to win, he was so overjoyed "*to see the green above the red*," that he gave a loud hurrah! Immediately all vanished from view, and he found himself thrown headlong in the ditch. In Mr. Yeats's classifica-

tion, the weird, but not unkindly merrows (or sea-fairies) come next; then the changelings; then the fairy doctors, and witches, who inhabit puddings and pots, bewitch butter, steal milk, and the like; the banshees, not always harbingers of death; the leprecaun, or fairy shoemaker, "the only industrious person among them" (for they dance their shoes away in a single night); the Pookas, first cousins of the Scotch Brownies, who for their sins are obliged to help the housewife with nightly elfin labors; the giants, the ghosts, and the Satanic race of demon-cats; and last, the "kings, queens, princesses, earls, and robbers."

Fairy rings, alas, are explained on scientific grounds in all the encyclopædias. The enchanted raths, or forths, however, are left the fairies still. It is there that they play their lovely music, which leaves a wild craving forever in the heart of the unlucky child or maiden who hears it. Mortal men have sometimes listened and learned the fairy tunes, and may play them freely when not too near a rath, or on the dangerous eves of May, Midsummer, and November. "The Pretty Maid Milking the Cow" is a tune stolen from the fairies, and so is "Eileen Aroon," the Irish original of "Robin Adair." A poor little hunchback of Connaught, who had an ear for sweet music, once heard the "good people" singing, and after listening for a long time, lifted up his voice in a happy variation of their tune. So well and so modestly was it done, that the fairies, delighted at the addition to their repertoire, took off his hump by a spell, and made him straight and strong.

Not every fairy-seeing man agrees with Frank Martin about the size of the fairies. Mr. Douglas Hyde makes them as large as midgets. The witches of Slievenamon are full-grown women. Shemus Rua saw two "red-headed fellows" of full adult size walking away

with his cow. Their subsequent behavior, and the strange company to which they introduced him, showed them to be fairies. The good people are good linguists. They speak both Gaelic and English, as well as a tongue of their own, which puzzled Teig O'Kane when he met them on the lonely road.

"Oh wirra!" said he, beginning to repent of his sins. "It's not English or Irish they speak — it can't be that they're Frenchmen!"

Improving on their melodies is not the only way of befriending the fairies. To leave a little new milk on the window-sill or door-step overnight is a thoughtful, neighborly act much appreciated by them. They prefer being called "good people" and "gentry" rather than fairies. A horseshoe over the door keeps them at arm's length, even though invited to enter. Frank Martin declared that he was blessed at his birth with a special prayer against their power. They will not often face a priest, or speak with him, though they may pluck up courage to send him a message. And yet they are often allies of the priests in their parish work, for the salutary frights which they give to wild young men often send them back to church and honest living.

The trooping fairies are really only to be feared on Midsummer Eve. It is then that they steal away mortal maidens. In Donegal, in the forties, was living an old woman who declared that she had been carried off and kept for seven years in fairyland. "We had fine white bread, and crudded cream," said she, "and everything but the grace of heaven." More tragic is the tone of Sir Samuel Ferguson's fine ballads of the *Fairy Thorn*, and *Well of Lagnanay*.

Una! Una! thou may'st call,
Sister sad! but lith or limb
Never again of Una Bawn,
Where now she walks in dreaming hall,
Shall eye of mortal look upon.

Where is, or was, that fairyland to which Una Bawn and Anna Grace were snatched away? According to Mr. Baring-Gould, there is a legendary sunken island "seven days' sail westward from the coast of Clare." This is the fabled land of perpetual youth. Old Irish

peasants say that "you can buy happiness there for a penny." Perhaps this is the fairies' paradise? But do fairies ever die? "Blake," as Mr. Yeats reminds us, "once saw a fairy's funeral; but in Ireland," he adds, "we think they are *immortal*."

ALLELUIA

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

WITH Windflower now and Daffodil
That bird they call Cuckoo
Goes shouting now o'er vale and hill
His Allelu —
Alleluia!

He feasts him on the Cuckoo's-meat,
The Wood-sorrel so new;
And shouts his grace ere he doth eat —
His Allelu —
Alleluia!

Sith Christ hath left the wormy grave
The world's in green and blue;
This clerk sings piously his stave —
His Allelu —
Alleluia!

Up hearts! for Jesus Christ His sake,
Who by His dying slew
Both sin and death. Here's one awake
Calls Allelu —
Alleluia!

W. C. BROWNELL

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

THE highest function of criticism is to plan those reconstructions that are forever necessary. Matthew Arnold is as clear an example of the professional critic as England produced in the nineteenth century; and between him and other writers, his contemporaries, there was a difference, not so much of power as of position and intention. It was evident from the first that he was trying to create in the minds of his countrymen a certain order; his effort was to broaden the basis of their life and make a new arrangement of its elements, — in a word, to synthesize. The opportunity for synthesis was never more inviting anywhere than it is in America. Here and there we have accomplishment and character. But accomplishment with us is generally dislocated, and character starves for want of a sustaining *milieu*. We are a nation, but scarcely a society. Only now and again have we been effectively touched by the Time-spirit. The German *Aufklärung*, which was educational and religious, failed to enlighten our ancestors, who were still busy on the frontiers and occupied with political organization. The spirit of the French Revolution, a spirit as much social as political, aroused in our young cities a reaction partly religious, partly aristocratic. The historico-critical movement of the last generation in Europe dies when it touches our shore. Every age desires above all things to be interpreted to itself. If such an interpretation of the present age should be granted, it is to be feared that America must be

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left out of the reckoning. We have scarcely begun the work of analyzing and assessing our intellectual resources, which must go before synthesis.

It is my purpose to review the social and literary studies of Mr. William Crary Brownell, a professional critic who has done much to sober our judgments of ourselves, and to make us see the achievements of our best writers in a perspective that may fairly be called cosmopolitan. I shall refer to his art criticism only as it appears to have enriched his equipment and modified his general attitude.

Twenty-one years have elapsed since the publication of his *French Traits*, which is a study no less of American than of French life, and perhaps more safely based on the American side of the comparison. With the publication of his *French Art*, in 1892, he gave evidence of highly specialized knowledge in a sphere of activity peculiarly exacting. Nine years later he gathered into a volume called *Victorian Prose Masters* his essays on Thackeray, Carlyle, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, and Meredith. And between 1903 and 1909 he has published, in *Scribner's Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, essays on Hawthorne, Henry James, Cooper, Lowell, Poe, and Emerson, which he has expanded and reprinted as *American Prose Masters*.

It is plainly not Mr. Brownell's chosen task to contribute directly to what would at the present time be the vain labor of synthesis. He commends no social philosophy. He is one of those

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who sow the seed of discontent. Such glimpses of his own view of life as he permits us to catch reveal a serene mind which has come to rest securely somewhere; but the effect of his criticism upon his readers is to dissolve false security. In artistic matters we are liable to accept the will for the deed, or at least the effort for the accomplishment. The tendency of our optimism is to overestimate the value of activity, of effectiveness, and to disregard the end. We exhort one another to be enthusiastic; but what is really important is that we should have worthy ideals. Loyalty is preached to us. But loyalty to what? We even hear it proclaimed that faith is in itself a virtue, irrespective of its object. Plainly the first duty of a critic is to question the validity of what the world accepts as true, and the propriety of the world's tastes.

Mr. Brownell is a master of the art of making distinctions and testing accepted claims. To make distinctions and test claims involves either reference to some canon of value or comparison with examples outside the ken or the sympathy of the ordinary observer. Precept may boast its converts, but example has the more primitive prestige, and has been a thousand times more often triumphant. Again, criticism can be applied from a point inside the circle of things judged, or from a point without. It can be implicated and standardized, or, on the other hand, detached and of protean form. Mr. Brownell's criticism is essentially undomestic, and although far from lawless it is not dogmatic. He realizes that a critical movement related closely to an American standard of taste and limited by an American horizon would be provincial, would be, above all, illusory.

If Mr. Brownell has not been pilloried by a patriotic press for his *French Traits*, he may thank the successful complexity of his style. For the inter-

est of this very candid book, for American readers, lies in its comments on us, and the victory in its war of contrasts falls almost uniformly to France. The French, he says, have accepted the results of the Revolution. They are loyally attached to democratic principles, which they are endeavoring, with characteristic devotion to logic, to apply in detail. One fundamental doctrine of the Revolution is that it shall never cease, because change means health. "How idle it is," he exclaims, "to commiserate them for their instability, when not stability but flux is their ideal." Another leading doctrine of French democracy is that not precedent but reason — contemporary, practical reason — shall be the criterion of movement. "The revolutionary spirit," he tells us, "is the reforming and revising instinct. . . . It has invariably a programme." The application of ideas to life, notably of these two master ideas, is with the French but little obstructed by cant and false sentiment. They trust their principles, and are not afraid to see them at work. What is rational has the best possible guarantee of safety.

Democracy in France, thus loyally recognized and put to use, has become a network of channels by means of which the naturally strong social instinct of the French race has poured itself over the entire field of their life. In France, society is the measure of all things. This fact is in itself a liberation from many forms of narrowness and meanness. It enlarges the national mind, elevates the individual towards and even above the level of the whole, and rationalizes patriotism. Hence the French, despite their proverbial self-satisfaction, their disinclination to travel, their indifference to what is foreign, are not really provincial. Hence, too, art and manners flourish supremely well in France. Art flourishes, because

it is a distinguished branch of public service; manners flourish, because human respect is of their essence.

By way of contrast, Mr. Brownell represents Americans as untrue to their profession of democracy, as inheriting the English empirical habit instead of obeying the dictates of reason, and as suffering from the provincial crudeness that results, in a republic, from hampering the social instinct. Among the preventable causes of our unintelligence and bad manners, there is, he argues, at least this very important one, that our theory of democracy is in large part a pretense.

We are perhaps painfully conscious of our minor faults. To be told that they are not being overcome because we have lost faith in the principles of democracy, — that our manners and our art would be more distinguished if equality were in fact, and not merely in half-hearted profession, our political and social ideal, — this is the new and salutary lesson. Not as we are provincial, but as we are false, do we come behind the French in the art of living. And certainly provincialism, in its own awkward way, has done something to supply color and variety, the lack of which in America depresses foreign observers.

The structural lines in *Victorian Prose Masters* are simple and important, but are likely to be overlooked by a reader whose attention is absorbed by the bewildering multiplicity of views which the book contains. The number of these views, and still more their subtlety, incline one at first to consider them the result of extreme cleverness. But nothing could be more unjust than to regard Mr. Brownell as a clever thinker. He shows himself everywhere ready to sacrifice mere point for the sake of justness, to disregard, for example, the danger of being obscure or of seeming to be commonplace. Ob-

scure he sometimes is, and stands in so far without excuse, but really commonplace he never is. In spite of a superficial appearance to the contrary, these essays are not groups of witty but inconsequential "good things," like Mr. Birrell's *Obiter Dicta*, nor are they a parade of learning and legerdemain, as some of Lowell's essays unquestionably are, — prodigal and even prodigious in their cleverness, and a sort of pedantry, however delightful. What distinguishes Mr. Brownell is something quite incompatible with the desire to shine. This is, it seems to me, his power of restraining and directing a naturally emotional nature by a spirit of judicial coolness.

A philosophy, neither vague nor yet obtrusively declared, lies behind these studies, and accounts for their fundamental simplicity. But what concerns us first is the simplicity of Mr. Brownell's method. It is easily possible to apprehend the central thought in each essay. For he is in so far a disciple of Taine that he always delves for the master-trait.

Extraordinary force, self-consciousness, and willfulness, Mr. Brownell marks as the most salient traits of Carlyle. "He did not know what love is." "His mind monopolized his feeling." "It is his thinking, not himself, that is agitated." Is it not possible that Mr. Brownell was still too much affected by the long-time obsessing *Reminiscences*, when he wrote in this strain? Is it not a little petulant to complain that Carlyle was not *good*, an implication that pervades Mr. Brownell's essay, and to note with disapproval his way of obtruding into criticism and history a body of doctrine, which is judged to be rather exiguous after all? For we must take genius as we find it, and a self-effacing, quiet-mannered, disinterested Carlyle would be no Carlyle at all. Whether we disapprove or

not of applying the spirit and method of poetry to philosophical and historical subjects, to such subjects as are treated in *Sartor Resartus*, *Cromwell*, and *Past and Present*, Carlyle specifically works with a poet's purpose and in a poet's manner, by an inner light which is nothing other than personality.

Mr. Brownell, I think, occupies himself too much with Carlyle's origins and temperament, and takes too little account of what Sainte-Beuve calls "a certain contrary," the supplementary and often inconspicuous qualities that count in rounding out a character. Yet there can be no dissentient voice to the judgment which finds excess and caprice to be Carlyle's most crying defects. Nor is Mr. Brownell too severe when he notes "the plebeian antagonism to democracy that leads him to consider the spirit of the time as negligible except as incarnated in the hero." And he is stating an obvious truth when he declares that the two supreme influences of the nineteenth century "found in Carlyle an instinctive and deliberate antagonist: science he neglected, democracy he decried." A much too drastic inference is drawn from this fact, in a passage from which, to represent it fairly, I must make a long citation: "To be out of harmony with one's time and environment is a heavy handicap on energy, which is thus inevitably deflected instead of developed, however it may be intensified by isolation. It is inherently inimical to expansion, and Carlyle may really be said to have devoted his prodigious powers to the endeavor to transform the 'epoch of expansion' in which he passed his life into an 'epoch of concentration,' to adopt Arnold's terminology. Unaided, or aided only by the futile of the intellectual world, the Froudes, the Kingsleys, the Ruskins, such an attempt must be both transitory and incomplete."

It is to the major premise of this syllogism that I take exception, namely, that revolt against one's time and environment is a handicap on energy and inimical to expansion. Rather it is a generator of energy and a mode of expansion. Undoubtedly Carlyle reacted against the scientific and democratic free-thought which was in the end to prevail. Undoubtedly his efforts were not crowned with direct success. But as we look back now upon the fifty years that lie between 1815 and 1865, it seems to be a period marked as deeply by its reactions as by its forward movements. And while specifically reactionary, — but, be it said, not therefore necessarily futile, — the animating spirit of Carlyle's lifework, and its contagious principle, was independence. He wrought upon the youth of his time, not as Newman and Ruskin wrought, in the interest of mediævalism, but all for modernism. He did not underestimate the volume and momentum of the positive movement, the movement of expansion. If he attempted prematurely to synthesize, he limited, of course, his reputation as a prophet, but he also vindicated the immunities of individual thought and feeling. This was his contribution to the side of expansion. Perhaps he was thus more useful to it than if he had joined the hue and cry of optimists who proclaimed that all would soon be well in Zion.

One of the futile of the intellectual world — this is the clue to Mr. Brownell's delving for the master-trait of Ruskin. As in the case of Carlyle, he finds it to be a too confident release of personality, or, to look upon the matter from another point, a too unquestioning reliance upon the inner light. Ruskin was characterized by the "predominance of the emotional sense over the thinking power." He was "a pure sentimentalist." It is unusual and per-

haps salutary to behold Ruskin treated with a complete lack of reverence by one who is as free as possible from the bondage of philistinism. He is treated, of course, without a trace of levity, in this case. Mr. Brownell leaves him little except a wonderful, though unclassical and vitiated style, philanthropic motives, and the distinction of having been "the most attentive, the most affectionate, the most eloquent, the most persuasive apostle of nature." He denies him any fitness to write about art; "he neither recognized its limitations, nor acquiesced in its office, nor apprehended its distinction." Naturally this contention opens the way to a treatment of the claims of art for art's sake, and the respective demands of the senses and of reason, including morals and utility, in contemplating works of art. And nowhere are Mr. Brownell's judicial fairness and the generous maturity of his spirit better shown than in this debate.

Again, he finds Ruskin's social and economic preaching futile. But we should not judge too pragmatically the foiled searchers, the shocked reactionaries, of the Victorian period. As Carlyle's prophecies made, in the long run, for independence and for strength of will, so I believe Ruskin's rhapsodies made, on the whole, for truthfulness, and that too in a sphere with which Englishmen were indisposed to associate the idea of truthfulness at all. Art meant nothing to Ruskin except as it illustrated nature or edified man. These two objectives Ruskin kept steadily in view, not only in his art criticism, but equally in his economic exhortations; and I see no reason to hold that the moment was ill-chosen for preaching truth to nature, and utility to the whole man, as criteria in art and politics.

Arnold is a classic, in a sense in which Ruskin and Carlyle are not. He

is a classic because of the unfailing harmony between his impulses, his equipment, his object, and his medium. If to a certain class of minds he makes but an ineffectual appeal, a class of minds that require above all a forcible impact, and generally an obviously emotional one, the cause is perhaps disclosed in what Mr. Brownell acutely finds to be the formula of his harmony, namely, that "he directed his nature, as well as he directed his work, in accordance with the definite ideal of reason." Readers of the very numerous class to which I refer associate the idea of literary genius not so much with definiteness and with reason, as with power, somewhat vaguely composed and irresponsibly set in motion.

More and more the preëminence of Arnold among English critics is coming to be acknowledged, because time is bringing into relief the soundness of his views, the sincerity of his purpose, and the excellence of his style. "The critical sense is so far from frequent," says Mr. Henry James, "that it is absolutely rare, and that the possession of the cluster of qualities that minister to it is one of the highest distinctions. It is a gift inestimably precious and beautiful." Mr. James appears to regard curiosity and sympathy, quickness to appreciate and take fire, in a word, sensitiveness to impressions, as the mistress of these qualities. But if, as Mr. Brownell affirms, Arnold stands alone among English critics, he does so because his whole nature was symmetrically cultivated, and because no other has "his faculty of extracting their application from the precedents indicated by culture."

The most effective service of Mr. Brownell's essay is to explain the nature and resources of Arnold's art as a critic, and to place in a true light his theological writings. Arnold's criticism is not impressionistic, not "the irresponsible

exercise of the nervous system, however attuned to taste and sensitized by culture." It has behind it a body of doctrine. I wish I could agree with Mr. Brownell in thinking that Arnold almost escaped the perils of didacticism, that he had an eminent gift for seeing things as they really are, and for penetrating the personalities of other men. It seems to me that in none of these respects was he conspicuously well endowed by nature, and that his distinction lies in the centrality, the classical quality of his culture, and in the art by which he applied its lessons. For example, one cannot be sure that his picture of Falkland is a true picture. His achievement in this case is to have been guided by his culture to find an historical figure who could, by an infusion of his own purpose, be made to serve as a rebuke to our age. Culture determined his choice of a figure, as it opened his eyes to the evil of contentiousness and a warlike spirit. His art showed itself in the cunning simplicity with which he composed the picture, in the deft turn of its application, and in his pure and memorable language.

In like manner, it was the centrality of his culture, his success, partly from fortune and partly from careful habit, in keeping close to the best line of tradition and yet free of access to the *Zeitgeist*, that enabled him so early among men of English speech to see that the vital quality of Christianity depends not on prophecy, or on miracles, or on metaphysics. He never underestimated the distinctive features of Christianity, though as a humanist he was incapable of exaggerating them. Mr. Brownell admirably says: "Nearly the whole thinking world, save that portion of it committed to the defense of dogma, has practically, if insensibly, come to adopt his view that the sanction of religion is its natural truth." When we ask ourselves what theory

or what faculty drew him to the study of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, acquainted him with Renan, impelled him to an attitude of discipleship toward Sainte-Beuve and Scherer, and turned him to the contemporary German exponents of the critico-historical method, we shall be perhaps no further advanced. The simple fact is that his education opened these lines to him and enabled him to see their correlation. No one exercised a more direct and practical influence upon him than Sainte-Beuve, to whom he was indebted for at least half of the subjects treated in the original edition of *Essays in Criticism*. And of Sainte-Beuve also it may be said that his unique quality was the generality of his literary and historical culture, uniting and covering all salient traits.

Mr. Brownell's theory of criticism derives from Taine; his manner, in so far as it is not original, derives from Mr. Henry James. Naturally therefore he seems less conscious of the peculiarities of Mr. James's manner than of his theory. It is not surprising that the subtlest element in his essay on Mr. James is his comment on the doctrine of "disinterestedness," of which Mr. James is so distinguished an adept. "It is," remarks Mr. Brownell, "not precise enough to say that Mr. James's mind is essentially critical, and that therefore his attitude is essentially detached. There are two sufficiently distinct varieties of the critical mind, the philosophical and the scientific. Mr. James's is the latter. . . . So far as fiction is a criticism of life, it is so because it exhibits a philosophy of life, in general or in some particular. It is far more the scientific habit of viewing life and its phenomena that Mr. James illustrates." This penetrating statement goes far to account for Mr. James's aridity, and to justify the very general opinion that his art savors too much of

virtuosity. To be disinterestedly curious — if anybody can be so indeed — is felt not to be an interesting attitude. This is the measure of the immense sacrifice Mr. James makes to his theory. While Mr. Brownell eminently appreciates Mr. James's achievement, he manages, with much fine discrimination, to express a profound misgiving as to the direction he has pursued.

The literary work of James Russell Lowell has never before been subjected to a perfectly unflinching analysis. The brightness of his personal charm has hitherto made scrutiny blink. Mr. Brownell, in an essay which is as direct and simple as the essay on Mr. James is perplexed, reaches a conclusion in regard to Lowell's prose which is as just as it is disillusioning. "The critical temperament is a reflective one," he says; and Lowell was "temperamentally energetic, but reflectively indolent." Starting from this remark, which is nothing if not clairvoyant, it would be possible, though ungracious to a rich personality which is yet a living memory, to insist upon the unsatisfactory elements of Lowell's essays, their wearying crackle of puns and quotations, their baffling want of composition, their aimless force and ineffectual fire, their purely literary inspiration. Given a superlatively energetic temperament and the bubbling humor of Mr. Lowell, both insufficiently restrained by reflection, and we have too often a tiresome smartness. In this, as well as in some of his noblest qualities, he was more typically a New Englander than a representative American. Quick, sententious, conclusive, not to say specious and dogmatic, the New England mind outruns the slower wits of the "average American." It is only after an interval that one perceives the cause of a vague, but very real, sense of discomfort in reading Lowell. It is that one has been too smartly dealt with.

Mr. Brownell judges Lowell's poetry very favorably. His praise of the *Commemoration Ode* seems even extravagant, and is not justified by the stanza he quotes and challenges the world to match.

One of the most honorable opportunities that can come to a man must be that of recalling to public attention the value and interest of a writer whose fame has begun to suffer an undeserved decline, especially if this neglect has been due primarily to the censorious, who have despised the verdict of the humble. To read Mr. Brownell's remarks on Cooper's "massive and opulent work" is very pleasant. But it seems to me that he does not really base his high estimate on a relish for Cooper's romances as romances, but rather on extraneous considerations. He finds Cooper manly, and a knower of men. He finds him well-informed and sound in judgment. He praises his aversion to sectionalism, and his preference for Episcopacy as compared with the sectarian rawness of his day. Cooper's vision embraced the whole country, and his sympathies were for what was most conservative, most productive of amenity, and most comforting to a craving for historic continuity. His politics, we are told, were "rational, discriminating, and suggestive," and he was a great publicist. Mr. Brownell also regards Cooper as a fertile creator of characters. Thus far it is possible to agree with him. But not until it has been shown that Cooper's style is a facile and charming medium, will it appear likely that people beyond the age of twenty will read him with the interest his large outlook and historical position in themselves deserve.

Hawthorne evidently exasperates Mr. Brownell, and the resulting essay is the least engaging and the least convincing in the volume. Still, no other more impressively demonstrates the critic's

power of psychological analysis. It is his most elaborate study. The disintegration proceeds over the entire surface of Hawthorne's character and of his work, as if some vigorous plant were insinuating its myriad tentacles into the crevices of a wall. The results are as follows:—

Hawthorne cultivated his fancy to the neglect of his imagination; and he neglected his imagination because he shrank from reality. By nature he was hard-headed, and a lynx-eyed observer, but he made, in his novels, little or no use of his faculty for seeing things as they are. His mysticism was not temperamental, but deliberate and cold-blooded. Even when he was at work with real objects, his preference for allegory led him to symbolical expression. "The insubstantiality he sought was to consist in the envelope, not in the object," but he ended by "evaporating both." Being prone to reverie, he was not energetically reflective, and he had very little to brood over. Being self-centred, he applied the measure of his own tastes even to painting and sculpture, of which he knew next to nothing, and even to history, to which he was indifferent. "The value of culture, even to a writer of pure romance," is proved by the fact that "he succeeded in the main when he dealt with the Puritans, and almost invariably failed when he did not"; for the early life of New England was the only period he had studied. "There he had a background, material, and a subject of substance." When he traveled abroad, his frame of mind was not unlike that of our "humorists," who, in their favorite phrase, find "nothing that can beat God's Country." Being a fatalist, he blandly considered that his genius had been once for all delivered to him and was not to be diverted, enlarged, or transformed. From the influences of culture "he protected him-

self with signal perversity and success. His imagination was not nurtured, because his mind was not enriched. . . . Hawthorne"—and here is Mr. Brownell's most cruel discovery—"cared nothing for people in life and made extraordinarily little of them in his books. In no other fiction are the characters so little characterized as in his, where in general their *raison d'être* is what they illustrate, not what they are."

I suppose Mr. Brownell deserves our gratitude for expressing these negations, which in themselves are true. But his two or three pages of praise for *The Scarlet Letter*—"our one prose masterpiece," he calls it—by no means restore the balance or exhaust all the good that might be said of Hawthorne. Much indeed ought to have been said about that noble severity, that unity of tone, which denote Hawthorne's mastery of himself and of his material, such as it is, in more than one or two of his romances. Mr. Brownell has made no confident attempt to explain the sources of Hawthorne's undeniable fascination. To say that his fame is kept alive by national superstition, by his being part of the required reading of youth and the indulgent memory of maturity, is to despise the judgment of many competent readers and the general opinion. It is not "letting the world judge." Absolutely correct as is the general theory that the substance even of romance should be real, we may still contemplate with admiration the result achieved by an artist working with defective material. Hawthorne is perhaps our only classic. No element of literary art is so preservative as its medium. And Hawthorne's style has the clearness, the refinement, the elevation, the sufficiency, and the restraint of classic style.

These were qualities of his nature, too. His detachment, which kept him aloof from his surroundings, saved him

from contemporary vagaries. His rare and pure genius, which shut him off from the sympathy of prying neighbors, whether philosophers or common village intruders, has lifted him into companionship with thousands who are, perhaps perversely, satisfied with a less rigorous definition of fiction than that it shall be invariably a criticism of life based upon observation. They imagine at least that the dreams of Hawthorne are a kind of experience.

With Poe the case is different. His dreams are not so certainly as Hawthorne's the play of a sound and candid mind. Nor do his writings, whether prose or verse, possess the warrant of an invariably excellent style. The tales had the good luck to accord with a taste for horrors and extravagance, and a taste for decorative description, that flourished for a while in France. That they obtained a considerable vogue throughout Europe is not particularly significant, for it was thus they obtained it. We have in this matter thought too much of "European recognition." We shall do better to judge Poe's tales for what they are. There is no denying that through sectional incompatibility Poe never had sympathy and support from his contemporaries in New England. If he is now the object of a cult, it is the *revanche*. On any other grounds a Poe cult would be absurd. But nothing is less absurd than the instinct to right a wrong.

Mr. Brownell's temperate article has provoked many a hot controversy. But what does he really say? He declares that Poe was "the solitary artist of our elder literature," and endeavors to establish this high claim—too high, when we remember Irving and Hawthorne—by strict attention to Poe's technic. He avoids what Poe's admirers tremblingly deprecate: he never confuses the technical and the moral. But of course the two cannot be kept apart

when the choice of subject, or any one of several other essentials, comes to be considered. And I fancy that the first words that give umbrage occur when he says that Poe's "most characteristic limitation as an artist is the limited character of the pleasure he gives." The question of technic disposed of, he makes bold to declare that the effect of Poe's personality is always unpleasant, that he was fascinated by the false, and that his tales lack substance. They have, he tells us, no human interest, because humanity did not in the least interest Poe. And fiction without human characters is, to say the least, abnormal. It is difficult to see how any one can gainsay all this. Yet to accept it is to reject almost every claim for Poe as a prose-writer.

The fact is that the intellectual life of America in Poe's time was too meagre to provide sufficient substance for the imagination, which deals with reality, and both Poe and Hawthorne were thrown back upon the fancy, which feeds on a more vapory diet. And Poe, perhaps more of an artist than Hawthorne, was less disciplined and consequently less cultured. Hawthorne, moreover, as Mr. Brownell has pointed out, was only negatively perverse; he simply did not turn his face toward life. Poe's perversity was positive and acute; he falsified life.

Two little poems, haunting, melodious, will long preserve Poe's name, the lines *To Helen*, and *To One in Paradise*. The name of Lovelace has been borne down to us from the seventeenth century on two such azure wings. That he will share the literary fate of Lovelace is possibly the most we can hope for Poe. And the famous cavalier songs, be it observed, come closer home to common sympathy, while not less elevated in feeling or elegant in form than Poe's two pieces of magic.

It is to be regretted that in his latest

essay, on Emerson, Mr. Brownell's ordonnance or composition is as complex as in his earlier works, and that his style makes the same severe demands on the reader. He rarely appeals to the eye and never to the ear. He has no instinct for metaphor. No writer of his class is so abstruse. It may well be a matter of principle with Mr. Brownell to address himself only to the judicious, to utter his inmost thought regardless of the unintelligent; but an abstraction invariably gains by being precipitated into sensuous language, and it is often surprising how a complicated statement can be simplified without the loss of anything worth saving. One is puzzled as to what Mr. Brownell really thinks about Emerson. The essay opens with exaggeration and ends in faint denial.

There are some contradictory personalities who must be treated trenchantly, even at the risk of incompleteness. Arnold's incisive and consistent lecture remains in memory as one of the possible views of Emerson, while Mr. Brownell's complex of cross-lights is already dim when one has read the last page. Singleness, one would think, was Emerson's most winning trait. It was also, of course, his most serious limitation. Mr. Brownell perceives both aspects of this quality. Furthermore, he calls attention to the predominance in Emerson of pure intellect. These are the main lines of his essay. Valuable as are the many secondary thoughts, they should not have been allowed to obscure these.

In so far, he departs from his general practice. For if I were asked what Mr. Brownell's own master-trait was, I should reply, a trained desire, perhaps originally an instinct, but now certainly a disciplined instinct, to estimate details with regard to the wholes that they help to constitute; or, in brief, a sense of relative values. His mind be-

longs to the small family of the resolutely judicial, not of the legal, but of the equitable type, who see truth as an artist sees his material, with a primary regard for congruity and proportion.

If he has a body of doctrine, its first tenet is the now almost undisputed one that literature is valuable in proportion to the amount and quality of effective truth it conveys. With him realism is fundamental. He seeks in plastic and in literary art their significance, their expression; but he takes for granted, with not so much as a question, that the only sound basis is experiential reality.

And another principle with him is the duty of accepting and rationalizing the immense fund of optimism that is one of our national assets. His work is often destructive, but always in the interest, and in a spirit, of cheerfulness. His standards are not of this year; yet what he cares most for is the present. "To an intelligence fully and acutely alive," he says, "its own time must, I think, be more interesting than any other."

He is not so devoted to the ideal of detachment that he does not, upon occasion, perform an act of taste; and to perform an act of taste, as Sainte-Beuve remarked, requires courage. At least in a critic so modest as Mr. Brownell it requires courage.

His methods are painstaking in the extreme, and his manner is often recondite and difficult; yet there is nothing esoteric in his aim or in his substance. "The business of intelligent criticism," he avows, "is to be in touch with everything." And yet he holds fast to these principles, not with the inhuman and almost inconceivable "disinterestedness" of which we hear so much, but with the very evident patriotic purpose of promoting centrality and urbanity of taste.

JOHN DUTTON'S FINANCES

A DISCUSSION OF THE COST OF LIVING

BY W. MARTIN SWIFT

To those who take the 9.49 express from Brockton to Boston, it is apparent that John Dutton, the veteran conductor, is failing in health. Thirty years ago Dutton lived in the little town of Holbrook, a suburb of Brockton, on the Old Colony Railroad, and was engaged with his father, then a man of fifty-five, in the manufacture of custom-made shoes in a little shop in one corner of their house. The family income was small, amounting to only about nine hundred and sixty dollars per annum, as compared with twelve hundred and eighty which Dutton himself now receives as a conductor on the New Haven Railroad.

The conditions of that time, however, differed radically from those now existing. Massachusetts did not then produce one hundred and twenty million dollars' worth of boots and shoes per annum; nor were there then any mammoth shoe-factories in the city of Brockton, nor was the Old Colony Railroad a mere branch of an immense transportation system capitalized at \$385,000,000; nor was our manufacturing business over-stimulated by the world's annual flood of gold, amounting to \$450,000,000; nor had our great cities drawn from the farms the flower of their population. Life was much simpler than it is now. Our business organization was less complex, and while our industrial achievements were less striking, we were more than com-

pensated by the larger significance of the home, the greater freedom from worry, and the lower cost of living.

These, however, are studies quite beyond the sphere of John Dutton's thought and activity. He is chiefly concerned in the rearing of his family, the education of his children, and the attempt to make ends meet. To the casual observer, Dutton with his twelve hundred and eighty dollars per annum seems a fortunate individual, especially in view of the fact that the average income of other laborers in the United States is only about six hundred and forty dollars. Indeed, up to 1897, or a year or two thereafter, Dutton regarded himself as one of the successful minority in the struggle for a living; but since that time his difficulties have grown even more rapidly than the additional expense of rearing three growing children would seem to warrant. His family account books show that he now receives twenty per cent more salary than in 1897; but against this, his annual supply of food now costs about \$550, as compared with \$385 then; his rent has advanced from \$168 to \$240; his expense for clothing from \$150 to \$180, and the cost of his fuel from \$56 to \$62.

It may be seen at a glance that his total expense for these four main necessities amounts to about \$1,032 now, as compared with \$759 then, while his income has increased only from \$1,075

to \$1,280. He therefore has a balance of about \$248 with which to cover his entire expenditure for lighting, insurance, the fees due to his union, furniture and utensils for his house, books and papers, education, amusements, sickness, and other incidentals; and this compares unfavorably with a surplus of \$316 twelve years ago. Hence it becomes constantly clearer to him that his ambition to educate his children and improve his home can result in nothing but disappointment; and as commodity prices rise from month to month, living for him must be reduced more and more to the basis of bare existence.

For these hard conditions, he reasons, some one must be responsible; and whom should he blame but the "trusts," which, so far as he can see, are directly instrumental in keeping his wages down, as well as in raising the prices of meat, coal, food-stuffs, and other necessities of life. Were Dutton a student of industrial history, however, he might see that these "trusts," which appear so culpable to him, have done nothing which any man would not do under like circumstances. Their origin dates back to the decade beginning about 1830, when the railroad first became a factor of importance in the transportation business, and the factory first began largely to supplant the workshop. In the natural development of their business, the many short railroads of that time have extended their lines, and consolidated their interests, until all the important railroads of the United States have now become organized into six great groups, working in substantial harmony.

The growth of our industrial "trusts" was equally natural: for a large system of factories controlling its own raw material, and having sufficient power and volume of business to command low freight-rates, and to ward off serious

competition, can operate much more economically, and with much greater profit, than could the small factory of twenty-five years ago. Moreover, it is quite natural that a community of interests should spring up between our great railway and industrial corporations, for the former, in building up their freight-traffic, offered every convenience and inducement to the latter; and this community of interests has now extended itself, until, under the leadership of able financiers, our great railway and industrial companies and our banks are now working in practical harmony. The concentration of interests, and of financial and industrial power, resulted purely from the greater profit of doing business on a large scale, and by machine methods; and if our "trusts" have sought to produce, or buy, at low cost, and to sell at good prices — they have done only what every merchant and every producer has done from time immemorial.

To John Dutton, however, the case appears in quite another light. Could he express himself in the phraseology of economics, he would say that the principle of free competition was just and sound a generation ago, because no one merchant or producer had sufficient power to oppress the rest; but for million-dollar corporations to use their power to maintain prices seems to him plain extortion; and for them to use their influence, as individuals have always done in the past, to secure favorable legislation, seems to him the worst of corruption.

Beyond question, he overestimates the influence of corporate control upon prices; for the growing wealth of our people, and their increasing consumption of all the leading commodities, have certainly played a large part in raising prices. Since 1897, our per capita consumption of cotton has increased from nineteen to twenty-nine

pounds; of wheat, from four to seven bushels; of sugar, from sixty-five to seventy-five pounds, and of other commodities in like proportion. These arguments, however, are not only unconvincing, they are also irritating to John Dutton, and to other men of his class; for these men have no means of verifying the data, and only know that so far as they themselves are concerned, there has been neither any such increase in the consumption of the necessities of life, nor any possibility of it.

It would be quite unjust to hold them responsible for this defiant and skeptical attitude of mind; for while the data are indeed correct, the increased demand for commodities has come mostly from the well-to-do and wealthy classes, and not from the laboring classes. It has been carefully estimated that, except in the great agricultural states, fifty-five per cent of our population owns ninety-eight per cent of our property; and it is undoubtedly true that the distribution of newly produced wealth from year to year is similarly unequal. From twenty to thirty per cent of our entire working population is out of employment during some portion of the average year; and it is conservative to say that the number of workers receiving a bare living wage amounts to at least forty-five per cent of the total.

To this forty-five per cent, all talk of industrial achievement sounds hollow indeed. The practical problem before them — how to make ends meet — admits of no theorizing, and to them there is no satisfactory excuse for low wages and high prices. To the economist, the theory that the rise in prices is due in a considerable measure to the great increase in the world's production of gold is very satisfying. It is undoubtedly true that this increase in our money supply stimulates business by adding to the reserves of our banks, increasing

the supplies of loanable funds, and rendering capital more readily obtainable. Nor is there much doubt that the consequent increase in trade-activity tends to raise prices, and to result ultimately in higher wages.

But these considerations are quite too abstract for the forty-five per cent who earn a bare living; and if Dutton were told that our increasing gold production indirectly benefited him by stimulating trade, securing steadier employment, and tending toward higher wages, he would truly reply that for the past twelve years the rise in prices had greatly exceeded the rise in wages. During this period, the condition of the laboring classes has undoubtedly improved to a considerable extent, owing largely to the steadier employment given, and to the falling cost of many manufactured products which tend to make homes more comfortable and attractive; but the pinch lies in the fact that wages do not rise as fast as prices.

On this and other accounts, the great prosperity of the past decade has been shared very unequally. John Dutton maintains that wages have been held down by the excessive influx of foreign laborers into this country; and certain it is that the increase in immigration from 230,872 souls in 1897 to 1,285,349 in 1907, must have had a very material effect in retarding the rise of wages. The demand for labor during this period undoubtedly kept pace with the great expansion of general business. But so long as this demand could be supplied by imported labor, it could have no very strong tendency to raise wages. John Dutton maintains that a tariff system which protects the products of capitalists, manufacturers, and producers of commodities, and fails to protect labor, is entirely unfair; and that justice to the workingmen requires that so long as there is a high tariff on merchandise, there shall be a high

tariff on labor. The average import duty on merchandise is about twenty-four per cent; an admission tax equal to twenty-four per cent of the yearly earning capacity of the average male immigrant would be about one hundred and forty dollars; and whether by this or by other means, Dutton maintains that immigration should be checked in order to give the laborer a fair chance. To the argument that American labor is paid better than foreign labor, he retorts that American capital also is paid better; and to the contention that the tariff on merchandise protects labor as well as capital, he replies that what the tariff gives in higher wages, it more than takes away in the higher cost of living.

Certain it is that, notwithstanding the extraordinary prosperity of the past decade, the purchasing power of the wages of railway employees has actually declined, while that of the average wage for all industries has declined almost as much — from 1897 to the present date, this fall being estimated at about fifteen per cent. Apparently the only benefit derived from the present era of prosperity, by the laborers in industries other than agriculture, has been the more constant employment given; and the share of agricultural laborers in the general betterment has been due almost wholly to the lower cost of their food-supplies, and to the greater simplicity of their wants.

Indeed, those engaged in agriculture have, on these accounts, been somewhat free from the evils of rising prices; for some of the very influences which have raised the cost of living in all other industries have at the same time increased the profits and wages of agriculture. As population has drifted more and more to the cities, the proportion of workers engaged in the production of food-stuffs has steadily declined, until, at present, only about thirty-

six per cent of our working population is engaged in agriculture, as compared with thirty-eight per cent in 1890, and more than forty-four per cent in 1880. The number of mouths to be fed is continually growing more rapidly than the number of hands engaged in feeding them; and so long as less and less labor is devoted to the production of foods, and more and more to other pursuits, the cost of living, as well as the profits of agriculture, must continue to rise.

Moreover, the problem of rising prices is even more serious for the salaried than for the wage-earning classes; for salaries have actually fallen, whereas in the case of wage-earners, the rise in the cost of living has been partly offset by the general increase in wages. The average fall in salaries in Massachusetts from 1895 to 1905 — an exceptionally prosperous period — was 6.96 per cent, whereas wages during the same period rose 9.18 per cent, as shown by the state census. Some of the principal factors affecting the two classes of incomes have been distinctly different; for salaried employees entirely lack any such organization as labor-unions, through which to press their demands, while the number of persons qualified to fill salaried positions has been immensely increased by the rapid growth of industrial and business education. Chiefly for these reasons, there has been a widespread tendency to substitute younger and poorer-paid men for those formerly occupying high-salaried positions; and as a consequence the purchasing power of salaries has probably fallen at least 25 per cent since 1897.

But the problem of rising prices is becoming serious, not only to the wage-earner and the salaried employee, but also to professional and business men, whose incomes range from three to ten thousand dollars per annum. Their

problem, however, is essentially different in one respect, namely, that their higher standard of living is consuming their increased income, whereas, with the other two classes, the decline in the purchasing power of incomes tends to force the standard of living downward. Hence, the income-receiving classes, while perhaps having no great advantage in ability to accumulate savings, have a distinct advantage in ability to maintain a rising standard of living.

Undoubtedly the increase in incomes since 1897 has been almost astonishing. During this period the per capita gross business done by all industries in the United States has grown nearly 25 per cent, while, owing to better business methods and to the increased skill of labor, net profits have grown even more rapidly. In brief, the average gain in incomes is estimated at 35.5 per cent; but this gain is apparently more than offset by the rise in the standard of living. During the period mentioned, commodity prices have risen about 42 per cent, the quantity of food and clothing consumed has increased about 35 per cent per capita; and other items of expense have grown proportionately. The cost of the necessities of life has increased about 51 per cent, while the average per capita expenditure of the income-receiving class for educational purposes has grown about 70 per cent. Meanwhile the increase in rent is estimated at nearly 30 per cent, in cost of government 32 per cent for each person, and in the consumption of luxuries more than 200 per cent per capita.

It seems strange, at first thought, that so energetic and capable a class of people cannot obtain better control of their expenditures; but a little reflection shows us that these expenditures are governed by a psychological law as deep-rooted and strong as human nature itself. Standards of living are the natural outgrowth of standards

and methods of doing business; or, in other words, the whole structure of the social side of our life is the indirect but equally inevitable outgrowth of our industrial system. The latter is the creature of our primary or physical wants, whereas our social system is, in turn, the creature of the general conditions of living, and of the methods of thought and action which are determined by our industrial activities.

Broadly viewed, the main characteristic of our industrial system, the characteristic which distinguishes it from those of all other ages, is its mechanism. The past has had its great empires, its highly developed philosophies, literatures, and political systems; but no other age ever had so much mechanism. The whole world, to some extent, and the United States in particular, has been developed into one vast machine for the production and distribution of goods. This machine of ours is politically united under one government, physically bound together by railways, telegraphs, and telephones, and unified industrially and financially by the great concentration of banking, railway, and other corporate interests in New York City.

Both industrially and socially, this is a mechanical age. Just as the railway represents the mechanism of industry, the automobile symbolizes the mechanism of society. The employment of about six hundred thousand such machines by the people of the United States — one for every hundred and fifty persons — can hardly be explained by reasons of utility; nor is there any charm in the speed or mechanism of the automobile, which can be regarded as a substitute for the beauty of the landscape; but its very wheels and sprocket-chains satisfy the social "want" for action, mechanism, and dash. Minds steeped in the sight or sound of the revolving wheels of the

factory, or drilled in offices where business is carried on with mechanical speed and precision, craved action, mechanism, and organization.

In brief, our highly concentrated and organized methods of mechanical production have led inevitably to a highly organized and mechanical social structure. Every thought and feeling and conception is made the basis for a club or society — just as every profession and business is specialized, and every step in processes of production results in corresponding divisions of labor. All this mechanism and organization involves a corresponding multiplication of "wants," and increase in expense. There are automobiles even where there were no horses; our houses have grown to be larger and better equipped to meet the greater demands upon them; ideas have been converted into clubs and societies; even happiness is no longer happy unless it is organized.

This multiplication of wants has also been stimulated by the increasingly abundant means of satisfying them through the growing use of credit. The establishment of the gold standard in 1896 greatly enhanced our credit with the capitalist nations of Europe; and since then the growing extension of credit by capitalists, both foreign and American, and by our banks, manufacturers, and wholesale and retail dealers, has continued, until every one who now has the slightest claim to the use of credit is accommodated.

Not only is it impossible to determine in what proportion incomes and credit have been used to satisfy our growing wants, but we are liable, in many instances, to mistake that which is really credit for actual earnings. During the past ten years, for example, the borrowings of our railways have exceeded their aggregate dividends and interest payments; and who shall say what portion of the fortunes accumu-

lated in the railway business must be ascribed to these borrowings? A large part of the capital provided for the establishment of all new enterprises, and for the extension of old ones, is paid out in wages, salaries, and incomes; and there are thousands who cannot know what portion of their incomes consists of real earnings, and what portion represents the borrowings of the industries in which they are engaged.

Moreover, the tendency toward the use of credit for the satisfaction of wants is enhanced by the increase in our supplies of capital. The world's immense production of gold since 1895 has brought about corresponding increases in bank-reserves, in the volume of money, and in the mobility of capital; for the production of gold stimulates the use of credit more than does the production of other forms of wealth, in proportion as it changes hands oftener, or causes other property to be exchanged oftener. The mobility of capital, and with it the use of credit, has also been increased by the rapid extension of the corporate form of ownership. For more than a decade, private property has been converting into corporate property at the rate of nearly a billion dollars per annum; and the new securities issued in the process form excellent collateral for loans, and correspondingly increase the availability of capital.

The rapid growth in the supply and mobility of capital, and the corresponding growth in the use of credit, have had similar effects upon our industrial and social life. The many fortunes made in business through the use of borrowed capital have had a distinct tendency toward its use in the achievement of social success. Many railways and other new enterprises have been "capitalized," or, in other words, have borrowed capital, to the extent of their ability to earn and pay the interest and

dividends required; and there has been a perceptible tendency to capitalize personal incomes in a similar way — borrowing to the extent of one's ability to pay running expenses and interest charges.

Through this natural process, debt, which was at first generally contracted for the sound purpose of developing our natural resources, has become a national habit; and in our social, as well as in our industrial and municipal life, the distinction between sound and unsound indebtedness has been growing more and more shadowy. The gross public and private indebtedness of the people of the United States is now estimated at \$660 per capita, as compared with our total wealth of about \$1450 per capita; and even our net indebtedness, including only our foreign and public debts, is estimated at \$71 per capita, or \$350 per family.

Industrial mechanism, in brief, has given rise to the highly organized and mechanical structure of society; and the increasing organization in both departments of life has been accompanied by a corresponding multiplication of wants. Our inborn and inbred craving for progress, and rapidity in progress, has given these wants irresistible power over the mind — while the growing supplies of capital and increasing use of credit have proven a fertile soil in which these wants might multiply.

Yet the outcome seems neither remote nor inscrutable, notwithstanding that social and industrial developments move on such broad lines that it is seldom possible to gauge accurately the time required for their completion. Already, through the operation of natural forces, the problem of rising prices is in process of solution. Among the most far-reaching of these forces is the checking of the movement of population into cities. The welfare of all, and particularly of the salaried and wage-

earning classes, will be promoted by the retarding and the ultimate reversal of this movement. This, in turn, is certain to be accomplished, since the continuance of the urban movement tends constantly to raise food-prices, to increase the profits of agriculture, and to diminish the relative advantages of city life. If economic tendencies are left to themselves, the movement will be checked by a process of starvation, if by nothing else. Already it is proceeding at a diminishing rate; and the building of thirty-one thousand miles of electric railways in the United States since 1897 represents in part a counter-movement of population — into the suburbs and the country.

Other forces also will contribute to the solution of the problem. The mobility and abundance of capital cannot go on increasing without limit; and the over-extension of credit — which has so stimulated the growth of wants and expenses — will cure itself. The expansion of credit, or, in other words, the growth of the debt-habit, involves a continually increasing demand for loans; and the greater this demand, the higher interest-rates rise, the more net profits are reduced, and the greater is the resulting forced curtailment of loans. In recent years, as a result of the growing use and abuse of credit, loans have expanded more rapidly than formerly, and in consequence, business depressions, or reactions, are occurring more frequently. The experience of these depressions is certain to teach us the proper use of credit, and correspondingly to limit the multiplication of our wants.

This automatic limitation of the debt-habit, and the better division of population between urban and rural life, are certain ultimately to establish a better equilibrium between income and expenditure; and the rapid rate of our industrial and social growth sug-

gests that this may be accomplished in a surprisingly short time. Back to the country, or even to the smaller suburbs, means back to nature in some degree. As the relative profits of agriculture increase, and the urban promise of quick riches becomes more discredited, the mechanism of city life, and, to a lesser degree, of all our social intercourse, will lose a part of its charm. The burden of over-organization will seem heavier as its profits and allurements decline; and as the automobile or factory method of producing happiness becomes more difficult, other and more æsthetic methods will be sought and found.

Rural life or surroundings cultivate the love of nature; and that in turn quickens the appreciation of nature's imitations in art. The multiplicity of automobiles and clubs and mechanical pleasures must yield somewhat to the love of painting, poetry, architecture, and sculpture. Pleasures of thought and feeling must, to some degree, supplant pleasures of action, and physical accomplishments. The æsthetic in our natures, stimulated by the irresistible social and industrial tendencies toward the country, and away from the debt-habit, must necessarily gain upon the mechanical. It seems inevitable that there should develop some general conversion of material into mental wants, and a partial substitution of culture for wealth as a measure of the value of the individual. In brief, the present excessive cost of living represents a stage of our industrial and social growth, and promises to be solved, at least in part, by a further development of the same industrial and social forces which produced it.

This view of the future, however, does not appeal to John Dutton; for even though he fully understood the evolution of conditions and wants which may be expected to solve the cost-problem of the income-receiving classes, he would not fall within the pale of this evolution. His problem is not how to limit the multiplication of wants, but rather how to satisfy the more primary and inevitable necessities without exhausting all means of providing for the higher wants which arise from the intellectual, social, and æsthetic side of his nature.

Capital, unlike wages and salaries, reproduces itself through the drawing of interest; and in consequence, capitalists tend to come more and more into the possession of all business property and all wealth-producing agencies. As the power of the capitalist thus expands, his control over salaries and wages increases correspondingly, and whenever business depressions or the varying fortunes of trade endanger either profits or wages, his human instinct impels him to protect profits. Thus wages tend to fall lower and lower, as compared with incomes; and the recipients of wages and salaries are dependent in a large degree upon legislative relief measures, such as the checking of immigration, the readjustment of taxes, and the revision of the tariff in favor of the consumer. Hence, while the natural evolution of our industrial and social life may solve the cost-problem of the income-receiving classes, the financial problem of John Dutton and his fellows requires something more — a greater spirit of fairness and brotherhood in both legislation and business.

OUR TENANTS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

It is impossible to live in Chambers without knowing something of the other tenants in the house. I know much even of several who were centuries or generations before my time, and I could not help it if I wanted to, for the London County Council has set up a plaque to their memory on our front wall. Not that I want to help it. I take as much pride in my direct descent from Pepys and Etty as others may in an ancestor on the Mayflower or with the Conqueror; while if it had not been for J. and his interest in the matter, we might not yet boast the plaque that gives us distinction in our shabby old street, though, to do us full justice, its list of names should belengthened by at least one, perhaps the most distinguished.

I have never understood why Bacon was left out. Only the pedant would disown so desirable a tenant for the poor reason that the house has been rebuilt since his day. As it is, Pepys heads the list, but, I regret to say, he waited to move in until after the Diary ended, so that we do not figure in its pages. Nor, during his tenancy, does he figure anywhere except in the parish accounts, which is more to his credit than our entertainment.

Etty was considerate, and put on record his "peace and happiness" in our chambers, but I have no proof that he appreciated their beauty. If he liked to walk on our leads in the evening and watch the sun set behind Westminster, he turned his back on the river at the loveliest hour of all.

It was his habit as Academician to work like a student at night in the Royal Academy Schools, then in Trafalgar Square — an admirable habit, but one that took him away just when he should have stayed. For when evening transformed the Thames and its banks into Whistler's "Fairyland," he, like Paul Revere, hung out a lantern from his studio window, as a signal for the porter, with a big stick, to come and fetch him and protect him from the robbers of our quarter, which had not then the best of reputations. Three generations of artists climbed our stairs to drink tea and eat muffins with Etty, but they showed the same ignorance of the Thames, all except Turner, who thought there was no finer scenery on any river in Italy, and who wanted to capture our windows from Etty and make them his own, but who, possibly because he could not get them, never painted the Thames as it was and is. One other painter did actually capture the windows on the First Floor, and, in the chambers that are now the Professor's, Stanfield manufactured his marines, and there too, they say, Humphrey Davy made his safety lamps.

We do not depend solely on the past for our distinguished tenants. Some of the names which in my time have been modestly inscribed inside our vestibule, later generations may find on the plaque we make a parade of on our outer wall. For a while, it was our privilege to count Mr. Edmund Gosse as "one of us." Then we have had a novelist or two, whose greatness I shrink

from putting to the test by reading their novels, and also one or more actors; but fame fades from the mummer on the wrong side of the footlights. We still have the Architect who, if the tenants were taken at his valuation, would, I fancy, head our new list.

He is not only an architect, but, like Etty, — like J., for that matter, — an Academician. He carries off the dignity with great stateliness, conscious of the vast gulf fixed between him and tenants with no initials after their name. Moreover, he belongs to that extraordinary generation of now elderly Academicians who were apparently chosen for their good looks, as Frederick's soldiers were for their size. The stoop that has come to his shoulders with years but adds to the impressiveness of his carriage. His air of superiority is a continual reminder of his condescension in having his office under our modest roof. His "Aoh, good mornin'," as he passes, is a kindness, a few words from him a favor rarely granted, and there is no insolent familiar in the house who would dare approach him. Royalty, Archbishops, University dignitaries, are his clients, and it would seem presumption for the mere untitled to approach him with a commission. His office is run on dignified lines in keeping with the exalted sphere in which he practices. A parson of the Church of England is his chief assistant. A notice on his front door warns the unwary that "No Commercial Traveller need apply," and implies that others had better not.

William Penn is probably the only creature in the house who ever had the courage to enter the academic precincts unbidden. William was a cat of infinite humor, and one of his favorite jests was to dash out of our chambers and down the stairs whenever he had the chance: not because he wanted to escape, — he did not, for

he loved his family as he should, — but because he knew that one or all of us would dash after him. If he was not caught in time, he added to the jest by pushing through the Academician's open door and hiding somewhere under the academic nose; and I am certain that nobody had a keener sense of the audacity of it than William himself. More than once a young assistant, trying to repress a grin and to look as serious as if he were handing us over a design for a deanery, restored William to his family; and once, on a famous occasion when we were starting, already late, for the Law Courts and the witness-box, the Architect relaxed so far as to pull William out from among the academic drawing-boards and smile as he presented him to J., following in pursuit. Even Jove sometimes unbends; but when Jove is a near neighbor it is wiser not to presume upon his unbending, and we have never given the Architect reason to regret his moment of weakness.

Whatever the Architect thinks of himself, the other tenants think more of Mr. Square, whose front door faces ours on the third floor. Mr. Square is under no necessity of assuming an air of superiority, so patent to everybody in the house is his right to it. If anything, he shrinks from asserting himself. He had been in his chambers a year — coming a few months "after the fire" — before I knew him by sight, though by reputation he is known to everybody from one end of the country to the other. Not only is there excitement in our house when the police officer appears on our staircase with a warrant for his arrest for murder, but all the United Kingdom thrills and waits with us for the afternoon's Police Report. In the neighborhood I am treated with almost as much respect as when I have played a leading part in the Law Courts. The milkman and

the postman stop me in the street, the little fruiterer round the corner and the young ladies at the Temple of Pomona in the Strand detain me in giving me my change, as if I were an accessory to the crime. What if the murder is only technical, Mr. Square's arrest a matter of form, and his discharge immediate? The glory is in his position, which makes the technical murder an achievement to be envied by every true-born Briton. For he is Referee at the Imperial Boxing Club, and therefore the most important person in the empire, except perhaps the winning jockey at the Derby or the captain of the winning football team. The Prime Minister—Royalty itself—would not shed a brighter lustre on our ancient house, and there could be no event of greater interest than the fatal "accident" in the ring for which Mr. Square is held technically responsible.

He shares his chambers with Mr. Savage, who is something in the Bankruptcy Court. With them we have not so much as the undesirable intimacy that comes from mutual complaint, and such is their amiability that William, in his most outrageous intrusions, never roused from them a remonstrance. I am forced to admit that William was at times ill-advised in the hours and places he chose for his adventures. He often beguiled me at midnight upon the leads, that he might enjoy my vain endeavors to entice him home with the furry monkey tied to the end of a string, which during the day never failed to bring him captive to my feet. By his mysterious disappearances he often drove J. — whose heart is tender, and who adored him — out of his bed at unseemly hours and down into the street, where, in pyjamas and slippers, and the door banged to behind him, he became an object of suspicion. On one of these occasions, a policeman ma-

terialized suddenly from nowhere and turned a bull's eye on him.

"Have you seen a cat about?" J. asked.

"Seen a cat? Oi've seen millions on 'em," said the policeman. "Whot sort o' cat?" he added.

"A common tabby cat," said J.

"Look 'ere," said the policeman, "where do you live any'ow?"

"Here," said J., who retained his presence of mind and his latch-key.

"Aoh, Oi begs your parding, sir," said the policeman. "Oi did n't see you, sir, in the dim light, sir, but you know, sir, there's billions o' tabby cats about 'ere of a night, sir. But if Oi find yours, sir, Oi'll fetch 'im 'ome to you, sir. S'night, sir. Thank ee, sir."

When the kitchen door was opened the next morning, William was discovered innocently curled up in his blanket. And yet, when he again disappeared at bedtime a week or two later, J. was again up before daybreak, sure that he was on the doorstep breaking his heart because he could not get in. This time I followed into our little hall, and Augustine after me. She was not then as used to our ways as she is now, and I still remember her sleepy bewilderment when she looked at J., who had varied his costume for the search by putting on knickerbockers and long stockings, and her appeal to me: "*Mais pourquoi en bicyclette?*" Why indeed? But there was no time for explanation. We were interrupted by an angry but welcome wail from behind the opposite door, and we understood that William was holding us responsible for getting himself locked up in Mr. Square's Chambers. A brand-new pale pink silk quilt on Mr. Square's bed had appealed to him as more luxurious than his own blanket, and he had profited by Mr. Square's absence to spend half the night on it, leaving behind him a faint impression of his dear

grimy little body. Even then Mr. Square remained as magnanimously silent as if he shared our love for William and pride in his performances.

All we know of Mr. Square and Mr. Savage, in addition to their fame and modesty, we have learned from their old man, Tom. He is a sailor by profession, and for long steward on Mr. Savage's yacht. He clings to his uniform in town, and when we see him pottering about in his blue reefer and brass buttons, Mr. Savage's little top floor, that adjoins ours and opens out on the leads we share between us, looks more than ever like a ship's quarter-deck. He is sociable by nature and overflows with kindness for everybody. He is always smiling, whatever he may be doing or wherever I may meet him, and he has a child's fondness for sweet things. He is never without a lemon-drop in his mouth, and he keeps his pockets full of candy. As often as the opportunity presents itself, he presses handfuls upon Augustine, whom he and his wife ceremoniously call "Madam," and to whom he confides the secrets of the household.

At times I have feared that his confidences to Augustine, and the tenderness of his attentions, were too marked, and that his old wife, who is less liberal with her smiles, disapproved. Over the grille that separates our leads from his, he gossips by the hour with Augustine, when she lets him; and once or twice, meeting her in the street, he has gallantly invited her into a near public to "'ave a drink," an invitation which she, with French scorn for the British substitute for the *café*, would disdain to accept. To other tributes of his affection, however, she does not object. On summer evenings he sometimes lays a plate of salad or stewed fruit at our door, rings, runs, and then from out a loophole of a window by his front door, watches the effect

when she finds it, and is horribly embarrassed if I find it by mistake. In winter his offering takes the shape of a British mince-pie or a slice of plum pudding; and, on a foggy morning, when she comes home from market, he will bring her a glass of port from Mr. Square's cellar. He is always ready to lend her a little oil, or milk, or sugar, in an emergency. Often he is useful in a more urgent crisis. In a sudden thunder-storm he will leap over the grille, shut our door on the leads, and make everything shipshape almost before I know it is raining. He has even broken in for me when I have come home late without a key, and by my knocking and ringing have roused up everybody in the whole house except Augustine.

Mrs. Tom, much as she may disapprove, is as kindly in her own fashion; she is quite learned in medicine, and knows an old-fashioned remedy for every ailment. She has seen Augustine triumphantly through an accident; she has cured Marcel, Augustine's husband, of a quinsy; and she rather likes to be called upon for advice. She is full of little amiabilities. She never gets a supply of eggs fresh from the country, at a reasonable price, without giving me a chance to secure a dozen or so; and when her son, a fisherman, comes up to London, she always reserves a portion of his present of fish for me. I could not ask for kindlier neighbors, and they are the only friends I have made in the house.

I was very near having friendship thrust upon me, however, by the First Floor Back, Mrs. Eliza Short: an elderly lady of generous proportions and flamboyant tastes, "gowned" elaborately by Jay, and as elaborately "wigged" by Truefitt. The latest fashions and golden hair cannot conceal the ravages of time, and, as a result of her labors, she looks tragically like the unwilling wreck of a Lydia Thomp-

son Blonde. I may be wrong, she may never have trod the boards, and yet nothing save the theatre could account for her appearance. The most assiduous of her visitors, as I meet them on the stairs, is an old gentleman as carefully made up in his way, an amazing little dandy, whom I fancy as somebody in the front row applauding rapturously when Mrs. Eliza Short, in tights and golden locks, came pirouetting down the stage. I should have been inclined to weave a pretty romance about them as the modern edition of Philemon and Baucis if, knowing Mrs. Short, it did not become impossible to associate romance of any kind with her.

Our acquaintance was begun by my drinking tea in her chambers the morning "after the fire," of which she profited unfairly by putting me on her visiting list. She was not at all of Montaigne's opinion that "incuriosity" is a soft and sound pillow to rest a well-composed head upon. On the contrary, it was evident that for hers to rest in comfort she must first see every room in our chambers and examine into all my domestic arrangements. I have never been exposed to such a battery of questions. I must say for her that she was more than ready to pay me in kind. Between her questions she gave me a vast amount of information for which I had no possible use, and she could not pass me on the stairs, or in the hall, or on the street, where much of her time was spent, without stopping me with some equally irrelevant piece of confidence. I positively dreaded to go out or to come home, and the situation was already strained when Jimmie rushed to the rescue. One day when she had been out since ten o'clock in the morning, she returned to find him locked up in her chambers alone with her bird. That the bird was still hopping about its cage was to me the

most mysterious feature in the whole affair, for Jimmie was a splendid sportsman. After his prowls in the garden he only too often left behind him a trail of feathers and blood-stains all the way up the three flights of our stairs. But if the bird had not escaped, Mrs. Short could hardly have been more furious. She demanded Jimmie's life, and when it was refused, insisted on his banishment. She threatened him with poison and me with exposure to the Landlord. For days the Housekeeper was sent flying backwards and forwards between Mrs. Short's chambers and ours, bearing threats and defiance. Jimmie, who knew as well as I did what was going on, rejoiced, and from then until his untimely death never ran downstairs or up — and he was always running down or up — without stopping in front of her door, giving one unearthly howl, then flying; and never by chance did he pay the same little attention to any one of the other tenants.

Mrs. Short does not allow me to forget her. As her voice is deep and harsh, and thunders through the house when she buttonholes somebody else, or says good-by to a friend at her door, I hear her far more frequently than I care to; as she has a passion for strong scent, I often smell her when I do not see her at all; and as in our little quarter we all patronize the same tradesmen, I am apt to run into her, not only on our stairs, but in the dairy, or the Temple of Pomona, or further afield, at the Post Office. Then, however, we both stare stonily into vacancy, failing to see each other, and during the sixteen years since that first burst of confidence, we have exchanged not a word, not even a glance: an admirable arrangement which I owe wholly to Jimmie.

With her neighbors on the other side of the hall, Mrs. Short has nothing in common except permanency as tenant. Her name and the sign of the Church

League faced each other on the first floor when we came to our chambers; they face each other still. The League, with a display of hospitality that should put the Architect to shame, bids everybody enter without knocking. Once, when we wanted to rent a room in the house next door, which belongs to the League, I accepted this Christian invitation. I was confronted by a tall, solemn-faced young man, who informed me that the Secretary was "engaged in prayer"; and, though I repeated my visit, I never got further than the inner hall. As I could not catch the Secretary in his less professional moments, and as his devotions did not soften his heart to the extent of a penny off the rent, which we thought extortionate, there was nothing to do but to resume the original impersonality of our relations with the League.

The Solicitor of the Ground Floor Front has been with us a short time, but he succeeded the old insurance agent, whom nothing save death could have removed, and for years before he lived no farther away than Peter the Great's house across the street, where he would be still, had it not been torn down over his head to make way for the gaudy new building which foretells the beginning of the end of our ancient street. In the Ground Floor Back, change for long was continual. It was the office of a theatrical agent, of a Music Hall syndicate, of a newspaper correspondent, of a publisher who piled his books in the windows, and made it look so like a shop, which is against the rules of the house, that his disappearance seemed his just reward. After this a steamship company took possession, bringing suggestions of sunshine and spice with the exotic names of its vessels and the far-away southern ports for which they sailed, — bringing too the spirit of youth, for it employed many young men and women

whom I would meet in couples, whispering on the stairs, or going home at dusk, hand in hand. Tender little idyls sprang up in our sober midst. But the staff of young lovers hit upon the roof as trysting-place at the luncheon hour, running races and playing tag up there, and almost tumbling through our skylight. Cupid, sporting overhead with wings exchanged for hob-nailed boots, was unendurable, and I had to call in the Landlord's Agent. He is the unfortunate go-between in all the tenants' differences and difficulties: a large, flabby, shy, nervous man, designed by nature for anything rather than much communication with his fellow men, and decreed by fate and his calling to communicate with them constantly in their most disagreeable moods and phases. Half my fury evaporated at sight of his troubled face, and I might have endured the races and games of tag, could I have foreseen that, almost as soon as he put a stop to them, the steamship company would take its departure.

The Professor who then came in has been there ever since, and is so exemplary a tenant that I hope that there will be no more changes in the Ground Floor Back. I suspect him of making his amusements his chief business in life, as it is said a man should, and as the Briton certainly does. He hunts in the season, and, as he always motors down to the meet, he is apt to put on his red coat and white breeches before he starts, and they give the last touch of respectability to our respectable house. He is an ardent automobilist, and his big motor at our door suggests wealth as well as respectability. But his most ambitious achievement is ballooning, to which he owes a fame in our quarter only less than Mr. Square's. We all watch eagerly, with a feeling of proprietorship, for the balloons on the afternoons when balloon races and trials start from the Crystal

Palace or Ranelagh. I have caught our little fruiterer in the act of pointing out the Professor's windows to chance customers; and on those days I am absorbed in the sporting columns of the afternoon paper which, at other times, I pass over unread. He has now but to fly to complete his triumph, and the pride of our house in him.

Restlessness also prevails in the Second Floor Back, and as we are immediately above, we suffer the more. First, an Honorable occupied the chambers. His title was an unfailing satisfaction to the Agent and the Housekeeper, who dwelt upon it unctuously every time they mentioned him. I am not learned in Debrett and Burke and may not have appreciated its value, but he might have been Honorable ten times over and it would not have reconciled me to him as neighbor. He was quite sure, if I was not, that he was a great deal better than anybody else, and he had the Briton's independent way of asserting it. He slammed behind him every door he opened, and when the stairs were barricaded by himself, his friends, or his parcels, and we wanted to pass, he failed to see us as completely as if we had been Mr. Wells's Invisible Man. He went to the city in the morning, and was away all day, even an Honorable being sometimes compelled to pretend to work. But this was no relief. During his absence his servants availed themselves of the opportunity to assert their independence, which they did with much vigor. When they were not slamming doors, they were singing hymns, until Mrs. Eliza Short, from her chambers below, and we from ours above, in accord the first and only time for years, joined in protest and drove the Agent to the unpleasant task of remonstrating with an Honorable.

The Honorable was followed by a *Maître d'Hôtel*, Adolf by name, an Anglicized German, with mustaches

like the Kaiser's, and the swagger of a drum-major. He treated our house as if it was the dining-room under his command, locking and unlocking the street door, turning on and out the lights on the stairs at any hour that suited him, however inconvenient to the rest of us. He littered up the hall with his children and his children's perambulators and hobby-horses, just where we all had to stumble over them to get in or out. Nobody's taxi tooted so loud as his; not even the Honorable's door shut with such a bang. Augustine's husband being also something in the same profession, they both despised the Adolfs for putting on airs though no better than themselves, while the Adolfs despised them for not having attained the same splendid heights, and the shaking of my rugs out of the back windows was seized upon as the excuse for open warfare. Augustine said it was there they should be shaken according to the law in Paris, which she thought good enough for London. Mrs. Adolf protested that the shaking sent all the dust into her rooms. Augustine, whose English is small, and what there is of it not beyond reproach, called Mrs. Adolf "silly fou," which must have been annoying, or harangued her in French, when Mrs. Adolf, who could not understand, suspected an offense in every word.

Mrs. Adolf wrote to the Agent, to the Landlord, to me, — she declared she would summons me to the County Court. Between letters she watched at her window for the rugs and, reinforced by her servant and her charwoman, made faces at Augustine, who has a nice sense of justice, and a temper that does not permit her, with Elizabeth Bennet's father, to be satisfied by laughing in her turn at those who have made sport of her. I trembled for the consequences. But at the critical moment, Adolf was promoted to the more

splendid height of Manager and a large salary; the taxi was replaced by a motor car of his own; Mrs. Adolf arrayed herself in muslin and lace for the wash-tub, in nothing less elegant than velvet for the street; and they left our old-fashioned Chambers for the marble halls and gilded gorgeousness of the modern mansion.

Of the several tenants after the Adolfs, I seem to remember little save the complaints we interchanged. I tried my best to do as I would be done by, and to keep out of their way, but accident was always throwing us together, to our mutual indignation. There was the bachelor, whose atrocious cook filled our chambers with the rank odors of smoked herrings and burned meat, and whose deserted lady-love filled the stairs with lamentations. There was the young married couple into whose bath-tub ours overflowed. There was the accidental actress, whose loud voice and heavy boots were the terror not only of our house but of the street, whose telephone rang from morning till night, whose dog howled all evening when he was left alone, as he usually was, and whose rehearsals in her rooms interrupted the work in ours with ear-piercing yells of "Murder" and "Villain."

But I cannot recall them all, so rapidly did they come and go. We began to fear that the life of the tenant was as Tristram Shandy described the life of man, a shifting from sorrow to sorrow. We lived in an atmosphere of fault-finding, though when there was serious cause for complaint, not a murmur could be wrung from the tenant below, or, for that matter, from a tenant in the house. All, like true Britons, refused to admit the possibility of interests in common, and would not stir a hand, however pressing the danger, so long as they were not disturbed. If our chambers reeked with smoke and the smell of burning wood, they accepted

the information with calm indifference because theirs did not. Nor did it serve as a useful precedent if, as it happened, smoke and smell were traced again to a fire smouldering, as it had been for nobody knew how long, in the cellar of the adjoining house, separated from ours only by the "party wall" belonging to both: that ingenious contrivance of the builder for creating ill-will between next-door neighbors. They declined to feel the banisters loose under their grasp, or to see the wide gap opened in the same "party wall" after the fall of the roof of Charing Cross Station had shaken our quarter to its foundations, and made us believe for a moment that London was emulating Messina or San Francisco. And I must add, so characteristic was it, that the Agent dismissed our fears as idle, and that the surveyor, sent at our request by the County Council, laughed us to scorn. But we laughed best, for we laughed last. A second surveyor ordered the wall to be pulled down as unsafe, and rebuilt, and the Agent in the end found it prudent to support the banisters with iron braces.

When, after many trials and tribulations, Mr. Allan took the Second Floor Back, we thought the Millennium had come. He was a quiet man, employed in the morning, so we were told, in writing a life of Chopin, and in the evening, as we heard for ourselves, in playing Chopin divinely. The piano is an instrument calculated to convert an otherwise harmless neighbor into a nuisance, but of him it made a delight. He was waited upon by a man as quiet, whose consideration for the tenants went to the length of felt slippers in the house, who never slammed doors nor sang, who never even whistled at his work. An eternity of peace seemed to open out before us; but, as they say in novels, it was not to be. Our confidence in Mr. Allan was first shaken by his

ringing us up one night, or rather one early morning, at an hour when, in my experience, a ring at the door-bell means either a fire or an American cablegram, merely to ask us when we proposed to go to bed; and it struck me then, and still strikes me, as an unjustifiable exhibition of nerves. Had I borne malice, I should not have had to wait long for my revenge, nor to plan it myself.

Not many days later, Mr. Allan's servant, watering the flowers on the open balcony at Mr. Allan's window, watered by mistake the new Paris bonnet of the lady of the Ground Floor Back, who was coming home at that very minute. She walked straight upstairs to Mr. Allan's chambers, the wreck in her hand. The servant opened to her knock, but she insisted on seeing the master. "I have come, Allan, to tell you what I think of the conduct of your servant," she said when the master appeared. "Yes, I call you Allan, for I mean to talk to you as man to man," which she proceeded to do. I did not hear the talk, but it was almost a week before I heard the piano again. Poor Mr. Allan! And this proved a trifle to the worse humiliation he was soon to endure.

As I sat with a book by my lamp one evening before dinner, shrieks from his chambers and a crash of crockery sent me rushing to the door and out upon the landing, with Augustine at my heels. Old Tom and his wife arrived there simultaneously, and, looking cautiously over the banisters, I saw an anxious crowd looking up as cautiously from the hall on the ground floor. The shrieks developed into curses, intermingled with more riotous crashing of china. The Housekeeper, urged by the crowd below, crept all unwilling to Mr. Allan's door and knocked. The door was flung open and, before she ventured to "beg pardon but the noise

disturbed the other tenants," Mr. Allan's hitherto well-behaved servant greeted her with a volley of blood-curdling epithets and the smash of every pane of glass in the upper panel of the door, and down she fled again. He bolted out after her, but looking up and catching a glimpse of Tom peacefully sucking a lemon-drop, he became so personal that Tom and his wife retreated hastily, and for the first time the smile faded from the old man's face. In a moment's lull I heard Mr. Allan's voice, low and entreating, then more curses, more crashes — I should not have thought there was so much glass and crockery to be broken in the whole house.

Presently a policeman appeared, and then a second. The door was open, but the servant was busy finishing up the crockery. Mr. Allan spoke to them, and then, like a flash, the servant was there too. "I dare you to let them come in!" he yelled, so loud he could be heard from the top to the bottom of the house. "I dare you to let them come in! I dare you to give me in charge! I dare you! I dare you!" And Mr. Allan did not dare, that was the astonishing part of it. And he never lost his temper. He argued with the policemen, he pleaded with the servant, while one group on our landing and another on the ground floor waited anxiously. The policemen did not desert us, but stood guard on the second floor, which was a reassurance, until gradually the yells were lowered, the crashes came at longer intervals, and at last, I suppose in sheer exhaustion, the servant relapsed into his usual calm, Mr. Allan "sporting his oak," and I learned how truly an Englishman's home is his castle.

The Housekeeper spent the evening on the stairs, gossiping at every door. There was not much to learn from her. A mystery was hinted — many mysteries were hinted — not a

shred was left to Mr. Allan's reputation. The truth I do not know to this moment. I only know that before the seven days of our wonder were over, the Agent, more careworn than ever if that were possible, made a round of visits in the house, giving to each tenant an ample and abject apology written by Mr. Allan. At the end of the quarter, the Second Floor Back was again to let.

We should have parted with Mr. Allan less light-heartedly could we have anticipated what was in store for us. He was no sooner gone than the Suffragettes came in.

I have no quarrel on political grounds with the Suffragettes. Theoretically, I believe that women of property and position should have their vote; but I think it a lesser evil for them to do without it than for the suffrage to become as universal for women as for men, and to grant it on any other conditions would be an indignity. I state the fact to explain that I am without prejudice. I do not argue, for, to tell the truth, shocking as it may be, I am not keen one way or the other. Life for me has grown crowded enough without politics, and years have lessened the ardor for abstract justice that was mine when, in my youth, I wrote the *Life of Mary Wollstonecraft*, and militant Suffragettes as yet were not. Ours are of the most militant variety, and it is not their fault if the world by this time does not know what this means. Even so, on general principles, I should have no grievance against them. Every woman is free to make herself ridiculous, and it is none of my business if my neighbors choose to make a public spectacle of themselves by struggling in the arms of policemen, or going into hysterics at meetings where nobody wants them; if they like to emulate bad boys by throwing stones and breaking windows, or if it amuses them to slap and

whip unfortunate ministers who, physically, could easily convince them of their inferiority. But when they make themselves a nuisance to me personally, I draw the line. And they are a nuisance to me.

They have brought pandemonium into our quarter, where once all was pleasantness and peace. Of old, if the postman, the milkman, a messenger boy, and one or two stray dogs and children lingered in our street, we thought it a crowd; since the coming of the Suffragettes, I have seen the same street packed solid with a horde of the most degenerate creatures in London, summoned by them "to rush the House of Commons." They have ground their hurdy-gurdies at our door, Heaven knows to what end; vans covered with their posters have obstructed our crossing. Motor-cars adorned with their flags have missed fire and exploded in our street; and they have had themselves photographed as sandwiches on our terrace. Our house is in a turmoil from morning till night with women charging in like a mob or stealing out like conspirators. Their badges, their sandwich-boards, their banners, lie about in our hall, so much in everybody's way that I sympathized with the infuriated tenant whom I caught one night kicking the whole collection into the cellar. They talk so hard on the stairs that often they pass their own door and come on to ours, bringing Augustine from her work and disturbing me at mine, for she can never open to them without poking her head into my room to tell me, "*Encore une sale Suffragette!*" In their chambers they never stop chattering, and their high shrill treble penetrates through the floor, and reaches us up above. The climax came with their invasion of our roof.

This roof, built "after the fire," is a modern invention designed for the

torture of whoever lives underneath. It is flat, with a beautiful view to be had among the chimney-pots and telephone-wires; it is so thin that a pigeon could not waddle across without being heard by us; and as it is covered with gravel, every sound is accompanied by a scrunching warranted to set the strongest nerves in a quiver. We had already been obliged to represent to the Agent that it was not intended for the Housekeeper's afternoon parties or young people's games of tag, that there were other, more suitable, places where postmen could take a rest, or our actress recite her lines, or lovers do their courting amid the smuts. Our patience, indeed, had been so tried in one way or another, that at the first sound from above, at any hour of the day or night, J. was full tilt after the trespassers, and they were retreating before the eloquence of his attack. It was in a corner of this roof, just above the studio, and in among wood-inclosed cisterns, that the Suffragettes elected to send off fire-balloons which, in some way best known to themselves, were to impress mankind with the necessity of granting them the vote. The first balloon floated above the chimney-tops, a sheet of flame, and was dropping, happily, into the Thames, when J., straight from his printing-press, in blouse, sleeves rolled up, arms and hands black with ink, a cap set sideways, was on the roof, and the Secretary of the Militants, and a young man in the brown suit and red tie that denote the Socialist, in their hands matches and spirits of wine, were flying downstairs. I was puzzled to account for their meekness, unless it was that never before had they seen anybody so inky, never before listened to language so picturesque and American. J., without giving them time to take breath, called in the Landlord's Agent, supported by the Landlord's Solicitor, and they were con-

vinced of the wisdom of promising not to do it again. And of course they did.

A week later the Prime Minister was unveiling a statue or performing some equally innocent function in the gardens below our window, when the Suffragettes, from the roof of near workshops, demanded of him through a megaphone to give Votes to Women. We follow the movement with such small zest that when we were first aware that something out of the common was going on in our quarter, the two heroines were already in the arms of policemen, where of late so much of the Englishwoman's time has been spent, and heads were at every window up and down our street, housekeepers at every door, butchers' and bakers' boys grouped on the sidewalk, one or two tradesmen's carts drawn up in the gutter, battalions of policemen round the corner. The women, no doubt, to-day boast of the performance as a bold strike for freedom, and recall with pride the sensation it created.

At this point I lost sight of the conflict on the roof below, for, from the roof above, a balloon shot upwards, so high that only the angels could have read the message it bore. The familiar scrunching, though strangely muffled, was heard, and J., again in blouse and ink, was up and away on a little campaign of his own. This time he found six women, each with a pair of shoes at her side, and her feet drawn up under her, squatting in a ring behind the cisterns, bending over a can of spirits of wine, and whispering and giggling like school-girls.

"It won't go off," they giggled, and the next minute all chance of its ever going off was gone, for J. had seized the balloon and torn it to tatters.

"You have destroyed our property," shrieked a venerable little old lady, thin and gaunt, with many wrinkles and straggling gray hair.

He told her that was what he had intended to do.

"But it cost ten shillings," she squeaked in a tremor of rage, and with an attempt at dignity; but it is as hard to be dignified as Corporal Trim found it to be respectful, when one is sitting squat upon the ground.

A younger woman, golden-haired, in big hat and feathers, whom the others called Duchess, demanded "Who are you, anyhow?" And when I consider his costume and his inkiness I wonder he had not been asked it long before.

"You can go downstairs and find out," he said, "but down you go!"

There was a moment's visible embarrassment, and they drew their stocking-feet closer up under them. J., in whom they had left some few shreds of the politeness which he, as a true American, believes is woman's due, considerably looked the other way. As soon as they were able to rise up in their shoes, they altogether lost their heads. The Housekeeper and the Agent, summoned in the mean time, were waiting as they began to crawl down the straight precipitous ladder from the roof. In an agony of apprehension, the women clutched their skirts tight about them, protesting and scolding the while. The little old lady tried to escape into our chambers, one or two stood at the top of the stairs, cutting off all approach, the others would not budge from our narrow landing. A telegraph-boy, a man with a parcel, endeavored to get past them and up to us, but they would not give way an inch. Finally in despair, J. gently collected them and pushed them down the stairs toward their own door.

"We will have you arrested for assault!" the little old lady shrieked.

"We charge you with assault and battery," the golden-haired lady echoed from below.

And we heard no more, for at last,

with a sigh of relief, J. could get to our door, and shut out the still ascending uproar.

But that was not the end of it. If you can believe it, they were on the roof again within an hour, getting themselves and their megaphone photographed, for the fight for freedom would not be half so sweet without the publicity of portraits in the press. And we were besieged with letters. One Suffragette wrote that an apology was due — yes, J. replied, due to him. A second lectured him on the offense given to her "dear friend, the Duchess," for to become a Suffragette is not to cease to be a snob, and warned him that the Duchess — who was the golden-haired lady and may have had the bluest blood of England in her veins, but looked more like one of the Gaiety Girls from whom the stock of the British nobility has been so largely replenished — and the Duke intended to consult their Solicitor if regret were not expressed. And the Landlord's Agent called, and the Landlord's Solicitor followed, and a Police Inspector was sent from Scotland Yard for facts, and he reprimanded J. for one mistake — not having locked the door on the inside when they were out; and the insurance people wanted to know about fire-balloons, and everybody with any possible excuse came down upon us, except the police officer with the warrant to arrest J. for assault and battery.

Well, it is all over now. If the Suffragettes still hatch their plots under our roof, they are denied the use of it for carrying them out. They leave us in peace for the moment, the quiet which is the charm of an old house like ours has returned to it, and outwardly the tenants cultivate the repose and dignity incumbent upon them as the descendants of Bacon and Pepys, and the inheritors of a great past.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

III. THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CONFLICT

Friday, February 2, 1866.

I THINK the President, though calm and reticent, exhibits indications of not being fully satisfied in some respects with the conduct and course of some in whom he confided, yet he carefully abstains from remarks respecting persons. There can be no doubt that Stanton has given some of the leading radicals to understand that his views correspond with theirs, but I do not know that the President is fully aware of that fact. Seward, while he says nothing very decisively, leaves no doubt that he coincides in the general policy of the President. Harlan made a singular speech to the Iowa radicals a week ago, but has written an explanatory letter which is no explanation. I have no doubt that Dennison is sincerely with the President and means to sustain his measures, yet he makes visible, without intending it, his apprehension that by this policy the Democrats may get a controlling influence. In this he is not singular, for many of the leading radicals, especially those of Whig antecedents, have similar apprehensions and are afraid to trust the people. Having power, they do not scruple as to the means to retain it.

The truth is, the radical leaders in Congress openly and secretly have labored to defeat the President, and their hostility has engendered a distrust in their own minds, and caused fairer men

like Dennison to have fears that the President might identify himself with the Democrats. This subject gives me no uneasiness whatever. I shall not be surprised if the extreme men become alienated, but their abandonment of the President's will, under the working of our system of intelligent free thought and action, make room for the more reasonable and calculating of the opposition, if not with intelligent candor and determination. He will naturally feel kindly disposed towards those who sustain him and his measures, and will not be likely to give his confidence to those who oppose both.

Saturday, February 10, 1866.

Sumner made me his usual weekly visit this P. M. He is as earnest and confident as ever, probably not without reason. Says they are solidifying in Congress and will set aside the President's policy. I enquired if he really thought Massachusetts could govern Georgia better than Georgia could govern herself, — for that was the kernel of the question. Can the people govern themselves? He could not otherwise than say Massachusetts could do better for them than they had done for themselves. When I said that every state and people must form their own laws and government, that the whole social, industrial, political, and civil structure was to be reconstructed in

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the slave states, that the elements there must work out their own condition, and that Massachusetts could not do this for them, he did not controvert [me] further than to say we can instruct them and ought to do it, that he had letters showing a dreadful state of things South, that the colored people were suffering beyond anything they had ever endured in the days of slavery. I told him I had little doubt of it; I had expected this as the first result of emancipation. Both whites and blacks in the slave states were to pass through a terrible ordeal, and it was most grievous and melancholy to me, to witness the spirit manifested towards the whites of the South who were thus afflicted. Left to themselves, they have great suffering and hardship, without having their troubles increased by any oppressive acts from abroad.

[About the close of the war had been organized, with President Lincoln's approval, the so-called Freedmen's Bureau which had "the supervision of all abandoned lands and the control of all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen." The great powers given to this Bureau were still further extended in a new bill which was passed by Congress, but which seemed to the President a two-edged sword that might be used as readily to coerce the white citizens of Southern states as to protect the civil rights of the Negro.]

Tuesday, February 13, 1866.

McCulloch asked me yesterday, in the President's room in the Capitol, if I had examined the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. I told him I had not, but that I had never been partial to the measure and had doubted its expediency even during the war. Still as Congress, the administration, and the country had adopted it, and as I had no connection with it, I had little inclination to inter-

est myself in the matter. To-day the President enquired of me my opinions, or rather said he thought there were some extraordinary features in the bill, and asked what I thought of them, and of the bill. My reply was similar to that I gave McCulloch yesterday. He expressed a wish that I would give the bill consideration, for he apprehended he should have difficulty in signing it. The bill has not yet reached him.

The unmistakable design of Thad Stevens and his associates was, the President said, to take the government into their own hands, and to get rid of him by declaring Tennessee¹ out of the Union. A sort of French Directory was to be established by these spirits in Congress, — the Constitution was to be remodeled by them, etc.

Wednesday, February 14, 1866.

Have examined the bill for the Freedmen's Bureau, which is a terrific engine and reads more like a decree emanating from despotic power than a legislative enactment by republican representatives. I do not see how the President can sign it, certainly I shall not advise it. Yet something is necessary for the wretched people who have been emancipated, and who have neither intelligence nor means to provide for themselves. [If] let alone, society will adapt itself in time and briefly to circumstances, and make circumstances conform to existing necessities, but in the mean time there will be suffering, misery, wretchedness; nor will it be entirely confined to the blacks.

I am apprehensive that the efforts of our Northern philanthropists to govern the Southern States will be productive of evil, that they will generate hatred rather than love between the races. This Freedmen's Bureau scheme is a governmental enormity. There is a despotic tendency in the legislation of

¹ Tennessee was Andrew Johnson's own state.

this Congress, an evident disposition to promote these notions of freedom by despotic and tyrannical means.

Friday, February 16, 1866.

After Cabinet meeting I had an interview and pretty free interchange of opinion with the President on the Freedmen's Bureau Bill and other subjects. I expressed myself without reserve, as did the President, who acquiesced fully in my views. This being the case, I conclude he will place upon it his veto. Indeed he intimated as much. Desired, he said, to have my ideas because they might add to his own, etc.

There is an apparent rupturing among the radicals, or a portion of them. They wish to make terms. Will admit the representation from Tennessee, if the President will yield. But the President cannot yield and sacrifice his honest convictions by way of compromise.

Monday, February 19, 1866.

Attended special Cabinet meeting this morning, at ten, and remained in session until about one P. M. The President submitted a message which he had prepared returning the Freedmen's Bureau Bill to the Senate with his veto.

The message and positions were fully discussed.

Seward, McCulloch, and Dennison agreed with the President, as did I, and each so expressed himself. Stanton, Harlan, and Speed, while they did not absolutely dissent, evidently regretted that the President had not signed the bill. Stanton was disappointed. Speed was disturbed. Harlan was apprehensive. The President was emphatic and unequivocal in his remarks, earnest to eloquence in some portion of a speech of about twenty minutes, in which he reviewed the intrigues of certain radical leaders in Congress, without calling them by name — their council of fifteen which in secret prescribed legis-

lative action, and assumed to dictate the policy of the administration. The effect of this veto will probably be an open rupture between the President and a portion of the Republican Members of Congress. How many will go with him, and how many with the radical leaders, will soon be known. Until a vote is taken, the master spirits will have time to intrigue with the members and get them committed. They will be active as well as cunning.

Senator Trumbull, who is the father of this bill, has not been classed among the radicals and did not intend to be drawn in with them when he drew up this law. But he is freaky and opinionated, though able and generally sensible. I shall be sorry to have him enter into associations that will identify him with extremists, and yet it will not surprise me should such be the case. He will be the champion of his bill and, stimulated and courted by those with whom he does not sympathize, will strive to impair the effect of the impregnable arguments and reasoning of the message.

Tuesday, February 20, 1866.

The Cabinet was pleasant and harmonious on the matters before it to-day, though outside rumors make them divided. Much excitement exists in Congress, and out of it, on the subject of the veto. The dark, revolutionary, reckless intrigues of Stevens manifest themselves. In the House, the bigoted partisans are ready to follow him in his vindictive and passionate schemes for radical supremacy — radicalism having been prevalent during the war, they think it still popular.

On the vote which was taken to-day in the Senate, the veto was sustained and the bill defeated, there not being the requisite two-thirds in its favor. Morgan, Dixon, Doolittle, and four or five others with the Democrats, eighteen in all against thirty. Violent and

faction speeches were made in the Senate, and also in the House. Stevens, as I expected he would, presented his schemes to oppress the South, and exclude the states from their constitutional right of representation. Such men would plunge the country into a more wicked rebellion — one more destructive of our system of government, a more dangerous condition than that from which we have emerged, could they prevail. As an exhibition of the enlightened legislation of the House, Stevens, the radical leader, chairman of the Reconstruction Committee, — the committee which shapes and directs the action of Congress, and assumes executive as well as legislative control, — announced that his committee, or directory it may be called, was about to report in favor of admitting the Tennessee members, but the President having put his veto on the Freedmen's bill, they would not now consent, and he introduced his resolution declaring, virtually, that the Union is divided, that the states which were in rebellion should not have their constitutional right of representation.

[The failure of Congress to pass the Freedmen's Bureau Bill over the President's veto marks the first pitched battle in the war waged by the Republican majority in Congress against the administration, which culminated in the impeachment of the President. The statement in the President's veto that a "very grave objection" to the bill lay in the fact that from the Congress by which the bill was passed eleven states were excluded, implied the illegality of all legislation which had been or should be enacted before the admission of representatives from the Southern states, and may be said to epitomize the virtual question at issue. The same day this vote was taken, the House, under Stevens's leadership, adopted a resolution

that no senator or representative from any of the eleven Southern states should be admitted into Congress until Congress itself should have declared that state entitled to representation.]

Thursday, February 22, 1866.

To-day both branches of Congress have adjourned, and there are funeral solemnities at the Capitol in memoriam of the late Henry Winter Davis, a private citizen, who died in Baltimore two or three months since, but who had been a conspicuous actor among the radicals. He possessed genius, a graceful elocution and erratic ability of a certain kind, but was an uneasy spirit, an unsafe and undesirable man, without useful talents for his country or mankind. Having figured as a leader with Thad Stevens, Wade, and others, in their intrigues, extraordinary honors are now paid him. A programme, copied almost literally from that of the 12th in memory of Mr. Lincoln, is sent out. Orders to commemorate this distinguished "Plug Ugly" and "Dead Rabbit,"¹ are issued. President and Cabinet, Judges, Foreign Ministers, and other officials, have seats assigned them in the Hall of the Representatives for the occasion. The whole is a burlesque, which partakes of the ridiculous more than the solemn — intended to belittle the memory of Lincoln and his policy as much as to exalt Davis, who opposed it. I would not go — could not go, without a feeling of degradation. I yesterday suggested to the President my view of the whole proceedings — that they were in derogation of the late President and the Administration. The radicals wished Davis to be considered the equal or superior of Lincoln.

Saturday, February 24, 1866.

The extremists are angry and vio-

¹ The names of political clubs of Baltimore, to which Davis had belonged.

lent because the President follows his own convictions, and their operation through the press is prolific in manufacturing scandal against him. No harm will come of it, if he is prudent and firm.

The leaders had flattered themselves that they had more than two-thirds of each House, and would, therefore, carry all their measures over any veto. The President says there has been a design to attempt impeachment if he did not yield to them. I am inclined to believe this has been talked of among the leaders, but they could not press a majority of their own number into the movement.

Monday, February 26, 1866.

In the Senate, Sherman has been speaking against the declaratory resolution, which passed the House under the lash of Stevens from the Directory Committee, asserting that eleven states are out of the Union and must not be represented until Congress shall permit them. This resolution is fulminated in spite, because the President put his veto on the Freedmen's bill. Such legislation is characteristic of Stevens and his co-laborers.

Friday, March 9, 1866.

Senator Grimes,¹ after an interview this A. M. on naval matters, got on to the subject of our public affairs, generally, and particularly the differences between the President and the party in Congress. He disdains Stevens and Sumner, and spoke of each in severe and denunciatory terms. The former as a pretty unscrupulous old fellow, unfit to lead any party. Sumner as a cold-blooded, selfish, dangerous man. When I spoke of him as honest, but yet I believe truthful, Grimes was disinclined to award him this trait, and I perceive

¹ Senator from Iowa, and a conservative member of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction.

has a strong prejudice, perhaps I should better define it by saying hate, of the Massachusetts Senator, who, though a student learned in books, Grimes asserts is not a statesman or wise legislator.

With very respectable talents, Grimes is of a suspicious and somewhat jealous nature, inclining to be misanthropic. He must be classed as of the radical school, but recognizes no radical leader, has no respect for them, abhors Stevens as a debauchee in morals and politics. He is intimate with Fessenden and has similar traits. The two hunt in couples. They were both former admirers of Seward, but now and for some time past they dislike him — think his influence on Johnson pernicious.

Saturday, March 10, 1866.

Thad Stevens has to-day made a blackguard and disreputable speech in the House. Beginning with the false assertion that the speech was prepared two months ago, and continuing with the equally false assurance that an interlude, or by-play, which was introduced was unpremeditated, this old man displayed more strongly than in his speech those bad traits of dissimulation, insincerity, falsehood, scandal-loving and defamation that have characterized his long life. The radical managers and leaders were cognizant of his speech, and had generally encouraged it, but I shall be disappointed if they do not wish the old man had been silent before many months.

Such disgraceful exhibitions can do the author and his associates no good, nor those whom he assails enduring harm. The people may not in the first excitement, and under the discipline of party, be enabled to judge of the conspirators correctly who are striving to divide the Union not by secession but by exclusion. It is clearly a conspiracy, though not avowed.

[The purpose of the Civil Rights Bill introduced by Senator Trumbull was to destroy all discrimination between the races, to give the Negro "the right to acquire property, to come and go at pleasure, to enforce rights in the courts, to make contracts, and to inherit and dispose of property." Johnson objected to the bill because it conferred citizenship on the Negro when eleven states were unrepresented in Congress, and because it attempted through a Federal law to enforce complete equality between the two races throughout the Union, and so constituted an invasion of state rights by Federal authority. Realizing that the consequences might be serious, the President vetoed this bill with reluctance.]

Friday, March 23, 1866.

Special notice from the President that there would be no Cabinet meeting. Called upon him this P. M. and gave him, generally, my views in regard to what is called the Civil Rights Bill, which, if approved by him, must lead to the overthrow of his administration as well as that of this mischievous Congress, which has passed it. The principles of that bill, if carried into effect, must destroy the government. It is consolidation solidified, breaks down all barriers to protect the rights of the states, concentrates power in the general government, which assumes to itself the enactment of municipal regulations between the states and citizens, and between citizens of the same state. No bill of so contradictory and consolidating a character has ever been enacted. The alien and sedition laws were not so objectionable. I did not enquire of the President what would be his course in regard to the bill, but we did not disagree in opinion on its merits, and he cannot give it his sanction, although it is unpleasant to him to have these differences with Congress.

He tells me that Senator Pomeroy disavows having stated that he saw the President drunk at the White House, but says he (Pomeroy) wrote Lincoln, the P[ost] M[aster] at Brooklyn, that he saw Robert, the President's son, in liquor, and he thought the same of his son-in-law, Senator Patterson.

Monday, March 26, 1866.

The President convened the Cabinet this A. M. at ten and read his message returning the Civil Rights Bill with his veto. Before reading it he desired the members to express their opinions. Seward said he had carefully studied the bill and thought it might be well to pass a law declaring Negroes were citizens, because there had been some questions raised on that point, though there never was a doubt in his own mind. The rest of the bill he considered unconstitutional in many respects, and its having the mischievous machinery of the Fugitive Slave-Law did not help commend it.

McCulloch waived remark, had not closely scrutinized the bill and would defer comment to Stanton, merely remarking that he should be gratified if the President could see his way clear to sign the bill.

Stanton made a long argument, showing that he had devoted much time to the bill. His principal point was to overcome the obnoxious features of the second section, which he thought should be construed favorably. He did not think judges and marshals, or sheriffs and local officers, should be fined and imprisoned — did not think it was intended to apply to officers but merely to persons. The bill was not such a one as he would have drawn or recommended, but he advised that under the circumstances it should be approved.

The President having previously been put in possession of my views, I simply remarked that my objections

were against the whole design, purpose, and scope of the bill, — that it was mischievous and wrong.

Mr. Dennison thought that, though there might be some objection to parts, he, on the whole, would advise that the bill should receive executive approval.

Mr. Harlan had not closely read the bill, but had met difficulties in the second section, and in one or two others, which had been measurably removed by Stanton's argument. He thought it very desirable that the President and Congress should act in concert if possible.

Speed was ill and not present.

The Senate to-day deprived Stockton of New Jersey of his seat. It was a high-handed partisan proceeding, in which Sumner, Fessenden, Morrill, and others exhibited a spirit and feeling wholly unworthy of their official position. While I have no special regard for Stockton and his party in New Jersey, I am compelled to believe they have in this instance certainly been improperly treated and for a factional purpose, and I apprehend that I can never think so well of some of the gentlemen who have been conspicuous in this proceeding. Had Stockton acted with Sumner and Fessenden against the veto, he never would have been ousted from his seat. Of this I have no doubt whatever, and I am ashamed to confess it, or say it. I am passing no judgment on his election, for I know not the exact facts, but the indecent, unfair, arbitrary conduct of the few master-spirits is most reprehensible.

Friday, April 6, 1866.

The Senate by a vote of 33 to 15 this evening over-rode the veto on the Civil Rights Bill. Wright of N. J. was in his seat, but Dixon was not. Morgan,¹

¹ Edwin D. Morgan of New York, an ally of Seward.

unexpectedly to me, and I think to most persons, voted with the majority. The vote of M[organ] was one of calculation, not of conviction. I shall be disappointed if he does not lose rather than gain by the step he has taken. Such is usually the righteous termination of calculations made by scheming and ambitious men who consent to do wrong. In this instance M[organ] may have had honest reasons. It is true he voted for the passage of the bill, but that was, as he has said to me, without much consideration given to the law, and in repeated interviews and conversations since, he had left the impression on my mind that he should sustain the veto.

General and Mrs. Grant gave their last reception for the season this evening. Being somewhat indisposed I did not propose to attend, but [my son] E[dgar] had not returned, and there was no one to accompany Mrs. Welles and her friend, and I was, consequently, under the necessity of going, though afflicted with a severe headache. The party was in some respects unlike any of the season, and there was present not only a numerous, but miscellaneous company of contradictions. There had been some preunderstanding on the part of the radicals, or a portion of them, to attend and to appropriate Gen. Grant, or at least his name and influence, to themselves. But most unexpectedly to them, as I confess it was to me, the President and his two daughters appeared early, and Montgomery Blair and some of his ladies were also on hand. There came also Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the late confederacy, so-called. When therefore, Thad Stevens, Trumbull, and others, not exactly homogeneous though now acting together, came in, they were evidently astonished and amazed.

Stevens, though a brave old stager,

was taken aback and showed himself discomfited. Trumbull betrayed surprise. I was not in a condition to circulate much in the crowd, but heard repeatedly, amid the exultations over the vote of the Senate, expressions of vexation that there was such a strange attendance here. Theodore Tilton, as full of fanatical, fantastical and boyish enthusiasm as of genius and talent, but with no sensible ideas of the principles on which our government is founded or accurate knowledge of our republican federal system, or of the merits involved in pending questions, was boisterous over the result in the Senate. It was sufficient for him that a victory had been achieved for an ideal and fanciful theory, regardless of consequences, and indifferent whether we had a union or an empire, so that he could do a little more for the black man than for the white man. When a little older, if his erratic genius does not spoil him, he will be a little wiser. For a time he fastened himself on me, but I was too indisposed to do more than listen. He gloated over Morgan's vote — said he could have thrown his hat to the ceiling when he heard it; not that he cared for Morgan.

Tuesday, April 10, 1866.

The Civil Rights Bill passed the House yesterday by a vote of nearly three to one. The party drill was very effective. Only Raymond of the radicals voted to sustain the veto. He has been general manager in the House but could not carry a single member with him if he tried. Either Seward could not help him, or he did not. All of Stanton's pets were active in opposing the veto.

Saturday, April 14, 1866.

This being the anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln, the several departments were closed by order of the President.

Had an hour's talk with the Presi-

dent on several matters, but chiefly in relation to the policy of the administration, which was brought about by my referring to the interview which I had had with Senator Doolittle on Thursday evening, and his urgent request that I would communicate with the President on the subject-matter of our conversation. I remarked that there were certain suggestions, which delicacy forbade me to mention, unsolicited, but that there was an apprehension that the radicals were strengthening themselves by the non-action, or limited actions of the Executive, and by conceding to members of Congress almost all opportunities for [placing] their radical friends.

The President said it was exceedingly annoying and discouraging to witness so good a man as Doolittle desponding, and especially on the subject of removals and appointments, when Doolittle himself was not prepared to take or recommend action even in his own state. It was true that his Cabinet was not in all respects what he wished; but he had taken it as he found it. Harlan, to be sure, came in later, but it was understood he sought and desired the position, although he had since obtained an election to the Senate. He supposed Harlan was not in accord with the policy of the administration, and delicacy and propriety would seem to prompt him to resign. But he had, as yet, shown no disposition to give up his place.

[Attorney-General] Speed, he said, certainly added no strength to the administration, was manifestly in harmony with the radicals, advising with and encouraging them. Delicacy should cause him, feeling as he did, to retire, but he had made no advance in that direction, nor would he, probably, uninvited.

Stanton, he remarked, was claimed by the radicals to be in their interest,

and probably such was the fact, yet he had given him no intimation of that character, except in some general criticism on one or two measures in which he finally yielded and acquiesced. His department had been an absorbing one during the war and still was formidable. To have an open rupture with him in the present condition of affairs would be embarrassing certainly, yet Stanton held on. The delicacies and proprieties which should govern the relations supposed to exist between a President and his cabinet associates, his political family as it were, would indicate to men of proper sensibility the course which they should pursue, if they did not agree with the person whom they were expected to advise in the administration of affairs.

If these three men did not approve his general policy, the President said they had not, as [far as] he was aware, disapproved of it. Statements were made in some of the radical papers that the persons named were opposed to the administration of which they were a part. Rumors to that effect had come to him in such a way and from such sources that he was not at liberty to doubt it. "I do not, however, know the fact. What, then, can I do? Are these men to whom I give my confidence hypocrites, faithless, insincere, treacherous? The time has not arrived for a decisive stand. With mischievous radical leaders, who appear to have little regard for the country, it is not a proper time to take upon ourselves other quarrels nearer."

The President said he had borne, as well as he could, the malicious war which had been waged upon him for doing his duty — administering the government for the whole country, not for a faction. If the schemes of the radical managers to control the Executive had sometimes annoyed him, they had not caused him to deviate from what

he was satisfied was right and for the best interest of the country. But it did grieve and wound him to witness such men as Doolittle desponding and giving way. Cowan, an intelligent, sensible and good senator, he said, was also complaining, and it was hard to be under the necessity of holding these men up, when compelled to encounter the whole opposition. Their discouragement afflicted him more than all that the radicals had done or would do.

Only a day or two since, Cowan had, with others, pressed earnestly for some changes in Pennsylvania, which they said ought by all means to be made, and on their representations he had finally agreed to make some changes. "But just as they were being ordered, Cowan began to show doubt, asked a suspension, and finally backed down and would consent to but two of the changes he had urged. These men take on themselves no responsibility while goading me on to move, when I am breasting this storm." This he said he was ready to do. It was a duty and he could meet it, but it pained him to have good and true friends waver.

At the proper time he should be ready to act, but his friends must permit him to judge when to act. It would be pleasanter to him to have more cordiality, a more free intercourse of opinion, more unity and earnestness on the part of all his Cabinet, for there was obvious distrust among them — distrust of each other — and that on topics where the administration was most interested.

I have given the substance and, so far as I can recall, the words. There was much desultory conversation intermixed.

Wednesday, April 25, 1866.

Major-General Benjamin F. Butler is exercising a great and dangerous influence at the Treasury Department. He has been employed in some cases

and is using his opportunities to press others where he is employed as counsel. As he has talents but no principles, is avaricious and unscrupulous, I have given our friends McCulloch and Chandler at the Treasury an occasional admonition concerning him.

In 1863 the *Grey Jacket*, a steamer laden with cotton, was captured by the *Kennebec* on the way from Mobile to Cuba. The cargo and vessel were valued at about half a million of dollars, and were condemned on the showing of the captain and owners. An appeal was taken. But the case was so flagrant that there was no avoiding condemnation. The owners had employed various counsel, first Nott and others of New Orleans, then Seward and Blatchford of New York, but all have on hearing the facts abandoned the case. About the first of last December it was put in the hands of General Butler, who commenced a series of intrigues and manoeuvres, and from his persistence and unscrupulousness had evidently a large contingent fee. (I have heard it stated at \$125,000.) But he found no favor at the Navy Department. His last appeal with me was a half threat to go to Congress and make an appeal to their sympathies for a man who had lost his all by this capture and condemnation. I replied that my appeal for sympathy in behalf of the sailors who had nobly done their duty in sunshine and storm, in winter and summer, day and night, would probably be as effective as his. He then changed, proposed that the captors should take one-half and the claimant the other, surrendering by this arrangement the moiety which should go to the naval pension fund. I told him that was impossible. The Secre-

tary of the Navy could make no such arrangement; moreover he was the trustee of that fund and held it sacred.

One other futile attempt was made in company with the Attorney-General, whom he persuaded to come with him; but after a brief talk Speed appeared to think he had been imposed upon and abandoned the case.

Failing at these points, Butler commenced intriguing at the Treasury, where he was listened to by Chandler, and finally Caleb Cushing was employed at Chandler's suggestion to give a written opinion, General Butler being the prompter. Cushing was timid, hesitated to present his opinion unsustained, and Gen. Butler drew up a preamble and resolution which he procured Thad Stevens to present and procured to be passed under the previous question, without debate, to the effect that cases of this description should be suspended until the judgment of the Supreme Court should be obtained next winter. There are one or two clauses in certain acts which Chase procured to be inserted when he was striving to absorb the whole government in the Treasury Department, having the Presidency in view. These clauses Butler and Cushing made the foundation of their proceeding. Stevens's resolution was passed on the 9th and Cushing's opinion is dated on the 11th.

The whole thing is disgraceful even to a lobby agent, and discreditable to the Treasury Department, which has, so far as the Secretary is concerned, unwittingly lent itself to Butler — how far the Assistant Secretary is involved is uncertain. There are some dark intimations. Great derangement in order to get a great fee has been effected.

(To be continued.)

A JAPANESE APPRECIATION OF LAFCADIO HEARN

BY YONE NOGUCHI

To my visionary eyes appear simultaneously the two half-nocturnal figures, Lafcadio Hearn and Akinari Uyeda (who died on the sixth of Bunkwa, that is, in 1810), shining sad, yet steadfast, like two silver stars, each in his own shrine of solitude. The former's allegiance to the latter was expressed by his translation of the two stories from Uyeda's *Ugetsu Monogatari*, "Kikka no Yaku," or "Of a Promise Kept," and "Muwo no Rigio," or "The Story of Kogi, the Priest," in *A Japanese Miscellany*.

The gray-colored region of solitude was a triumph for them, not a defeat, by any means; they found life in silence, and a ghost's virtue in shadow and whisper. They slowly walked following after a beckoning hand, half vision, half reality; they placed their single-minded confidence on the dream-breast of spirit. The world and people they wished and tried to elude, these were for them too physical altogether. However, Uyeda's hatred of the people and the world was not so sharp-tongued as Hearn's; it may be from the reason that a hundred years ago, in Japan as in other countries, the impression received from the times was not so vulgar and bold as to-day, and the interruptions which pass nowadays under the hypocritical name of sociableness did not flap in the air so wantonly.

Uyeda wrote a sort of *Zuihitsu* ("Following the Pen") of his own life, or confession called *Tandai Shoshin Roku*; and he remarked somewhere in it: "I

am keeping my life which I do not particularly value, by eating barley, and drinking hot water with parched rice steeped in it. I lived some twelve or thirteen years with money which I received from a publisher, now ten *ryos* and then fifteen *ryos*. But as I can do nothing now, I have only to wait for my own death, and in the meantime I drink boiled tea." Tea was his favorite, while *saké*, tobacco (though these two Hearn liked, tobacco in particular being his passion), literary men, and rich men, were the four things he bitterly despised. And he lived to the good old age of seventy-eight. I always think, for more than one reason, that Hearn would have been another Akinari Uyeda, if he had been born in Japan a century ago; the difference between them, it seems to me, is the difference of age and circumstances. It was a coincidence, however, that their lives were unhappy from childhood. Uyeda was left an orphan, being the son of a *geisha*, and like Hearn he was obliged to undergo the baptism of tears. It might be said to be due to the kindness of this age that Hearn was brought over the Pacific to seek his kingdom of beauty. Indeed, a Columbus has to sail west—is it east?—for his ideal as for the sun. It was fortunate for Japan that she had him when she needed such a one; and Hearn too reached Japan just at the right time. Poor Akinari had no west to sail to, and had to bury himself in his little tea-house, very often to curse the people, and sometimes to invite some angel or god to

sip tea with him and forget the world.

Hearn ended his "Hōrai" in the book of *Kwaidan* thus: —

"Evil winds from the west are blowing over Hōrai; and the magical atmosphere, alas! is shrinking away before them. It lingers now in patches only, and bands, — like those long bright bands of cloud that trail across the landscapes of Japanese painters. Under these shreds of the elfish vapor you still can find Hōrai — but not elsewhere. . . . Remember that Hōrai is also called Shinkirō, which signifies Mirage, — the Vision of the Intangible. And the Vision is fading, — never again to appear save in pictures and poems and dreams."

His Hōrai — where the shadows of splendor strange and old deepened under the sunlight sad like memory, and the milky vision hung like an immense spider-web, and shivered like a ghost, and the sadness and joy of the souls of thousands on thousands of years blended into an infinite waste of song — vanished at once when, in 1896, he left Old Japan in Izumo (the place of his love first and last), and even in Kumamoto, for Tokyo, which he hated to the utmost degree.

Suppose fate had not brought him to Tokyo? I have, however, a reason or two for saying that this city of horrid impression, too, did for him no small service; indeed, the greatest service, as I dare say, which marked his work distinctly, although he did not notice it, as it seemed, and even thought the reverse. Old Japan of the province shook his frail body terribly with the might of charm, and his extreme sensitiveness made him uneasy, and even doubtful of his qualification to see Japan with a Japanese mind, as he prayed. It is true that his foreign origin flickered as a broken smoke, at his desire to be changed into a Japanese. He was more restless, in fact, when he was

more impressed by Old Japan. But one day, coming to Tokyo, — where the old faith and beauty, which grew marvelously from the ground like a blossoming cherry-tree through the spring mist, had tottered and even fallen, and the people chose foreign things and thoughts ("Carpets — pianos — windows — curtains — brass bands — churches! How I hate them!! And white shirts! — and *vofuku!*" Hearn wrote to his friend), — he at once awoke to the recognition of his own worth, and began to believe himself more Japanese than any other Japanese. And it gave him a great confidence in himself which he could not dare claim before; and that confidence gave to his later work the deliberation strange and positive, and the translucence milky and soft. And it spoke in perfect accord with the sweet glamour of Old Japan, where the sea of reality and the sky of vision melted into one blue eternity, — the land of ghosts.

I, as a Japanese, have to oppose those who will rate first the enthusiasm and fire of his earlier work; it is true that it had them, but they were so scattered, and often too free. His spendthrift habit in thought and art went too far, frequently, even for us. And remember that we are rather spoiled children only too glad to be admired. I believe that in his later work shone his golden light which was old as a spring in Hōrai; its slowness was poetry, and its reticence was a blessing. However, he wrote to his friend from "Tokyo, this detestable Tokyo": "To think of art or time or eternity in the dead waste and muddle of this mass is difficult. The Holy Ghost of the poets is not in Tokyo. . . . In this horrid Tokyo I feel like a cicada: — I am caged, and can't sing. Sometimes I wonder whether I shall ever be able to sing any more, — except at night? — like a bell-insect which has only one note." Are we not glad

to have him singing his one real Japanese note of a bell-insect of night in his later work? He must have noticed himself, I am sure, after he had written such a letter, that he was wrong, and I believe that he must have been more pleased in not receiving any inspiration from without, because his own soul would find it easier to shine out from within, as a pearl of five colors or a firefly with a lyrical flash. He threw the world and people out, and shut himself in his own sanctum, as you have to close the *shojis* after you have burned incense to keep its odor. Indeed he had the most lovely incense of love with Old Japan which he had to protect from the evil winds; and he was afraid that the magical atmosphere of his vision might be disturbed. His only desire was to be left alone with the dreams of his Hōrai; and the dreams themselves were ghosts, under whose spell he wove the silvery threads of the Ideal, and wrote the books with a strange thrill which nobody else could ever feel.

He left some eight books that were written even after he settled in Tokyo; they were the utmost that could be expected of him, and perhaps he pressed himself too harshly to produce them. I know that writing for him was no light work; he wrote the books with life and blood, a monument builded by his own hands. He was like a cuckoo which is said to die spitting blood and song. Like incense before the Buddhist altar, which had to burn itself up, he passed away.

It was entirely proper for Hearn to break away from any social organization ("a proof of weakness — not a combination of force," to quote his words) where one's poor little time is foolishly wasted, and to build for himself a castle of solitude and silence where nobody should be admitted. Indeed, life was too short for him, as

"literature was a very serious and sacred thing, — not an amusement, not a thing to trifle and play with." I agree with him when he wrote to a friend: "My friends are much more dangerous than my enemies. These latter — with infinite subtlety — spin webs to keep me out of places where I hate to go . . . and they help me so much by their unconscious aid that I almost love them. They help me to maintain the isolation absolutely essential to thinking. . . . Blessed be my enemies, and forever honored all them that hate me!" And it will make the reason clear why he broke away from his friends of former days, and bolted his door right against their faces. Almost nobody was admitted in his home in his last days. It seems to me, however, to have been a piece of cruelty on Hearn's part that Masanobu Otani, one of his students of the Matsue days, and his literary secretary in later years, who helped in furnishing material for his books, could not also have been made an exception. And it is said that only upon their third call did Hearn admit the representatives of the literature classes of the university, who wanted his own opinion before they could properly appeal to the president to allow Hearn to stay with them in the university.

The university students uttered a deep lamentation when he was asked to resign. His distinguished personality, expressed through the emotional beauty of English literature, impressed their minds tenderly yet forcefully. It was their delight to see his somewhat bending body, under an old, large-rimmed soft hat like that of a Korean, carrying his heavy books wrapped in a purple *furoshiki*. He never entered the professors' room, but walked slowly and meditatively by the lake of the university garden, and often sat on a stone by the water, and smoked a Japanese *natamame* pipe. The students did not

dare to come nearer to him for fear lest they might disturb his solitude, but admired him from a distance as if he were some old china vase which might be broken even by a single touch. But it was almost amazing to hear his clear and unreserved voice in the classroom, which made the students at once feel quite at home. I believe that he was not an unsociable man originally, but he valued his work as more important. And it may be that the students did not disturb him much; or, perhaps, his foreign blood gave him a strong feeling of responsibility so that he tried not to look unhappy and selfish. He was eloquent, it is said, and he never used any note-book, as his beautiful language of appreciation was left to flow out from his heart upon an author whom he happened to speak of. Not long ago, I had a chance to see a note-book of Kaworu Osanai, one of his former students in the university, and to-day one of the younger poets, in which I read his verbal beauty. To show his art in the class-room, let me copy out his language of paraphrase for "Was never voice of ours could say," etc., of George Meredith's poem on the lark:—

"There never was a human poet in our world which could speak the innermost thoughts of the human heart in the most beautiful way possible — as that bird speaks all its heart in the sweetest possible manner. And even if there were such a human voice, it would not be able to speak to all hearts alike — as that bird can. For wisdom comes to us, poor human beings, only when we are getting old — when our blood is growing chill, and when we do not care to sing. On the other hand, in the time of our youth, when we want to sing — want to write beautiful poetry — then we are too impulsive, too passionate, too selfish, to sing a perfect song. We think too much about our-

selves; and that makes us insincere. But there is no insincerity in that bird. — Oh! if we could but utter the truth of our heart as he can! There is no selfishness in the song of that bird, nothing of individual desire: such a song is indeed like the song of a Seraph, the highest of angels — so pure is it, so untouched by the least personal quality. Only such an impersonal song is indeed suited to express the gratitude of all life to that great Giver of Life — the sun. And that is just what that song does express — one voice speaking for millions of creatures — and no one of all those millions feeling in the least envious of the singer, but all, on the contrary, loving him for uttering their joy of heart well."

He may not have been a Buddhist believer before he came to Japan, but certainly he was not of the Christian faith. Here, before me, I have his criticism on Mr. Otani's school composition called *The Book*, made when Hearn was a teacher at Matsue. In it he attempts to tell his non-Christian argument to his student. It may be due to his Greek blood that his passion for beauty accepted unconditionally a sort of pantheism which led him straight into the inner temple of Buddhism afterward in Japan, and made him glad to find a thousand beauties and symbols again which he had lost a long, long time ago, and of which ever since he had been dreaming, without any clear thought of their real existence. To call him primitive, as one might wish to say of him, does not mean that he was undeveloped, but on the contrary, his soul was a thousand years old. Primitiveness was strength in him; and the wonder about him was how he succeeded in remaining primitive under such an age's intrusion of knowledge. I am sure that his belief may have been shuffled sometimes by an evil wind ("Evil winds from the

West" in his "Hōrai"), but it was fortunate for him that Spencer brought him back to his original serenity. Not from only one reason can I say that he made the East and West meet and exchange their courtesies. He understood Buddhism through beauty's eye; the Buddha idol appeared to him to be a symbol of love and beauty; and for him, truth and faith came afterward. His being of an objective temperament made it easy for him to enter into the ideal of Buddhistic art of Mahayana (Greater Vehicle). But I am ready even to speculate that, if he could have lived longer, his mind would have turned to the subjective meditation of the Shodo Buddhism like that of Rin-zai or Soto or Nichiren; and I am told that he was planning to study Buddhism more deeply under the guidance of Dr. Murakami, when he died. It is not necessary here to try to fathom his belief; it is beautiful to read his lyrical conception of the world and life which he sang in his own Buddhist temple. He is not the only one who has been glad to believe in the mystery of rebirth and ghosts, and it is quite natural to believe in them in Japan where, as he wrote to his friend, "is a domesticated Nature, which loves man, and makes itself beautiful for him in a quiet grey-and-blue way like the Japanese women, and the trees seem to know what people say about them, — seem to have little human souls." He laughed with the flowers and birds, and he cried with the dying trees.

To-day I turned to the book of my old diary, wherein I read my conversation with Mrs. Hearn which I had two or three days after Hearn's funeral. Let me copy out some part of it: —

"Mrs. Koizumi, your gardeners were moving away some of your garden trees. One of them told me that those trees were for his graveyard. Is it true?" I asked her.

"Oh! yes, Mr. Noguchi. He used to say that he could not live without trees. He had a strong passion for trees and flowers.

"I am trying to please him or his spirit, by moving some of them to his Zoshigaya cemetery, — some of his favorite trees. He loved the fir tree best, and also the bamboo. He was fond of the *Orana Genge* (a sort of violet). I am hoping to have a green moss cover the ground yard, since he was devoted to it. How he loved to touch the soft velvety moss. However, he was never pleased to break anything when it was complete. I thought at first he would not wish me to destroy the garden by taking off some trees, even for him. But it was my second thought that told me he would rather wish to have the trees and flowers familiar for many years than to have newly bought trees and flowers. So my gardeners have begun their work. You cannot imagine how he loved trees. There was one high cedar tree in the front garden of the Kobutera (his favorite temple). Some months ago the priests cut it down. 'What cruelty!' he cried. 'I feel as if my own arm were cut off. I shall never go there again'; and never again did he turn his steps toward his beloved temple."

It amuses me to read one of his earliest letters from Japan, that said: "Pretty to talk of my 'pen of fire.' I've lost it. Well, the fact is, it is no use here. There is n't any fire here. It is all soft, dreamy, quiet, pale, faint, gentle, hazy, vapory, visionary — a land where lotus is a common article of diet — and where there is scarcely any real summer. Even the seasons are feeble, ghostly things. Don't please imagine there are any tropics here. Ah! the tropics — they still pull at my heart-strings. Goodness! my real field was there — in the Latin countries, in the West Indies and Spanish America:

and my dream was to haunt the old crumbling Portuguese and Spanish cities, and steam up the Amazon and the Orinoco, and get romances nobody else could find. And I could have done it, and made books that would sell for twenty years."

He must be pleased now, I think, since, after all, he could write the books which will sell as long as Japan lives. The particulars which disappointed him at first were nothing but Japan's points of beauty and distinction. Any artist will tell you that he would be a flat failure in Japan if he could not use the bluish-gray skillfully. To understand and appreciate this land of azure, — this land of shadow and whisper, where memory and ghosts live as a living soul, — would take some long years for anybody of foreign origin.

Hearn remarked in his "Azure Psychology" that the power of perceiving blue will not be acquired until after the power of distinguishing red and green and yellow has already been gained. I believe that he was not highly advanced in his æsthetic perception, when he found himself first in Japan. It may be the magic and power of chance that he got married to a Japanese woman whose "gray-and-blue bosom" was the first thing he had to understand; in its sweetness he discovered the golden key to open the secret of Old Japan with every thrill of the delight of azure. There is no greater appreciation of Japan than "Azure Psychology," in his *Exotics and Retrospectives*; when he found "something of all the aspirations of the ancient faiths, and the power of the vanished gods, and the passion and the beauty of all the prayer ever

uttered by lips of man" in the vision of luminous blue of Old Japan, I say, his heart thrilled with her real life of emotion and mystery.

We Japanese have been regenerated by his sudden magic, and baptized afresh under his transcendental rapture; in fact, the old romances which we had forgotten ages ago were brought again to quiver in the air, and the ancient beauty which we buried under the dust rose again with a strange yet new splendor. He made us shake the old robe of bias which we wore without knowing it, and gave us a sharp sensation of revival. However, what impressed us most was that he was a striking figure of protest. He wrote to Mr. Otani: "While this rage for wasting time in societies goes on there will be no new Japanese literature, no new drama, no new poetry — nothing good of any kind. Production will be made impossible, and only the commonplace translation of foreign ideas. The meaning of time, the meaning of work, the sacredness of literature, are unknown to this generation." He was, indeed, the living proof of the power of solitude with which he tried to master these problems, and with which he succeeded.

And I incline to predict that our future generation will be glad to remember him as the writer of the "Story of Miminashi-Hoichi," the "Dream of Akinosuke," and others; behind the waving gossamer of those little stories his personality appears and disappears as the shiver of a ghost. As Uyeda's *Ugetsu Monogatari* influenced the later writers like Bakin or others, so Hearn's books will come to be regarded in Japan as a sort of depth of inspiration.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

XI

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

GORDON set off, moving by the left flank, with his own and Robert D. Johnston's North Carolina brigade, and, after making a détour through the woods, brought his men up as rapidly and noiselessly as possible on Shaler's flank. Pausing till Johnston should gain the rear of Shaler's brigade, and then, when all was ready, with a single volley, and the usual wild, screaming yells, he rushed right on to the surprised and bewildered lines, which broke convulsively, only to meet Johnston. Seymour's right is struck, panic sets in, and the men are fleeing down the lines to the left, and hundreds, if not thousands, back to the Flat Run and Germanna Roads. When those following the breastworks reach Neil's steadfast brigade, Colonel Smith of the Sixty-first Pennsylvania gives the command, "By the right flank, file right, double-quick, march!" This brings him right across the retreating masses, and he tells his men to stop the stampede as best they can; but the disorganized men sweep through them in the gathering darkness, the Confederates on their heels. But, meanwhile, Morris and Upton had come to Smith's aid, and between them they stopped Gordon; not, however, without losing a number of men and prisoners, among whom was F. L. Blair of Pittsburg, a member of the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, to whom I am indebted for a vivid account of what happened. Shaler and

Seymour, trying to rally their men, were both taken prisoners.

As soon as the break occurred, Sedgwick threw himself among his veterans, crying, "Stand! stand, men! Remember you belong to the Sixth Corps!" On hearing his voice in the darkness, they rally. Meanwhile the panic is at its height, and several of his staff fly to Meade's headquarters, — Meade at that time was over at Grant's, — telling Humphreys that the right was turned, the Sixth Corps had been smashed to pieces, and that the enemy were coming up the road. Humphreys, with that promptness and cool-headedness which never deserted him, let the situation be as appalling as it might, at once made dispositions to meet this unexpected onslaught, calling on Hunt, the provost guard, and Warren, all of whom responded briskly. Lyman says in his notes, "About 7.30 P. M. ordered to take over a statement of the case to General Grant in the hollow hard by. He seemed more disturbed than Meade about it, and they afterwards consulted together. In truth, they [the enemy] had no idea of their success." Meade then returned to his headquarters, Grant going with him.

On hearing some of the panicky reports from Sedgwick's aides, Meade turned to one of them and asked fiercely, "Do you mean to tell me that the Sixth Corps is to do no more fighting this campaign?" "I am fearful not,

sir," quoth——. I think I can see and hear Meade, and I cannot help smiling, for it reminds me of a little interview I had with him myself a few days later, the first morning at Spottsylvania. I happened to be in the yard of the Hart house, gazing across the valley of the sleepy Po at a long Confederate wagon-train hastening southward amid a cloud of dust, when he rode up. I ventured to say to him that a battery would easily reach that train. He gave me a most deploring look and said, "Yes! and what good would you do? scare a few niggers and old mules!" That was the only suggestion I made to him for the management of his campaign. Well, Sedgwick, having thrown himself into the breach, rallied his men, and the danger was soon over; for Gordon's troops were in utter confusion, swallowed up by the Wilderness, as ours had been in every one of their attacks; and he was mighty glad, and so were his men, to get back to their lines.

Gordon's attack, brilliant as it was and thoroughly in keeping with his exploits on so many fields, fields whose sod I am sure cherishes his memory fondly, has never seemed to me to have had the importance that he, in his frank, trumpet-breathing reminiscences, attached to it. He contends that, if he had been allowed to make the attack earlier in the day, it would inevitably have brought complete victory. But how easy for him, how natural for us all, to be deceived by retrospection! for Chance sows her seed of Possibility in the upturned earth of every critical hour of our lives, the mist of years quickens them, and in due time their clambering, blossoming vines are over the face of Failure, hiding its stony, inexorable stare. The past of every one, of armies and empires, as history tells us well, is dotted with patches of this blooming posy, and I

can readily see how Gordon's reverie-dreaming eye, floating over the sad fate of the Confederacy which he loved so well, should fall on that day in the Wilderness; and how at once Possibility reversed the failure beneath the lace-work of this apparently so real, so comforting and illusive bloom.

Yet, as a matter of fact, there was only one hour in the day of the 6th, as I view it, when his attack would have been determining. But that hour, fortunately for the country, never came: namely, when Longstreet should have overwhelmed Hancock, which, as I believe upon my soul, he would have done had not Fate intervened. In that case, Hancock's troops falling back routed among the huddled and agonized trains,—what a time they would have had trying to extricate themselves from the tangled woods! and Hancock would probably have met the end of Wadsworth, inasmuch as he never would have left that key of the battle without pledging his life over and over again,—I say, had Gordon struck at that hour, nothing, I think, could have saved the Army of the Potomac. But so long as we held the Brock Road, I doubt very much if it would have been attended with any results more serious than it was.

But let that be as it may, by half-past nine the tumult died down and the Wilderness resumed her large, deep silence. So great was the confusion, and so keen was the consciousness that a great disaster had just been escaped, that it was decided to establish a new line for Sedgwick; and accordingly the engineers proceeded in the darkness to lay one. Starting on the right of the Fifth Corps, they swung the new line back along the ridge south of Caton's Run, resting its right across the Germanna Road, thus giving up all north of Caton's Run, including the Flat Run Road. It was near midnight when

Sedgwick's men began to move into their new retrograde and obviously defensive position.

This acknowledged attitude of repulse, together with the dismaying experiences of Warren and Hancock, threw the shadow of impending disaster, which found expression far and wide that night in sullenly muttered predictions that the army would recross the Rapidan within the next twenty-four hours. And what should be more natural? For two days of conflict with the Army of Northern Virginia south of the Rapidan and Rappahannock had marked hitherto the limit of the Army of the Potomac's bloody stay. The two days were up, the losses very, very heavy, — between sixteen and seventeen thousand killed and wounded, — the fighting in some respects more desperate than ever, and as a climax, the right flank crushed, as in Hooker's case!

Was history to repeat itself? Three long years of it? When will this thing end? Must we go back defeated, and then try it over again? No, sorely and oft-tested veterans, you have crossed the Rapidan for the last time. At this hour to-morrow night you will be on the march toward Richmond; for, dark as it looks to you and to us all, the Rapidan will never hear your tread again till you are marching home from Appomattox. And I am sure the river will ask you, as you are on your way across it then, "What has become of Lee's bugles that we used to hear on still nights? and of the singers of the hymns, and the voices of those who prayed in such humility for peace, for their firesides, and their Confederacy, — it is almost a year since we have heard them. What has become of them all?" And I think I can hear you reply tenderly, "We overcame them at Appomattox, have given them the best terms we could, have shared our rations

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and parted with them, hoping that God would comfort them and at last bless the Southland." And so He has. O Hate, where was thy victory? O Defeat, where was thy sting?

To revert to Gordon's attack: the rumor was started that night — my friend, "Charley" McConnell of the Fifth Artillery, heard it and reported it to Sheridan — that Meade was ready to take the back track. Later in the campaign, when the burdens were lying heavy on his shoulders, and everybody should have stood by him, for the awful slaughter of Cold Harbor had just occurred, unscrupulous staff officers and newspaper correspondents whom he had offended declared the rumor to be a fact. Meade's temper! How much it cost him, and how long it kept the story going! His one great trouble was that he always made ill-breeding, shrewdness, and presuming mediocrity, uncomfortable. If Fortune had hung a censer on his sword-hilt, and he could have swung the odor of sweet spices and fragrant gums under the nostrils of his fellow-men, including cabinet officers, — then, oh, then, his star would not be shining, as now, alone and so far below Sheridan's and Sherman's!

But as for his taking the back track, on the contrary he is reported to have exclaimed, "By God! the army is across now, and it has got to stay across." If the oath were uttered, heard and recorded, then when the book shall be opened and his name be called, "George Gordon Meade!" and he shall rise and, uncovering, answer in his richly modulated voice "Here!" I believe, as the old fellow stands there at the bar of judgment, bleak his heart but unfaltering his eye, he will look so like an honest gentleman in bearing, that the Judge, after gazing at his furrowed face awhile, will say with smothered emotion, "Blot out the oath and pass him

in." I really hope at the bottom of my heart, Reader, that he will include you and me, and the bulk of the old Army of the Potomac. And, to tell the honest truth, I shall be unhappy if we do not find the old Army of Northern Virginia there, too.

Well, the second day of Lee's and Grant's mighty struggle for mastery in the Wilderness is over; the losses of each have been appalling; and great majestic night has fallen again. From Maine to the far-away Missouri, for Sherman was moving also, there was not a neighborhood or a city where awe and anxiety were not deep. The newspapers have proclaimed the armies in motion, and the thousands of letters written just as camp was breaking to start on the campaign have reached home, and been read aloud to the assembled family; and I have no doubt that fathers' voices trembled as they read them, and that mothers with uplifted apron dried their tears, saying, "Perhaps our Tom will be spared; perhaps he will be." "Do not give way, mother; do not cry. Old Grant will win at last," exclaims the husband, as he puts the letter back into the envelope and passes a loving hand over his wife's bended brow. But let Hope and Affection be as consoling and confident as might be, they could not drown the memory of the long train of consuming and depressing vicissitudes of the Army of the Potomac, which, with the other armies in Virginia, up to this time had lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, the awful aggregate of 143,925 men, the majority of them under twenty-two. What a pall for Affection and Hope to bleach!

Two days of awful suspense have gone by, and city is calling to city; in fact, all over the North breaks the inquiry, What news from Grant? The hour is midnight, and not a word from him; the lights have all gone out in

the scattered farmhouses, the deep hum of the streets has died away, and the night editors of the great dailies in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago are holding back their issues, hoping that the next click of the fast operating telegraph will bring tidings, glad tidings of victory from the old Army of the Potomac. Mr. Lincoln cannot sleep, and at midnight, unable to stand the uncertainty any longer, asks Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to go down and see Grant and find out how it is going.

At that very hour his staff and all about headquarters, save a newspaper man, were asleep, and Grant with the collar of his coat upturned was sitting alone, with clouded face, looking into a little dying-down camp-fire, nervously shifting his legs over each other. Of all the tides in the remarkable career of this modest, quiet man, that of this midnight hour in the Wilderness is easily the highest in dramatic interest. What was the outlook, and what were the natural reflections, as he sat there alone at that still, solemn hour?

Two days of deadly encounter; every man who can bear a musket has been put in; the left wing repulsed and now on the defensive behind breastworks, the cavalry drawn back, the trains seeking safety beyond the Rapidan; Sedgwick routed, thousands and thousands of killed and wounded, — he can almost hear the latter's cry, so hushed is the night, — and the army pervaded with a lurking feeling of being face to face with disaster. What is the matter with the Army of the Potomac? Is an evil, dooming spirit cradled with it, which no righteous zeal or courage can appease? And, if this thought entered his mind in his rapid turning-over of the day's fortunes, would it not account for his uneasiness of position?

Let there be no mistake: Grant had reached the verge of the steepest crisis

in his life; and I think under the circumstances he would not have been human if, as he looked down into its chasm, the past had not come back. From obscurity and shadow he had risen, had gained victory after victory which had lifted him to the chief command, and his countrymen had pinned their last hopes on his star. And now was he to follow in the steps of McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Hooker, and Burnside, and land at last in his old home in Galena, a military failure? He had done his best, he was conscious of no harm in thought or deed to any of his fellow men in his upward flight. He had loved his country as boy and man. The tide of feeling was up. At last he leaves the slumbering camp-fire for his tent, and I am told by one to whom it was confided, one of his very close aides, that he threw himself on the cot-bed, and something like stifled, subdued sobs were heard. But before dawn broke, the cloud that had settled on him had risen, and, when his attached friend, General Wilson, who was a member of his military family while at Vicksburg, disturbed over rumors, rode to his headquarters at an early hour, Grant, sitting before the door of his tent, said calmly as Wilson, having dismounted some paces away, started towards him, with anxious face, "It's all right, Wilson; the Army of the Potomac will go forward to-night." And at 6.30 A. M. he sent the following order to Meade:—

GENERAL:— Make all preparations during the day for a night march, to take position at Spottsylvania Court House with one army corps; at Todd's Tavern with one; and another near the intersection of Piney Branch and Spottsylvania Railroad with the road from Alsop's to Old Court House. If this move should be made, the trains should be thrown forward early in the

morning to the Ny River. I think it would be advisable in making this change to leave Hancock where he is until Warren passes him. He could then follow and become the right of the new line. Burnside will move to Piney Branch Church. Sedgwick can move along the Pike to Chancellorsville, thence to Piney Branch Church, and on to his destination. Burnside will move on the Plank Road, then follow Sedgwick to his place of destination. All vehicles should be got off quietly. It is more than probable the enemy will concentrate for a heavy attack on Hancock this afternoon. In case they do, we must be prepared to resist them and follow up any success we may gain with our whole force. Such a result would necessarily modify these instructions. All the hospitals should be moved to-day to Chancellorsville.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

To take up the thread of my return with the despatches. Impressed by Mrs. Allen's story and ominous satisfaction, I left the escort with directions to come on at its own marching gait, and hastened to Germanna Ford, crossed the river on the pontoon bridge, and, having gained the bluff, gave my horse the bit. He bore me speedily along the densely wood-bordered road, spotted by cast-away blankets and deserted now, save where here and there lay prone a sick or completely exhausted Negro soldier of Ferrero's overmarched colored division. They were not ordinary stragglers, and I remember no more pleading objects. Most of them had lately been slaves, and across the years their hollow cheeks and plaintive sympathy-imploring eyes are still the lonesome roadside's bas-reliefs. The dewy morning air was steeped with the odor of burning woods, and the fire, although it had run its mad course, was

still smoking faintly from stumps and fallen trees. This side of Flat Run it had come out of the woods and laid a crisp black mantle on the shoulders of an old field.

Beyond the run (no one can cross it now without pausing, for, standing in gray clumps, its large, umbrella-topped water-birches will capture the eye with their ghostly vistas) suddenly and much to my surprise I came squarely against a freshly-spaded line of entrenchments with troops of the Sixth Corps behind it; and in less time than it takes to tell, I was in the presence of General Sedgwick and his staff. The rather stubby, kindly-faced general was dismounted, and with several of his aides was sitting on the pine-needle-strewn bank of the road. His left cheek-bone bore a long, black smudge which I suspect had been rubbed on during the night by coming in contact with a charred limb while he was rallying his men. From Beaumont or Kent of his staff, or possibly from "Charity" Andrews of Wilson's class (for I remember distinctly having a short talk with him either then or later on the way to Meade's headquarters), I got an account of what had happened.

In a few minutes I was approaching Grant's headquarters; the fog and smoke were so deep one could barely see the Lacy house. Meade was standing beside Seth Williams, the adjutant-general, when I handed the latter the despatches, saying that I had received his orders to return with them and that I had not been able to make telegraphic connection with Washington. Meade asked, "Where did you cross the Rapidan this morning?" I replied, "At Germanna Ford, on the pontoon bridge." "Is that bridge still down?" he demanded sharply. "Yes, at least it was when I crossed only a little while ago." Whereupon he turned and in a gritty, authoritative tone of command called out, "Duane!"

Duane was eight or ten feet away, talking with some one. I had noticed him particularly, for his back was literally plastered with fresh mud, his horse having reared and fallen backward with him. On his approaching, Meade, looking fiercer than an eagle, wanted to know why the bridge was still down, orders having been given at half-past eleven the night before for its immediate removal to Ely's Ford. I was mighty glad that I was not in Duane's shoes, for Meade did not spare him. I dare say that, in the confusion due to Gordon's attack, Duane's orders had miscarried.

Having returned the letters — they had filled my breast-pocket — to their respective writers, I got a little something to eat, then went to Edie's tent and was soon fast asleep.

From early dawn on this third day the armies were alert, each ready behind its strengthened entrenchments, with heavy skirmish lines in front, waiting for the other, both confident of their ability to repulse direct attack. But so far as the Army of the Potomac was concerned, Grant's eventful order of 6.30.A. M. to Meade clearly indicated it was to be a day of pause. Lee's career, however, left no reason for neglectful indifference, and much less for a belief that he would retreat. The Army of the Potomac remembered well that he had waited defiantly a day after Antietam and a like time after Gettysburg, inviting assault. No, he was not given to abandoning fields, and the men knew it; so the army, crouching, confronted its dangerous adversary with vigilance unrelaxed, prepared to meet a lunge as a tiger which had felt another's teeth and claws.

Meanwhile the rear of both armies contrasted sharply with their fronts. Scattered over the dulled, impoverished fields, amid flooding sunshine, — for after the smoke and fog had broken

up and gone, it was a beautiful, serenely smiling day, — lay the Reserve Artillery and the multitudinous trains, animals, harnessed and hitched, dozing where they stood. Men and drivers lounged in groups near their guns and teams, some sound asleep, and here and there, by one of them, a bohemian dog that had been picked up and adopted, curled down, nose on paws and eyes half-closed, but out for what was going on. Yes, a battlefield has a wide compass, very human and interesting; but let us return to the military activities of the day.

That morning Sheridan had, on his own initiative, pushed Custer back along the Furnace Road to the Brock; and at noon, having gained the import of Grant's order to Meade, sent Gregg and Merritt to drive the enemy from Piney Branch Church and Todd's Tavern so as to clear the way for Warren and the trains. This was not accomplished till after sundown, and only by the hardest and most resolute kind of fighting. But at last he won the hotly contested field, Stuart leaving, among his dead, Collins, colonel of the Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry.

Out of a tender memory of Collins's fate, — he had been our tall, light-haired, modest, pink-cheeked adjutant at West Point, — while my horses were crunching their dinner of corn on the ear, I walked over the ground last May where he fell. It had lately been raggedly ploughed; and catching sight of a couple of daisies in bloom, I went to them. And now if those to whom sentiment in prose is unpleasing — and there are many such in the world, and too often have I offended them already — will excuse me, I'll say that as I stood over the daisies, a gentle wind came along, waving them softly, and with a heart full of *auld lang syne* I said, "For the sake of my West Point fellow-cadet, wave and bloom on, Daisies!"

Could Sheridan have made his attack with all of his cavalry (Wilson had gone with a part of his division to look after Sedgwick's right), it might have put links of an entirely different character in the chain of events.

Burnside sent word to Grant at an early hour that his officers in command of pickets (it will be remembered that they joined Hancock's right) had reported that Lee's wagons and troops were moving briskly during the night, southward, as they thought. Whereupon Meade urged Hancock to push out his skirmishers and find where the enemy were and what they were about. Accordingly he sent Miles along the unfinished railway, and Birney up the Plank Road. Miles executed his orders with his usual vigor, and located Lee's right about five hundred yards south of the railway. I overheard Hancock say at Meade's headquarters sometime during the previous winter that the best man in his corps on the skirmish line was Miles. Birney found Field behind strong entrenchments this side of the Widow Tapp's field, practically on the spot where he went into bivouac after his unsuccessful assault the evening before. Both Miles and Birney, in pushing their lines hard up against the enemy, met with considerable losses.

As early as 7.40 A. M. Warren notified Humphreys that he had no doubt the enemy was moving a strong force along his line, and that if the whole army lay quiet and Lee concentrated on him he might be driven back, and in that case, on account of the fog and smoke, would be unable to re-form short of the ridge east of Wilderness Run. He suggested therefore the establishment of a provisional line at that point, and further proposed that in view of the enemy withdrawing from Hancock's front, Hancock make a determined attack, adding that Humphreys knew how much more important our right

flank was than our left. Here we have another instance of Warren's tendency to put his finger in the pie. In accordance with his suggestions Comstock, with artillery officers, was sent to select a line on the elevated ground east of the run; and Warren, to make sure of getting back to it if compelled to do so, set some of the engineer battalions and detachments of the Fifteenth New York Engineer Regiment to making bridges across the run. But from all we can learn, his anxiety was wholly unfounded; there is no evidence that Lee at any time during the day entertained a thought of attacking. The fact is, Lee had shot his bolt, and so had Grant. Nor is it at all likely that during the day Lee seriously considered making a strategic move; his disparity of numbers was too great for risking wide manœuvring. Moreover, he knew that in the nature of things Grant would have to choose within the next twenty-four hours between renewed assault, retreat, and advance, and hoping he might choose retreat, he left the door of the Rapidan wide open behind him. But, as illustrative of how the Army of the Potomac credited his fighting spirit, Wilson, before the sun was very high, was directed by Sheridan to send a brigade toward Sedgwick's right and find out if the enemy had made any movement in that direction. He went far enough with McIntosh's brigade to satisfy himself that the Germanna Ford Road was clear, and then, to be doubly sure, sent McIntosh to the ford itself.

Meade became restless on not getting word promptly from the cavalry, and at 8.45 A. M. said in a despatch to Sedgwick, "I cannot understand the non-receipt of intelligence from your cavalry. Single horsemen are constantly arriving from the ford signifying the Plank Road is open." I was doubtless one of the single horsemen referred

to. At 9.30 he informed Sheridan that the cavalry along the Germanna Ford Road reported no indications of the enemy within a mile of it, adding, "Still the gap from the Sixth Corps to the river is open and should be watched." At a quarter to one McIntosh in a despatch to Sedgwick from Germanna Ford reported, "The road is all open. One battalion of the Fifth New York Cavalry crossed the ford this morning at 7 A. M. They came from Rappahannock Station and left that station at 2.30 this morning." This, of course, was my escort.

And now, a strange thing happened. Just after McIntosh's despatch, announcing a clear road, was received, one came to hand from Colonel S. T. Crooks, of the Twenty-second New York, picketing between Flat Run and the ford, saying that the enemy's pickets were on the road, and that a short distance down the Rapidan large columns of dust could be seen, McIntosh meanwhile having moved to Ely's Ford. Thereupon Meade grew furious, and sent this message to poor Crooks: "You will consider yourself under arrest for having sent false information in relation to the enemy. You will turn your command over to the next in rank, directing that officer to report to Colonel Hammond commanding Fifth New York Cavalry for orders."

What were the facts? General A. L. Long, chief of artillery of Ewell's corps and late biographer of Lee, says, "I was directed by General Ewell to make a reconnaissance in the direction of Germanna Ford. Taking one brigade of infantry and two battalions of artillery, I advanced to the Germanna Road, striking it about a mile from the ford. Two or three regiments of cavalry were occupying the road at this point. They were soon driven away by a couple of well-directed shots. It was discovered that the enemy had

almost entirely abandoned the ford and road. It was evident that they were leaving our front." I do not know what ever became of Colonel Crooks, but I hope he was righted at last.

Meanwhile orders had been issued for the wounded to be loaded in trains, and, under an escort of thirteen hundred cavalry, taken across the Rapidan at Ely's Ford and on to Rappahannock Station, there to meet cars that were to be sent out from Alexandria. The wounded were divided into three classes, those who could walk, those able to ride in the wagons, and, third, the most severely wounded, including those suffering from fractures, or from some recent amputation, and, most unfortunate of all, those whose wounds had penetrated the breast or abdominal cavities. The wagons, having assembled at the various hospitals (there were 325 of them and 488 ambulances), were thickly bedded with evergreen boughs on which shelter tents and blankets were spread. Dalton was put in charge of the train, Winne and other corps inspectors aiding at the respective hospitals in getting the necessary supplies together, and selecting and loading the wounded. It was approaching midnight before the train, with its seven thousand souls, either on foot or being carried, was ready to move; nearly a thousand had to be left on account of lack of transportation. No one can appreciate, unless he has been witness of such scenes, the strain upon the surgeons that night. I have often thought that they never received a full measure of recognition for their humane services.

Let us not follow the train in the darkness, for almost every wagon is a hive of moans, and we should hear horrible cries of agony breaking from the men as the wheels grind on boulders or jounce across roots, the piercing shrieks mingling with the shouts of drivers

and clanking of trace-chains. Before Dalton got to the ford, orders came to countermarch and proceed to Fredericksburg with the poor fellows. Whenever an unrighteous war shall be urged upon our country by the unscrupulously ambitious or thoughtless, I wish that the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor would lay bare all that they remember.

In this connection here is what Keifer says: "On my arrival at hospital about 2 P. M. I was carried through an entrance to a large tent, on each side of which lay human legs and arms, resembling piles of stove wood, the blood only excepted. All around were dead and wounded men, many of the latter dying. The surgeons, with gleaming, sometimes bloody, knives and instruments, were busy at their work. I soon was laid on the rough-board operating-table and chloroformed."

Notwithstanding this frightful record, I think I can hear the Wilderness, proud in being the field on which Heaven had joined great issues, exclaim with holy exultation, "Deep as the horrors were, the battles that were fought in my heart were made glorious by the principles at stake: I cherish every drop of the gallant blood, and I am glad it is my trees which breathe a requiem."

I do not recall seeing Grant during the day, but he is reported by one who was near him to have been deeply absorbed, and to have visited the line between Burnside and Warren, his eyes resting on the Chewning farm on the Parker's Store road. As to his antagonist, Lee, Gordon says he invited him early in the forenoon to ride with him over the ground of his movement of the night before. While on the ride, Lee expressed his conviction that if he could check Grant, such a crisis in public affairs in the North would arise as might lead to an armistice; and I am

almost sure he was right. Gordon says he referred to the rumors that Grant was retreating, and that Lee gave them no credit, predicting on the contrary that he would move toward Spottsylvania. In harmony with this view were his orders to Stuart and to Pendleton, his chief of artillery. The former was thoroughly to acquaint himself with the roads on the right, which the army would have to follow should Grant undertake to move, as he thought he might, toward Spottsylvania; and the latter, to cut a path through the woods to facilitate the infantry's march in reaching the Catharpin Road. The filing of the ammunition and headquarter trains past the Wilderness Tavern in the forenoon, preliminary to clearing the way for Warren and the general movement, and visible from Lee's lines, made the source of these precautions plain. Lee established his headquarters for the night at Parker's Store, and between sundown and dark directed Anderson, whom he had assigned to Longstreet's command, to go to Spottsylvania either by Todd's Tavern or Shady Grove Church, and Ewell to conform his movements to those of the troops on his right; and if at daylight he found no large force in his front, to follow Anderson toward Spottsylvania. It is obvious from these orders that Lee was not fully informed of the situation, for at that very hour Sheridan was in full possession of Todd's Tavern, and "Charley" McConnell of Pittsburg was probably burying Collins, the friend of his youth. It may interest some readers to know that he cut off a lock of Collins's hair before he laid him in his narrow bed, and that that lock at last reached loving hands and is preserved.

Meade's orders for the movement were issued at 3 P. M., and like all those written by Humphreys, are models of explicitness. Sedgwick was to move

at 8.30 by way of the Pike and Chancellorsville and thence to Piney Branch Church; Warren was to set off for Spottsylvania by way of the Brock Road. Their pickets were to be withdrawn at 1 A. M. Burnside was to follow Sedgwick, and Hancock was to stand fast. The sun was just above the treetops when Warren with his staff left the Lacy House. For some reason that I do not know, instead of following the Germanna Road to the Brock, he took the Pike, and just as we gained the brow of the hill at the old Wilderness Tavern there was borne from the enemy's lines on the still evening air the sound of distant cheering. I halted and turned my horse's head in their direction, that is, to the right and up the run; the sun was then halfway lodged in the treetops, and looked like a great, red copper ball. I think I can hear that Confederate line cheering yet. At the time I supposed that, seeing us on the move, they thought that we had had enough of it, and were seeking safety at Fredericksburg. It seems, however, to have been unpremeditated and to have been started by some North Carolina regiment in the right of their line cheering Lee who happened to go by them. Assuming that it was a cry of defiance, the adjacent brigade took it up, and, like a wave on the beach, it broke continuously along their entire line. And after dying away, from their right beyond the unfinished railway to their extreme left resting on Flat Run, it was followed by two more like surges.

Cheers never broke on a stiller evening. There is not a breath of air, the flushing west is fading fast, the world is on the verge of twilight, and trees, roads, fields, and distances are dimming as they clothe themselves in its pensive mystery. Where now are the scenes and the sounds of only three evenings ago? Where are all the men who were

singing in their bivouacs along Wilderness Run? Where are Wadsworth, Hays, Jenkins, Jones, Stafford, McElwain, Campbell Brown, Griswold, and "Little" Abbott? And where are the hopes and plans of Grant and Lee when the sun went down on the 4th? Well! well! and all will be well! The Pike to Chancellorsville is packed with moving trains. The resolute batteries that stood on the slope, where the little chapel stands now, have pulled out, crossed the run, and their heavy wheels are rolling over and muttering their, rumbling jars; they will hear no bugle-calls for taps to-night, nor will three thousand dead. The sunset flush has ebbed from the west, the lone, still trees are growing dark, and the overhead dome vaulting the old fields of the Lacy plantation is filling with a wan, hushed light. Wilderness Run now utters its first soft gurgling for the night, and weary day is closing her eyes. Grant's and Meade's headquarters tents are struck, the orderlies have their horses ready, the men are waiting behind the entrenchments in the already dark woods for the word silently to withdraw. A few minutes more and the Lacy farm will be hidden. Now it is gone; and here comes the head of Warren's corps with banners afloat. What calm serenity, what unquenchable spirit, are in the battle-flags! On they go. Good-by, old fields, deep woods, and lonesome roads. And mur-

muring runs, Wilderness, and Caton's, you too farewell.

The head of Warren's column has reached the Brock Road, and is turning south. At once the men catch what it means. The Old Army of the Potomac is not retreating, and in the dusky light as Grant and Meade pass by, they give them a high, ringing cheer. And now we are passing Hancock's lines, and never, never shall I forget the scene. Dimly visible but almost within reach from our horses, the gallant men of the Second Corps are resting against the bitterly defended breastworks from which they hurled Field. Here and there is a weird little fire, groups of mounted officers stand undistinguishable in the darkness, and up in the towering treetops of the thick woods beyond the entrenchments tongues of yellow flames are pulsing from dead limbs lapping the black face of night. All is deathly still. We pass on, cross the unfinished railway, then Poplar Run, and then up a shouldered hill. Our horses are walking slowly. We are in dismal pine woods, the habitation of thousands of whip-poor-wills uttering their desolate notes unceasingly. Close behind us the men are toiling on.

It is midnight. Todd's Tavern is two or three miles away. Deep, deep is the silence. Jehovah reigns; Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor are waiting for us; and here we end.

(The End.)

THE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS

BY BEULAH B. AMRAM

There be myriad hopes for all the myriad minds.
— EURIPIDES' *Bacchantes*.

A FLAMING shaft of light fell through the west window on the starry flowers and opening buds of masses of field-aster; fell, flushing the quiet corner where the Diadumenus of Polycletus stood, calm in repose after toil, among the works of poets, artists, sages that, living, saw him bind upon his head the diadem of victory. It touched the open book over which an aged figure bent in scholarly absorption. He raised his eyes, surprised to see warm color where only sombre gray had been, and went slowly to the window. The sun was setting behind angry clouds heaped against the horizon, and through a rift shone infinite depths of lucid color, hue over hue. Over everything lay a tint of rose, rose in the very shadows on the grass, rose in the little pools that the over-fed earth could not drink in, rose on the dying heads of bloom that clung to the bushes of hydrangea, rose on the faces of the children who romped in the brimming lane. As he looked, his pallid face flushed too with rose. But a moment, and it died away from cloud and tree and open sky, and it was autumn, — by the fallen leaves that already lay thick upon the grass, by the keen touch in the clear air, by the purple mist that was rolling up from the distant valley. Kore, gathering flowers in a meadow of soft grass, roses, and crocus and fair violets and flags and hyacinths, the golden-haired goddess of summer has become Persephone, the sombre-hooded goddess of

death. And it was autumn in his heart; it was not with him as with those merry shrill-voiced children, careless alike of glow and of eclipse.

“Grant them with feet so light to pass through life!” he murmured, and turned slowly back to his text. A sudden wave of weariness came over him. The quiet room, that had been filled with calm as of a cloistered court through whose pillared archways the clamor of the street comes softened, seemed to him now a place of deadening quiet cut off from living issues. On the narrow pathways of the ancient world he had found peace — peace that gives riches. But was not the tranquillity of his scholarly habit the selfish detachment of the shirker? Should not his strength have gone to help rear the temple of the world's growing righteousness? And around him, as with tangible presences, pressed the struggling figures of a groaning world, banishing the images of that serene antiquity.

In the fast-waning light, his glance fell where, above the beloved books, Apollo gazed in godlike calm on his neighbor, the Hebrew prophet, bowed under the fierce anger of the Lord. And a fancy seized him that he strove to make clear to himself, those two ideal figures coming to typify for him two permanent human types. Apollo whose cithera sounds sweetly beneath the golden quill as he goes, wrapped round in golden haze, amid the glitter of dancing feet, and the pleasant sound of pipes — eternally a youth, what shall

his joyous perfection know of brooding sorrow? And that other on whom Apollo looks so uncomprehendingly — his eyes are a fountain of tears because his people “have forsaken the fountain of living waters and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water,” and his soul, filled with the beauty of righteousness, turns from the beauty of perfected human powers.

He smiled to think that so fantastic a mood could come to him because a starry-eyed youth had sat with him an hour, a young man whose childhood he had watched among flowers and animals and all care-free things. Now he too had seen the face of the World-Sorrow where “she waits for all men born,” and had gone with joy to meet that pensive figure, with the faith of youth, that the lever of his boundless sympathy should lift her burden. — Ah, those divine far-off days of his own youth when he had walked bare-headed on fair spring evenings beneath the flowering maples, dreaming of a world made better for his presence. He remembered the scene in *Paradise Lost*, when, to God’s plea for a ransom for man’s fate, the answer came: “On me let thine anger fall. . . . On me let Death wreak all his rage.”

With a thrill he reflected that every lofty-souled youth is a savior of the world, and would take unto his breast with joy the darts of hate and suffering if so he might do service in his death. And the tragedy of man became to him infinitely greater than that of the Miltonic figure who died with the foreknowledge of the efficacy of his sacrifice, that

No cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconciliation: wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

The great tragedy is to see the glorious vision fade, to wear out body and mind and soul to serve a mankind that

does not want one’s service, to see new heights open beyond one’s reach, heights unscalable because one’s aspiration has found bounds and there will be “never glad confident morning again.”

In his room at college there had hung over his table, as a motto, “Justice is like the Kingdom of God — it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning.” In those days of great yearning for the Kingdom of God, he had felt that the service of all great souls together forever should establish it at last as a fact without us; that though it were not upon any to finish the work, yet none was free to withdraw his hand. Now he knew that the work could never be finished, but that it was the eternal mission of youth never to let that yearning die.

He remembered now with a smile of tolerance, both for her and for himself, his contempt for the doctrine preached and followed by the most inspiring figure he had ever known — a woman who believed in the uplifting of the world and the accomplishment of its destiny through the conscious perfection of each individual; who believed that, besides the world of doing, there is also a world of being, of becoming perfectly whatever thing Nature had intended each to be. In those days he had seen only the selfish side of such a doctrine, had thought that the bearing of each others’ burdens, the lessening of material suffering, the sowing wide-cast of the seeds of sympathy and love, was the only object of human existence. When he had read in the *Memoabilia*, “The best man is he who most tries to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who most feels that he is perfecting himself,” he had felt that if that apotheosis of selfishness was the highest point that could be reached by the greatest sage of the Hellenic world, he would have none of it. The great-

ness of our modern world seemed to him to lie in this, that economic science was fixing and making practicable those maxims of mutual help that are the basis of every system of moral philosophy. He could have no patience with the sentiment, "*C'est le bonheur des hommes quand ils pensent juste.*" Who could find happiness in the beauty of right thinking with the cry of the children in his ears?

In the ceiling of the little room where he had spent his boyhood, amid the scrolls and arabesques of the fashion then in vogue, there was moulded in relief a head. The winter sun used to creep in upon him as he sat thrilling at Diomedes, when before him the helmeted Trojans fell, and darkness veiled their eyes, and their arms resounded upon them; weeping with Andromache when the noble soul of crest-tossing Hector left his limbs, bewailing its destiny, relinquishing vigor and youth. The glory that was Greece brooded over him in that quiet room, and the Gnidian Venus was not more lovely to her creator than that plaster head to his eager soul. From the straight brow and placid mouth the beauty of Minerva shone upon him, — the divinity of wisdom. Later at school his reading of the Homeric lines had brought the crashing tumult of battle into the droning class, heavy with syntax, and the kindly tutor had quietly said, "Once in a lifetime there comes a boy who feels Greek like that." He was one of those on whom detail and incident flashed sharply, and so his interpretations had all the vigor of a creative impulse, for did he not give back life again to those long dead? Yet he had fought as a temptation these things that were taking him from the useful things, the practical things, the things that should make men happier and better. He had denied the need to know what Zeno taught in Elea, denied the right to lose

one's self in scholastic speculation about that which is, and that which is not. With the over-emphatic dogmatism of insistent youth he had put away — from a world that needed action, not thinking — those serene lovers of ideas, those thinkers to whom ideas were as palpable objects to be handled like the demonstrable symbols of mathematics. Not theories of æsthetics with the philosophers, that men may think beautifully, but theories of prosperity with the economists, that men may act justly.

One day he had paused to weigh the words of Sir Thomas Browne, the wise, the genial: "There are infirmities not only of body but of soul, and fortunes which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. It is no greater charity to clothe his body than to apparel the nakedness of his soul. . . . To this (as calling myself a scholar) I am obliged by the duty of my condition. I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasury, of knowledge. I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning. I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves." By an inexplicable association there had flashed to him — to abide with him ever after — the significance of the scene in Socrates' school-room, where the slave of Meno, though ignorant of geometry, proves by constructing a square that what we call learning is in fact reminiscence; that innate opinions, stirred up by a process of questioning, develop the order of conscious reasoning. Truly, he had thought, we take out of life and its expression in literature exactly what we bring. In this very real sense we learn nothing, but merely recover out of ourselves, through our own gradual conquering of new heights, with ever-opening broader vistas, what is in us to apprehend. What then could be the best service except to bring to its perfection whatever is hidden in the mind

and heart? The world needs many kinds of service, and there is also a niche for such as he, with his wistful humanist consciousness of so much to know. Each gift is its own justification — its denial, the unpardonable sin. Happiness, then, would be the beneficent use of consciously developed powers. Everything can be brought from without, — all things that feed and clothe and warm, — but Thought, “*sophia*,” Wisdom, — that is a thing that must grow up in her own temple, guarded and untouched. Sore need there is to-day of priests that shall keep pure and bright the fires of her altars.

He was often told by Apostles of the Useful, whose sons should know no dead languages, no dead philosophies, that it was commonly known that the middle classes to-day “lived” better than did the nobles of Elizabeth’s time. Undoubtedly, more people had reached the point of doing nothing more hours of the day. But was it *otium cum dignitate*? Was it not rather leisure with great weariness, with greater and greater leaning on the pleasure that comes from without, with ever-weakening reliance on the infinite pleasures of right thinking? In a moment of weariness at the end of a long life a sage had found true wisdom in keeping the heart and soul aloof from over-subtle wits, but there was little danger that the practical modern world would court unwisdom by excessive cultivation of the powers of speculation.

He had long since ceased questioning the practical value of his work, but now he drew out and reread a letter from a man come to great honor in a distant land.

“Whatever I have been able to do has been to satisfy your hope of me. To all who came to you, you gave one serene standpoint, that by reducing to intelligible form the infinite number of impressions that crowd in upon us from

the world of thought and feeling, we might reach Cosmos in the old sense, beautiful order — order that is the mother of effective work. So that, diverse as be our fields in the world’s work, I am only following the light you gave me, without losing myself on the bypaths of useless and self-conscious questioning.”

A crackle of flames, a glow on wall and ceiling from the lighted fire. The imprisoned sweetness of the logs gave its pungent perfume to increase the joy of his mood. His hand sought one of the old favorites. All the peace of the myriads that had found happiness in those pages came over him.

“So I, and Eucritus, and the fair Amyntichus, turned aside into the house of Phrasidamus, and lay down with delight in beds of sweet tamarisk and fresh cuttings from the vines, strewed on the ground. Many poplars and elm-trees were waving over our heads, and not far off the running of the sacred water from the cave of the nymphs warbled to us; in the shimmering branches the sun-burnt grasshoppers were busy with their talk, and from afar the little owl cried softly out of the tangled thorns of the blackberry; the larks were singing and the hedge-birds, and the turtle-dove moaned; the bees flew round and round the fountains, murmuring softly; the scent of late summer and of the fall of the year was everywhere; the pears fell from the trees at our feet, and apples in number rolled down at our sides, and the young plum-trees were bent to the earth with the weight of their fruit. The wax, four years old, was loosed from the heads of the wine-jars. O nymphs of Castalia, who dwell on the steep of Parnassus, tell me, I pray, was it a draught like this that the aged Chiron placed before Hercules, in the stony cave of Pholus? Was it nectar like this that made the mighty shep-

herd on Anapus's shore, Polyphemus, who flung rocks upon Ulysses' ships, dance among his sheepfolds? Such a cup ye poured out on the altar of Demeter, who presides over the threshing-floor. May it be mine, once more, to

dig my big winnowing-fan through her heaps of corn; and may I see her smile upon me, holding poppies and handfuls of corn in her two hands!"

So many with such joy had trod that path. What should he do but follow?

THE WAY OF A WOOD-CHOPPER

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

"COUNTRY life," said the Wood-chopper, "is happier now than ever it used to be."

"In what way?" asked Civilia.

"Oh, in every way," returned the Wood-chopper. "It has grown up to itself; it has developed a cult; a cult consciously Greek."

Civilia, picking out a stump to perch upon, bent and counted the mysterious inner rings. "This tree," she announced, "was seventy-five years old. What fun to know! Go on talking, Wood-chopper."

The Wood-chopper, leaning on his buck-saw, his pipe in his mouth, stared at her.

"That little square piece of lace in the neck of your gown — it is like a drink to a thirsty man; you look like the women of Bernardino Luini, or the Raibolini 'Francia'; your hair with the sun on it has the most curious dappled look."

Civilia, for answer, stuck out a slippered toe; she kicked viciously at a chip. "I must be going in the house," she remarked meaningly. "The Troubadour's wife is waiting to walk with me."

"Forgive me; I forgot. One does

forget, you know, — especially in the country. I was saying," the Wood-chopper's hazel eyes looked daring — "Now just what *was* I saying?"

"That thing about country life," prompted Civilia briskly. "And please work while you talk; I came out here to see you work; it was that," with emphasis, "that interested me."

"Ah? — Oh, yes." The Wood-chopper ran his hand along the flat bands of the saw. "Country life. I mean that it's grown a new side; that, to my thinking, is the result, the only good result, of this extravagant age. In the old days they had a golden period, when every one had time and money to indulge in æsthetic tastes. Well, the country life demonstrates our 'Golden Age.' The new farmer has, you might say, learned the symbolism of his surroundings."

"How?"

"Well, for example." The Wood-chopper picked up a huge knotty log, set it on the saw-buck, and braced it with his knee; he then threw Civilia a humorous look, announcing, "The Kitchen-Fire Sonata. First movement — *adagio—cantabile, legato.*"

"You funny thing!"

The Wood-chopper began to saw. His long, firm hands, grasping the uncouth implement, flashed back and forth in even rhythm. Civilia, sitting by, dreamily watched the sawdust fall. She stole glance after glance at the resolute line of the Wood-chopper's lips, her eyes rested on his shoulders, rising, falling. Could this indeed be the same man who a year ago in the city had come to her, bitter, broken, ruined, to say good-by and ask her to forget him?

"I am so glad I could not forget him," Civilia's heart whispered. "Oh, how can I ever thank the Troubadour and his wife for bringing me here!" Then, remembering, she bit her lip. "Mercy," she reminded herself, "mercy, a Wood-chopper—?"

The end of the log dropped off. The Wood-chopper, smiling, turned to Civilia and bowed. He limbered his saw; he took up a bit of bacon-rind and greased the broad band. His eyebrows were quizzically raised.

"It is customary, at the end of the first movement, to applaud."

Civilia blushed. "I beg your pardon, I forgot. I was thinking, thinking of what you said, — that Greek country-consciousness? — Explain, won't you?"

"With pleasure."

The Wood-chopper made as if to come and sit down beside her.

She shook her head, frowning.

"No — of course if you can't work and talk too —" she said severely.

He considered. "I can work and talk too," he answered gravely. "Only, if I come over and chop off one of your little hands, at which I cannot help looking, don't blame me. I can talk as I work. I practiced it all winter."

"To whom did you talk?" suspiciously.

"To a fox, and my dog, Larry, and — myself, dear lady." The Wood-chopper let her see the lonely look in his

eyes. He drew the rest of the log into position and bowed again, saying, "Before I attack this exceedingly difficult *andante*, before I explain that remark of mine about country symbolism, let me ask you a question, — several questions. To begin with, how did the sun look to you to-day at mid-day?"

"What an odd question!" Civilia stooped to pick up some tiny white chips. "It was wonderful — a great golden hub in the centre of an azure wheel of sky."

"I saw you when you were looking up and thinking that," nodded the Wood-chopper. "I was coming out of the barn. I was carrying a sack of potatoes, one of seventy sacks that I planted myself, dug myself, harvested myself. You were coming down out of the hill orchard, singing. You called out to me that you had named the orchard 'The Court of Winged Blossoms'; you said that you had spent the morning on Japanese Fan Scenery, eating cloud-lotus and taking leaf dancing lessons. You wanted to know if I knew that the pasture brook played Paderewski's 'Minuet.' You said that the apple-blossoms looked like — and then you bit your lip and were silent. Do you know that you had absolutely no right to look as you looked then?"

"How absurd of you! I had just found three white violets, and of course I was —"

"Ah?" The Wood-chopper returned his tobacco-pouch to his corduroy pocket. "That explains it. That was your finding-white-violets look. Next year I shall sow the whole south pasture with white violets."

Civilia had collected quite a pile of little chips. Now she set one upon the other until they made a tower in her slender hand. She looked displeased.

"You have not cultivated politeness, have you? You asked me a ques-

tion. I answered it. But you refuse to explain that 'Greek-consciousness' idea, which really interested me."

The Wood-chopper, however, was still evasive.

"What did you think, last night, when you went to bed and knew you were shut away from the world by those great mountains, and felt how little you were and heard the Silence?"

He studied her curiously.

"Oh," she cried eagerly, "was n't it wonderful? Of course, you are used to it; but I — it was the first time. It's deeper than the middle of the ocean, is n't it? Besides, there, you have always the noise of the screw and the cro'nest man calling out, 'ALL'S WELL.' Here," her voice was wistful, "no one calls 'All's well,' and you have to lie awake and look yourself in the face and wonder if all *is* well."

The Wood-chopper stared. "Lie awake and look yourself in the face," he repeated. "You — pansy, you; how do you know about things like that?"

Civilia, absorbed in what she was saying, did not notice his question.

"After the rats and ghosts and things had all quieted down; after the great gloomy Chord of Midnight was struck, I began to feel the hush, swelling in like a tide. It beat on my ears. I hid my head under the covers, ashamed because I could not bear it. I wanted to cry out and beg it to let me understand it. I got up and went to the window and looked out, and do you know what I thought?"

The Wood-chopper could not have known, he waited so anxiously to hear. He stood, head down, his hands in his pockets, kicking at chips and listening.

"It seemed to me," Civilia spoke softly, "that the night was Omniscience. That was what made it so deathly quiet. The black sky was a silent bell studded with stars, and the moon hung in it like a moveless golden

clapper — Oh, dear, — now you're not doing a stitch of work, — I told you you would n't."

But the Wood-chopper had become strangely eager. "Wait a minute," he said. "Listen. It's these very things you've been telling that illustrate what, a few minutes ago, I was trying to say. You'd never have thought them, dreamer though you are, unless you had had sophistication and the treasures of art and literature to play with. Little Greek, little Greek, don't you see what the trained mind and the cultivated imagination are bringing to lonely roads and bare fields and black nights? The Old World symbols — they are coming into a New World's life."

"You mean?" Civilia hesitated.

"I mean," returned the Wood-chopper quickly, "that the anæmic, hysterical intensity of metropolitan existence is, by a sort of miracle, pouring forth a new and curious country vitality; the full-blooded, sensuous appreciation of sky and space and the manifestations of Nature. We Americans are not old enough yet, not deep enough, perhaps because our blood is not fused with the blood of some needed complementary race, to be able to draw our inspiration from the raw forms of commercialism, the crude, everyday urban surroundings. What culture we possess is, strangely enough, antipathetic to what things we produce. It was drawn from sources old, serene, contemplative. It cannot be nourished on modern outlines, modern decorations, the Heterogeneous, the Mass, the blot and blank and bump of the New."

"Ah," breathed Civilia. "Ah, but you do know how to say things!"

The Wood-chopper looked his gratitude.

"I had to come way off here and be sat upon by a mountain or two before I understood it myself," he explained.

"Then I, who had always scorned the 'Nature School,' understood. The terrible passions of rapid transit, the increasing risk in adventure, the cold-blooded advance of speculation and science, and the worship of money, must some day be absorbed into a new beauty cult; but not for us. We of to-day have our roots in a more exquisite soil; we, without being aware of it, have drunk of classicism. Beauty for us has grown to be the breath of life, health its expression, freedom its religion, and the country its Temple."

Civilia looked thoughtfully at him. "How oddly you have changed," — she spoke timidly; "this is so different from last winter, when you were such a —"

"Well, say — sickly jackass," suggested the Wood-chopper.

"No," she answered him, shaking her head, "only lazy, purposeless; playing and drinking until that awful day—" She shuddered, frowning at her handful of chips.

"We will say fool jackass," insisted the Wood-chopper. "But, little Civilia, I got a heap out of it, that failure of mine. Here I am, in the country, up against it, as they say, hustling to get my share of the fruits of the earth; yet no matter what menial work I do, I am worshiping in my chosen temple; I'm Apollo, I'm Bacchus, and Mercury, and all the rest of them."

For a moment Civilia regarded him delightedly, as he stood there, one foot planted on the chopping-block, smiling at her. Then her face changed; she stamped her foot.

"You," she exclaimed vindictively, "you — get to work." Civilia gave what she thought a very good imitation of a man-driving shrew.

"Oh!" muttered the Wood-chopper, "oh! if you only — if only you were —"

He seized the axe, fixed a knotty

segment in correct position, and struck an attitude.

"*Andante maestoso*. Sorry to give you two slow movements in succession; I don't do the *molto perpetuo* and the *tremolo vivace* until I come to the kindlings and my little hatchet."

Down came the strong, steady cleave; the blade smote the anguished wood through its clean heart. At the same moment Civilia jumped with a little cry of dismay. She sat up, rubbing her cheek. "It's nothing," she said.

"Nothing?" returned the Wood-chopper roughly. "A chip struck you."

For a moment he stood dismayed at the idea of the pretty wounded cheek. With a movement as uncontrollable as tender, he was kneeling on the ground by her side, saying things no wood-chopper in his right senses ever says.

"You are spoiling what might have been a very pleasant afternoon," said Civilia coldly.

"There is a chip on your shoulder," he observed, searching her face for possible splinters.

"Take it off," with a shrug.

"I meant," with slow mischief, "on your — lips."

"*Really!*" Civilia's emphasis was angry. She sat up, bright-eyed and flushed; and the Wood-chopper, in the somewhat oppressive silence, meekly rose and backed away.

He took up the hatchet and split kindlings quite steadily. The wood fell in white criss-cross patterns; and a soft perfume, the exhalations of a tree's pure dying flesh, filled the late afternoon air.

"I wish," remarked the Wood-chopper, at last, "I do wish you could find it in your heart to tell me how those apple-blossoms looked; it would help me to decide — something."

Receiving no answer, he bent to his splitting, a smile playing around his mouth. After a time he again looked up.

"Soon," he remarked carelessly, "soon, I must go look for the cows. They wait for me at twilight, in a place all maiden-hair fern, and purple rocks arabesqued in lichens. You will come too?"

The little figure on the stump did not reply.

"After that," continued the Wood-chopper genially, "I shall feed the pigs. Peradventure you would behold that spectacle?"

Still silence.

"After that I shall bed the horses, and, yes, feed Larry and the cats, — even unto the striped tiger cat whom you dislike, but who is a kind of suffragette cat and catches rats and must be encouraged. — You will help me?"

No answer.

"Not," the Wood-chopper explained kindly, "not that you like to be with me, but that you think it is good for me to be with you."

"There! — Oh, dear, now I have dropped all my cunning little chips!"

She bent to search for them.

The Wood-chopper, vaulting the chopping-block, came to help. They groped in the gathering dusk. Suddenly, unexplainedly, their hands touched and their eyes met. The Wood-chopper caught his breath.

"Have you noticed," he asked unsteadily, "that when the twilight comes here, it comes bloomy, purple-dusted, like the background of a Chavannes mural?"

"Yes," murmured Civilia, busily counting the regained chips.

"Have you noticed," he said, and she wondered why his voice trembled, "that when the dawn comes over the hills, it comes white, pure, like the angel with the flaming sword, and it makes you turn your face and look it in the eyes while it decides if you are fit to live?"

"Yes," came the unwilling whisper,

— "seventeen — eighteen — I thought I had twenty."

"Have you noticed," pleaded the Wood-chopper, coming close to her, and speaking as gently as he might for the heart dragging at its anchor in his breast, "have you noticed that all great pictures and music and books seem true only here, in the country? And that Work, that strange prophetess who seems to have gone crazy in the cities, is still calm and sane and true mother-Sibyl here?"

"Yes."

Civilia dropped her eyes confusedly. The chips were all counted now; there was nothing to do but try to meet his eyes, and that — that was —

"Well then?" he said slowly. He took her hand and held it tight. There was on his face a look new to her. "Well, then — Civilia —?"

It was twilight. The chopping-block and the saw-buck, like strange symbols thrown on a prophetic background, seemed to dissolve and fade away. Bells on the necks of cropping cows rang silver dissonance in the pale green lanes. The trees took mysterious shapes of hooded monks, jesters in cap-and-bells, Mercury with the thyrsus, and Satyrs with winking eyes, — and here was this Wood-chopper, with the cows to be got home and the pigs and cats to be fed, hanging on to a little human hand and talking.

"To-night," he was saying dreamily, "to-night, the Flatiron is wavering on that background of purply-gray-yellow that the city has for sky. The Times Building has its night helmet on. All the rosy city windows blink and grin; all the serpent and swan and bug-looking things are crawling. From the witch trellises of Broadway the white grapes of the city vineyard hang lobate, pallid, tempting for the night's press of what bitter, bitter wine!"

He paused.

"The mystery of the city," murmured Civilia.

"The mystery," the Wood-chopper repeated it after her — "it spins webs dotted with balls of light. It rushes with the moles of underground travel. Its rose and green and violet burnings stain the black mocking of the harbor waters. Its glamour is on the loose black masses of shipping that are forever sliding past weary eyes, combining and recombining in fateful, shifting, prophetic drift."

"I have seen it so," she said softly. "I have wondered."

"But not as I have," he brooded sadly. "Not with disillusioned eyes. Not so that it seemed to hang like a masking veil over starved natures; not so that it turned men into carrion and vultures; not so that it made the bubbling faces and fluttering forms of the street so many ragged phantoms of Gain and Loss — phantoms that swarmed and tangled and loosened, to swarm again, hiding their unutterable secrets; not on dead faces, broken hearts —"

"Ah, don't, don't!" she pleaded. She clung to him. He flung his arm around her suddenly. "I had hoped that in this new life you had forgotten."

"Forgotten?" he said bitterly. "I loved it too well ever to forget. It was because I loved it so well, that I came here, to find — better things."

The Wood-chopper stopped abruptly. For a moment the desperate story of treacherous friends and lost fortunes was in his eyes. Then his arm tightened; he remembered another story.

"I must be going in — now," Civilia said faintly. "The Troubadour's wife just came to the window and went away again. I don't know what she'll think."

The Wood-chopper took her face within his two hands and turned it, pale in the dusk, to his.

"Would it," he asked very gently, "would it be too bleak and lonely here — with me?"

She could not answer.

"Listen," he said. "Look! Over that ridge in the west where the great green trees go sailing, ships would seem to come to you. In the pastures where silver bells ring and the cows crop sweet flowers and juicy herbs we could live the rare old English ballads. In my hives the honey-bees would build you golden palaces of sweet. Think of it, darling: roadways hung with purple of wild grapes; fields massed with waving color; trees full of fruit and nuts; spotted fish in the shadowed brook; warm white eggs in the hay; the four priests, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and we two Greeks worshipping in the Temple of the Country. Why," he pleaded passionately, "do you not answer? Why," trying to see her face, "do you make me ashamed of — all I have to give?"

She wondered why a Wood-chopper could not understand things without being told, — a Wood-chopper, of all men!

"Little Greek, little Greek?" he asked wistfully.

They stood close in the twilight with the silver bells ringing. Now and then, at the house, the shadow of the Troubadour's wife fell on the drawn shades. But no door opened, no voice called.

Then a thought struck the Wood-chopper. "Those apple-blossoms, now," he said reminiscently, "they looked like cupids, didn't they? Little white faces and dewy delicate wings?"

"Partly," acknowledged Civilia. "Partly," she whispered.

CITY HOUSING

II. THE PROBLEM AT HOME

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

IN the war-office of the modern city, headquarters of the fight for health, for housing, and for like reform, hang campaign maps, whose tints expose the strongholds of the foe. Study one of them for a space. On streets beneath that bar of crimson rages a fell disease. There, below that spot of blue, another holds its sway. That smear of yellow covers a district where the victims of a third are dying by the score. There is but little color in the suburbs. There the white background of the map shows many a district clear. Look toward the centre of the city. As your eye runs inward, note how the stains group closer and closer together. They are deep upon the slum.

The close connection between the slum and disease is too patent for question. Some of the tuberculosis exhibits show an intermittent incandescent light burning on the wall. Twice every minute it flames and fades. Above it a placard reads: "A human being dies from tuberculosis each time this light goes out." Yet tuberculosis is but one of the diseases that flourish rankly in the slum. Twenty years ago Dr. Russell of Glasgow presented figures on the relation between the death-rate and overcrowding, with a brevity and clarity which have scarcely been surpassed since. He divided the families of the whole city of Glasgow into three classes. In families occupying one- and two-room houses, 27.74 died

out of every thousand. In families occupying three- and four-room houses, 19.45 died out of every thousand. In families living in houses of five rooms or more, 11.23 died out of every thousand. Broadly speaking, these figures mean this: that for every two mortals who died in Glasgow houses open to sun and air, and in which overcrowding did not exist, five died in the slums. Life is hard for the slum-dwellers, but our modern cities make it easy for them to die.

Conditions are hard for the adult. They are much harder for the child. St. Mary's, in Birmingham, is less than four miles from the model village of Bourneville. 331 infants die out of every thousand born in the crowded city ward. 65 die out of every thousand born in Bourneville. In that favored village, every child who comes into the world has more than five times the chance of life that the wretched scraps of humanity of crowded St. Mary's possess.

We have spoken of the slum as a culture-medium for disease. To how slight an extent that is a figure of speech the records given above may show in part. Take the crusade against tuberculosis, for example. No campaign was ever fought more bitterly, and yet authorities tell us that this disease can never be stamped out until we disintegrate the crowded masses of the city. The prison of the state and the prison of the slum are our two most overcrowd-

ed centres to-day. According to Dr. Knopf, mortality from tuberculosis among prisoners is three times as high as it is among the general population. Next to the prisons in providing fertile soil for the growth of this disease comes the chief home of the American workman, the tenement house.

The old crone in the doorway, peering through the watching group, exclaimed, "Seventeen," as the coffin came down the steps into brighter sunlight than its occupant had ever known in his dark, unclean, ill-ventilated home. "Eight families, and this the seventeenth brought out from that door. God be good to us, but it's a haunted house!" She crossed herself as I passed on, noting the number and street. The woman spoke the truth.

The reason why houses are haunted by the dread plague of tuberculosis lies open to all who know the lack of space, air, and light in the slum. Poor is the air of those streets. Poor as it is, the windows are stuffed with rags and paper to keep it out through all the winter months. Slight is the amount of sun which reaches over the high roofs of the tenement houses and falls upon the cloudy panes. Slight as that is, there are many rooms where sunlight never penetrates. New York alone has more than one hundred thousand living-rooms which are absolutely without windows, and nearly three hundred thousand without sufficient light or sunshine; while more than twenty-five thousand New York families live in cellars. These facts are so horrible that comment becomes superfluous.

Our foreign critics have a habit of referring to us as a nation whose hearts can best be reached through the pocket-book. Whether that charge is true or not, there is no question that he who can show a saving to the taxpayer offers one of the strongest arguments that can be advanced in favor of any

reform. The Committee on Congestion of Population in New York, in the course of its investigations, has been taking up an analysis of the budget of the city in an attempt definitely to ascertain the economic cost to taxpayer and rent-payer of such congestion as now exists, and of the lack of a city plan. The committee divides its research into ten parts. Some of its conclusions follow.

Preventable disease has cost New York from thirty-seven to forty-one millions of dollars a year for the last four years; \$166,248,408.24 is the total estimate of the wealth poured out in these four years for wasteful pain and suffering. For millions of that great total the tenement house is directly responsible. If we could only have that money for playgrounds, for the renewing of the city! Remember that those millions represent a steady drain on the community as a whole, that your prosperity depends on the prosperity of your own city and of other cities, and that such constant leakage must affect you individually; and you will read the pages which follow with a new intensity of interest.

The golden dreams of the immigrant turning for freedom and help to our shore, to that great "Melting Pot" of which Mr. Zangwill has written, are doomed to some disappointment. Too often, disappointment is a tragic certainty. Suppose a little band of immigrants from some continental village start on the ever new discovery of the west. The entrance to this country must raise their hopes. If they come on one of the newer steamers, thanks to federal law, more space, light, and air, more healthful surroundings, are granted to the incomer on shipboard than the municipality will assure him when he reaches land. The incoming human wave which breaks upon our shores sends its scattered spray to many

cities. Too little reaches the country. Too much stays in the city slum. It is entirely natural that this should be the case, and that the entering foreigner should seek a dwelling in some locality where his own tongue sounds kindly to his ears. So the Italian, at whatever port he lands, hastens to Little Italy, the Russian seeks Little Russia, and the Hungarian finds lodging in Little Hungary. Division of this sort makes housing problems in the United States more complex than those with which many European cities have to deal. Model tenements here cannot receive tenants chosen at random in the same fashion as Berlin or London. Difference of race and type, even difference of locality, forbids; for the Italian of the North must have his quarters separate from the Italian of the South, and one tribe from that strange mixture of races called the Russian nation may be the ancient enemy of another.

Evidently our attack on this problem must include some selective processes. Before we can consider general or special methods, however, we must know something of the conditions which surround us. Laying aside for a time those vexing questions raised by such a conglomeration of types as inhabit our slums, let us see what quarters the little band of immigrants is apt to find if, as might well happen, each unit of the group is bound to some one of our great cities. Tracing the steps of each wandering family, we find that one stops at the gateway, in New York, two turn north, to Hartford and Boston, three others south, to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, while the rest push onward to the West, to Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis.

The family which stops in New York City stands the least chance of a happy and healthy life. In 1905, the state census reported one hundred and twenty-two blocks of that city with a dens-

ity of seven hundred and fifty or more per acre, and thirty blocks with a density of one thousand or more, spread over the whole of Manhattan Island. Since 1905, hundreds of those houses have been made higher by from one to four stories, and the total number per acre has risen in some cases to sixteen or seventeen hundred. The somewhat uncommon density of one thousand to the acre, of 1905, has become a common occurrence.

What does a density of one thousand per acre mean to you, reading this article in your own home? Assume that you are in a suburban house with a lot sixty by seventy-two feet. That means ten houses to the acre. Think of the ten houses immediately around you and see whether they will average more than six persons to each house. If not, there is a density of sixty to an acre. If you are reading this in a four-story apartment house standing on a lot whose total area is three thousand feet, and in which every apartment contains an average of five persons, you are taking your part in producing a density of population of about two hundred and ninety to the acre. In both these cases density is figured exclusive of streets and open spaces. When these are included, conditions become worse. Even the conditions cited are too crowded. What is the result when you place a thousand or fifteen hundred people where there is scarcely room for three hundred? To-day in New York there is acre after acre on which thirteen hundred persons live their crowded lives; where there are ten persons to every seven rooms; where, instead of the minimum of from eight hundred to a thousand cubic feet, there are but four hundred feet of air for each adult, and but two hundred for a child; where only one room out of four receives direct sunlight. Under such conditions the immi-

grant who stops in New York stands but little chance of length of days.

In its crowded districts New York presents one more example of that unfortunate state of affairs where the poor man, living on land which is far too expensive for dwellings, is forced into narrow quarters from the compelling exigency of a narrow purse. Over and over again one truism appears. House your laborer on expensive land and you will have overcrowding, because his wage will pay for but a little space. House him on cheap land and the money which bought four walls before will buy a home. The dumb-bell tenement (sometimes called the double-decker), into whose darkened doorway our immigrant is likely to pass, is unsurpassed for wretchedness in any great city of the world. Strange to say, it is an example of ill-directed reform.

In December, 1878, after a spasm of housing interest in New York, prizes were offered for plans of the best model tenement house that could be secured. To the horror of thousands at that time, and of hundreds of thousands since, the dumb-bell tenement was awarded the first prize. From 1879 to 1901 city block after city block was filled solidly with these buildings. Mistakenly advised as a model plan to builders who knew no better, fulfilling every purpose of the man who was ready to exploit human lives for money, the dumb-bell tenement is responsible for an appalling roll of deaths, and for an extraordinary waste of efficiency. Its name is derived from the fact that it narrows in the centre and expands at the ends, like a huge dumb-bell, and its expansion fills the street both front and rear. Its narrowed centre gives room for that misnamed feature, the air-shaft. That shaft has been variously called a garbage-hole, a dirt-trap, an ash-bin, and a destroyer of privacy. It has never proved its right to the

name of air-shaft. Without an intake at the bottom, how long would any chimney draw? The air-shaft is like a chimney without an intake. It is but one of the evils of the dumb-bell. Seven stories high, with four rooms in the front apartment; with three rooms in the back; with one room of the front apartment open to the street, and one room of the rear apartment opening on twenty feet or so of back yard; with inside rooms facing on an air-shaft whose wall is less than five feet away from the windows of the next house: these are some of the characteristics of the habitations which house a large portion of the citizens of the greatest city of the Western Hemisphere.

The building of the dumb-bell tenement was stopped in 1901, and regulations providing for the erection of new-law tenements, with large courts designed to provide natural light and ventilation for every room in the house, were made. No window was to open within twelve feet of any other window. The practical results of this law have hardly equaled its theoretical possibilities. In October, 1908, the Committee of One Hundred held a Citizens' Exhibit showing conditions in New York under Tammany. One of the placards on the wall read as follows:—

THERE ARE IN NEW YORK APPROXIMATELY 300,000 LIVING-ROOMS WITHOUT ADEQUATE LIGHT AND VENTILATION. ONLY ONE IN FOUR OF THE ROOMS IN THE NEW-LAW TENEMENTS HAS ADEQUATE SUNSHINE. ON MAY 1, 1909, THERE WERE 16,006 OLD BUILDING VIOLATIONS SLEEPING IN THE CORPORATION COUNSEL'S OFFICE. 1563 CASES WERE OVER 4 YEARS OLD. 2283 CASES HAD BEEN NEGLECTED ONE YEAR. 4578 CASES HAD BEEN NEGLECTED OVER 6 MONTHS. THERE WERE 35,000 VIOLATIONS OF THE TENEMENT-HOUSE LAW ON THE BOOKS OF THE TENEMENT-

HOUSE DEPARTMENT. BLAME TAMMANY FOR THESE CONDITIONS. AND FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE —

VOTE TAMMANY OUT!

No part of our group of immigrants is likely to suffer so greatly as the family that stopped at New York. The newcomers who came to Boston have a wider choice if they seek the suburbs, but they may find lodging in certain quarters of the city where conditions are fully as bad as any in the greater community. Those who live in the centre of the city must crowd into houses with but little more light and air than they would get in the dumb-bells of New York. The bovine street superintendents who are said to have first laid out Boston's thoroughfares did a poor enough piece of work in the business quarters of the city. They did their worst in the old North End, where once the finest residences of the city overlooked the bay. Overcrowding is no better in the lower houses of Boston than in the higher ones of New York. There are 1672 persons on an acre in five- and six-story houses in New York. There are 1143 persons on an acre in three- and four-story houses in the North End of Boston.

If one could imagine the head of a family which goes West studying the figures which tell of congestion of population, Chicago, with its average density of only 21.09 to the acre, would seem a free and open city for him to choose. Those figures, however, are most misleading. The city of Chicago contains 122,011 acres within its limits. Thousands of these acres are but sparsely settled. Tens, almost hundreds, of them in the centre of population are either overcrowded or on the edge of overcrowding. Congestion in Chicago is developing with amazing rapidity. In an investigation of six selected blocks, one-half had three

persons to every room, one-fourth had two persons to every room. That means that if two rooms are occupied by four people, all four are commonly in the bedroom at night. Such overcrowding is not all. Add to it the tendency to cover eighty or ninety per cent of the whole lot with dwellings, and the chance of air and light grows small indeed.

St. Louis gives no great promise to the newcomer. In an investigation recently carried on by the Civic League of that city, one-half the houses in the Negro quarter were declared unfit for human habitation. The Polish quarter had an average of thirteen persons to four rooms, and a number of lots were found which were wholly covered by buildings. Cleveland reports that one-third of all the buildings in one of its slum districts should not be permitted to exist. Philadelphia, the vaunted "City of Homes," specializes in one-room "housekeeping apartments," where whole families, often containing from four to seven members, eat, sleep, cook, and live, in a single room. Buffalo presents a Polish quarter, whose buildings are chiefly small, individual, wooden houses, seldom more than two and a half stories high. This city offers an interesting proof of the fact that overcrowding is not synonymous with high brick tenements. In its frame houses live thousands of Poles who crowd together like bees in a hive. Two, three, four, five, even six and seven families gather under the same roof in small houses whose space is no more than sufficient for a single family. Such buildings, however, have one great advantage over the ordinary tenement: they are open to the air.

In both Baltimore and Washington the alley problem is the most pressing evil. Alley-house and rear tenement alike offer one great barrier to correction: they are out of the public eye.

Sanitary reform is difficult behind a sheltering screen, and it has no more active agent than publicity.

Much of the necessary body of building regulation has been outlined by American and foreign experiment. It seems an absurdly evident proposition that the area of air-shafts and courts should increase in proportion to the height of the building. Even a child, building a playhouse in a pasture, will enlarge its area as the rock wall goes higher. Even a child has wisdom enough to see that the higher wall will cut off sunshine from the ground within, if the space be narrow, and that his room will be damp and cold in consequence. The child, in carrying out his building operations, shows more intelligence than the combined wisdom of many municipal departments displays. They have not yet awakened to the fact that every additional story of a building, rising into air, necessitates larger open spaces on the ground. Back-to-back tenements, which quite forbid "through" ventilation, may still be built in many cities. Lots may be wholly covered with buildings. Rear tenements may be placed behind front tenements; and when, as in the case of New York, houses are built originally at the back of a lot with a front garden, the march of building movement may fill such garden spaces with brick and mortar.

General sanitary regulations for general needs may be made which can cover any city; yet local conditions, topographical and sociological, must determine local laws. The twenty-five foot lot binds New York to a definite procedure. The desire of tenants in many quarters to have one room open on the street makes impracticable in this country some of the inner courtyard plans which have been successful abroad. The longing for street windows is probably due to the fascinations of the un-failing picture-show of the city street,

which seems never to weary the observers who, with elbows crossed upon the sills, crowd their casements for hours. Give them far greater measure of convenience in other ways, give them double window-space, opening on a courtyard, and they will still long for the sights and sounds of the street. Moreover, the intangible chains of social procedure are powerful in the tenements. In many districts the occupant of a rear tenement with no outlook on the street is considered the social inferior of the occupant of a precisely similar apartment with street frontage, though situated on the same floor.

Among the more general housing regulations, there are two for which the city is especially responsible, the municipal water-service, and protection against fire. That such primary necessities of existence as water-closets should be used in common by whole tenement houses is one of the burning shames of our community life. There are numerous tenement houses to-day in which water has never been put above the first floor. Imagine shopping without an elevator, and then think of the weariness of those long flights to tired women and little children. Even where water is carried to every floor, a common water-closet and a common sink often supply the needs of four apartments, which may house from eight to twelve whole families, to say nothing of lodgers. In the slums, as too often in apartment houses far from the slums, the water-closet ventilates on an air-shaft used also to ventilate bedrooms. In still other cases the water-closet is placed directly in the bedroom. Manchester, England, requires that every room used for such purposes must have a window opening on the outside air, with an area of at least one foot by two. Detroit requires that the water-closet compartment be open to the outer air, or be ventilated by a shaft

which is not used for ventilating any inhabited room. Several cities demand that no water-closet shall be placed in yard or cellar. Some of the most enlightened have reached the point of requiring one for each family or each separate apartment. In general the infamous "school sinks" and other cheap substitutes for modern plumbing are forbidden. Violations of these ordinances, however, like those of many other laws made for the protection of the city's health, are far too common.

That cleanliness is not a necessity of existence has been proved by the slums for many years. It is a forbidden luxury to most of them. That it is necessary for healthful life few will deny. The way to provide opportunities for cleanliness to the houses of the poor is by no means settled, but the great mass of opinion is on the side of the individual set-tub. Nor need the tubs be confined to the washing of clothes. A movable partition and stout supports improvise a bath-tub which, although scarcely as convenient as a porcelain one, is by no means to be despised when space and cost must be considered. If clothes are to be washed, it is practically a choice between the coöperative laundry, to be used in common by all tenants, and the individual set-tub, and the coöperative method has shown one interesting example of failure which hardly encourages its adoption.

The coöperative laundry built by the London County Council for their Boundary Street Buildings, at an expense of over fifty thousand dollars, has never, from the first, proved a success. The tenants will not wash in public where their neighbors can see and criticise the quantity, quality, and appearance of their clothes. There appears to be no objection to hanging out the clothes to dry in a common space after they are washed, but the preliminaries must be attended to in private.

I have seen one tenement-house fire. I hope I may never see another. It was an object-lesson which makes the heading, "Another Tenement-House Fire. Two Lives Lost," a real and vital thing which overshadows even politics and the financial page. And it is such a common heading! How common was shown vividly by the investigation of Hugh Bonner and Lawrence Veiller, a few years ago, on the relation between tenement houses and fire. All the records of fires which occurred throughout the city during a period of two years and a half were examined, to determine the type of buildings in which most of the fires occurred. Sixty thousand records were searched, to determine the general method of the spread of fires in tenement houses. Nearly one-half of the total fires, during the period chosen, occurred in tenement houses, although this type of house comprised but thirty-seven per cent of the total buildings of the city. Forty-two per cent of all the buildings of the city at that time were dwellings holding not more than two families, yet such dwellings furnished only fourteen per cent of the total. The way in which the flames spread in the cases of serious tenement-house fires shows how much destruction and loss of life is due to construction. Twenty-six per cent of all such fires spread through the air-shaft; five per cent through the air-shaft combined with the halls and stairs; twenty-four per cent through flooring or partitions; twenty per cent through halls and stairs. One-fourth of all the fires started in the cellar. From these figures we may obtain an indication of the lines which should be followed in setting the tenements free from this scourge.

Fireproofing throughout is, of course, the ideal solution of the fire problem. But it is very doubtful if it is practical in the tenements. Construction of this

sort is so expensive that its general application would mean a rise in rents and a consequent diminishing of other necessities, which would make conditions worse than they have been. The analysis of Bonner and Veiller just cited shows three points which need especial protection — the stairs, the hallways, and the shafts.

Even if those points have been guarded, however, enough has not been done. Interior egress is not sufficient. Exterior egress also should be provided. In only too many cities, the laws which require adequate fire-escapes have been systematically ignored. Only too often, when escapes have been raised, they have been wholly inadequate for their purpose. At the time of the investigation just cited, there were approximately two thousand persons in one New York ward living in tenement houses wholly without fire-escapes. In the same district were many fire-escape balconies constructed of wood, which would burn out at the first blast of flame. Household goods and flower-pots blocked sudden egress in case of sudden fire. Many of the escapes were vertical ladders. A vertical ladder is safe enough for an active, powerful man; but the great majority of the inhabitants of a given tenement house is never composed of such men. How much chance do women and children have of gaining the ground whole and in safety by such means? Talk with the firemen, and they will tell you that a vertical-ladder fire-escape generally means that they must carry the women and children to the ground, while the conquest of the fire must be delayed. Sometimes the battle is lost because of that delay. Fire-escapes made wholly of metal, with stairs bordered by hand-railings, provide the only safe method of escape from the crowded dwellings of the slums.

The initiative in the movement for re-

form may come from single or collective forces. Private citizens can do much to aid. The wonderful work of the tuberculosis exhibits can be duplicated by good housing exhibitions prepared by societies interested in civic reform. Coöperative societies have fully as great a chance to build model houses here as in England, where so much has been accomplished. Capitalists, who desire to aid the poor by methods of self-help, may find work ready for their hands. Labor unions, which have done no small part of the whole work so far, can do much more. The greatest necessity of all is for a constant, persistent campaign of education.

After all the general work has been done, however, each individual city must find the values of the many unknown x 's of the housing problem, by the use of the known factors, the a 's and b 's, of its personal equation. It is entirely probable that the best way for municipalities or associations to take up this question is by means of a temporary committee or commission, whose membership should be made up in the way shown by the best foreign examples. Some of the governments abroad have obtained the services of experts in the six lines of work most closely connected with the housing problem. Their commissions include a doctor, an engineer, an architect, a real-estate expert, a builder, and a social worker. There are too many problems of disease, too many of construction and finance, and too many personal problems, for any one of those experts to be safely omitted.

Such a board would proceed immediately after its appointment to obtain the necessary facts and figures for its labors. A house-to-house canvass should be immediately begun, not only for the purpose of determining to what extent evil conditions exist, but also to find out what deficiency of housing ex-

ists in the city. While this canvass proceeds, a general investigation of the land in the slums and around the city should be undertaken, to determine what localities exist where inexpensive and easy means of transit makes access to work comparatively simple, and where land can be bought cheaply. The collection of data from American and foreign states, cities, and private enterprises, is important. Its arrangement and cataloguing in such shape as to make access easy is quite as necessary. Each of the specialists on the commission should report individually on his own line of work, and bear his part in the general statement to be issued by the whole commission. Experts should add to this such a digest of existing law as to make it evident, at the close of the house-to-house canvass, just what the law is and just how completely it has been enforced.

The assessors' books provide a starting-point for housing investigations, since they are the register of house-property of every kind situated within the city limits. From these books may be learned what land is too costly for dwellings and what land is cheap enough to be used for this purpose. That point can scarcely receive too great an emphasis. If houses are to be available for the poor, rents must be so regulated as to meet the lowest average wage. To know the practicable rents for any city, the wage-statistics of that individual city, not the general statistics of a country, must be obtained. In no civic problem does the personal equation of a city affect the result more.

A second point follows naturally here. The regulations imposed on persons desiring to build must not be too costly. They must always seek to give the maximum protection to health at the minimum cost. The desire for harmonious artistic development is most laud-

able. If it can be secured without hygienic loss, well and good; but when the beautiful and the healthful conflict, it is the æsthetic side which should suffer. There is no finer ornament to a city than healthy boys and girls.

One must hesitate a long time, however, before advocating the policies of Germany and Great Britain *in toto* in the United States. Municipal ownership of dwellings, which may be most successful under the autocratic rule of the first nation or the parliamentary control of the second, may be of dubious value here. The average municipal officer might be too hesitant in applying sufficiently rigorous methods of control to a tenant of city property who had helped in his election. The possibility of colonization in municipally owned dwellings would be too great. The danger that a man's home would be used as a club to control his vote would not be small. The absence in America of distinctive social differences, such as make possible abroad houses intended exclusively for the poor, renders houses intended for any "class" of doubtful value here. However contented with his former lot the immigrant may have been, the air of this country soon leads him to hope and dream of advancement for his children, if not for himself.

Municipal housing considers but one phase of the question at best. There are many other ways in which municipalities can do much to encourage the building of good and inexpensive dwellings by individual citizens, coöperative societies, or associations.

The common practice of remitting taxes to manufacturers who are willing to increase the prosperity of a town by bringing new business within its limits, is a precedent for similar concessions to builders willing to put up model houses at low rents. The heavy cost of betterments, of sewer-opening, and

of street-making, might be waived in the case of contractors willing to supply housing deficiencies under strict regulations. Such remissions should be charged to the builder, and waived only during his performance of the necessary conditions. On violation of the regulations or on the raising of rents above the stipulated sums, such charges should become automatically due. In the present competition of town with town, boards of trade are sending advertising matter all over the country in their effort to attract citizens and manufacturers. Could a board of trade offer a better drawing-card than a good town-plan? Could it furnish many greater incentives to a manufacturer than would be provided by well-planned houses for employees, houses that would make employers' trouble from the constant change of help a negligible quantity? No organization in the city could better constitute such a commission, as has been previously suggested, than a board of trade. None could work more effectively in obtaining the backing of public-spirited citizens ready to further housing schemes.

The problem before us is immediately concerned with the provision of increased facilities of rapid transit. The London County Council in its Millbank buildings provides transportation, with a seat for every workman, at a rate of two cents per trip. Contrast that with the average condition here. The waste of opportunity in our granting of franchises has been great in many directions. In none is it more apparent than in the neglect of American cities to impose such conditions upon petitioning corporations as shall provide opportunities for workmen's dwellings in the suburbs. Railroads and trolley lines should be required by charter restrictions to run workmen's trains and cars at reduced prices at convenient times. Projected lines should insure

that possibilities of housing be not neglected. This second requirement can be fairly imposed only by such an expert commission as that mentioned, which can examine proposed routes with relation to their housing possibilities.

Surveys of general conditions and recommendations of definite laws may do much; but to make such work lasting some body must be provided which shall deal with housing as a permanent city department. The construction of such a department, and the regulations under which it should act, should depend upon the information obtained by the preliminary body. A single department having in charge this one branch of civic life should be instituted in large cities where a bureau of this type does not exist. Such government as the slum has so far received has shown the disadvantages of a multiplicity of controllers, all too engrossed in their immediate affairs to pay much attention to this side-issue. The police, the fire department, and the department of health, have each had a share of authority; and between them all, little has been done. The Tenement-House Bureau of New York, ineffective as it has been under Tammany, is yet far better than the older methods which divided responsibility. But a housing department, if it is to have any value, must be backed by sufficient appropriations. The spirit of the people must be behind the movement. New York's experience, as evidenced by the placard cited near the beginning of this article, has shown how useless legislation can prove when these things are wanting. The city must guard against nullifying such reform by legal intricacies or verbiages. The first necessity of the laws or ordinances under which such a department is to work is simplicity. The wording should be intelligible, not only to architect and builder, but also to any intelligent layman. Owner and tenant

alike should be able to understand each and every paragraph. Nor is it certain that, in cities below the first class, this department should be a separate one. Place it under the control of an efficient board of health, and you are likely to get good results. Fortunately, moreover, if we grant the postulate of a rightly constituted department with sufficient appropriations, we shall find ample possibility of enforcement in the city's hands.

If the housing authorities refuse to allow tenants to occupy a new house until all the necessary regulations have been met, builders become extremely anxious to meet requirements. The closing of a few houses which are unfit for human habitation, and the refusal of permits to occupy them until they have been properly renovated, bring about rapid repairs. Opposition to public control of private property is inevitable; yet the swiftness with which so great a movement for the city's health has prevailed seems sometimes incredible. Every attempt which has been made to secure protection for tenants has been opposed by two classes of hostile building interests — the honest builder and the reckless speculator. The second of these groups should receive no consideration. The speculator who throws up a jerry-built house for the sole purpose of unloading it on some confiding investor at the first possible moment needs no protection. The community needs protection against him as against any other sharper.

To the honest landlord who objects to the apparently arbitrary control of his property there is but one reply. He must endure that control for the good of the community. No landlord can hold property without assuming liabil-

ity for such assessments for betterment as the city may think it wise to make. His possession of property implies his assumption of liability to protective governmental measures. Fortunately the final tribunal of this country, the Supreme Court of the United States, has already determined the right of a state to say to its citizens, "You shall build in accordance with our laws and in no other way." When the Massachusetts Legislature divided Boston into certain divisions and limited the height of the buildings in those sections, buildings in the residential quarter were required to be less in height than those in the business district. A citizen desiring to erect a building of a height above that allowed for a certain section of the city decided to test his rights and appealed his cause from court to court. He lost it. This affirmation of the right of a city to protect its citizens by its control of the building of their habitations makes this a decision of the greatest importance.

The great books whereon are blazoned the achievements of our American cities are still in the making. Turning the pages slowly, one finds many an illumined scroll, many a fair, full line. But side by side with those noble records stand blotted paragraphs where shame has ruthlessly despoiled the workman's careful task. Here and there a sentence well begun has trailed off into vague tracteries which carry no message to the eager searcher. Turn to the page on which the American city's contribution to this great world-problem of housing should be entered, and you will find it scarce begun. The filling of that page will be forced upon us, upon you and me, in the coming years.

THE WOMAN'S WAR

BY MARY JOHNSTON

I

I WAS, the other day, at a meeting here in Richmond of an Equal Suffrage League — the first considerable association of the kind ever formed in Virginia, and now only a few months old. Virginia, if the dearest of states, is also the most conservative. Her men are chivalric, her women domestic; since the eighteenth century no heavy wave of immigration has touched her shores. She has no large cities, she has a lovely country, wood and field and flood, she has great memories. She makes progress, too, but her eyes are apt to turn to the past. More "advanced" communities will hardly understand the shock of surprise, of more or less indignant incredulity, with which Richmond received the intimation that within her walls were women who wished votes — that is, voices — for women! In the three months since the birth of the infant society the town has grown decidedly interested, but it does *not* invade the nursery, and I am sure it thinks the baby born for no good end. Probably the child will be hanged before it attains majority.

The meeting of which I speak, and which is in my mind because it was only yesterday, and because, too, I think it typical of what is occurring in a hundred quiet places removed from the central current of ideas, this meeting was held in a small, old-time parlor rented by the League for the nursery of their Idea. Over the chimney-piece and the open fire hangs a time-yellow-

ed engraving of Pocohontas wedding John Rolfe. On the opposite wall is Columbus Demonstrating the Theory of the New World. There are the old gilt candelabra, with swinging prisms, that most of us have in our parlors, and there are some pieces of china from Monticello. The author of the Declaration of Independence helped himself to sugar out of that sugar-bowl. Outside the window is the street up and down which once marched the armies of Lee and of Stonewall Jackson, up which once marched the army of Grant.

There were present perhaps twenty-five women. The League is larger than that, but for one reason or another many could not attend. It was late in the afternoon, and the room not brightly lit. In one place there would be a glow from the fire, in another, shadow. A few of the women were young, one or two were elderly, but the most were in the middle of life, moving with the moving hours across that high plateau of sun and shade. All sat in a circle around the room, in the firelight and the shadow. There were reports — a hundred and odd dollars in the treasury, so many pamphlets distributed, so many new members; then, business over, here and there, out of the red-brown shadow, a woman spoke, diffidently, keeping her seat, somewhat confused, for in the South we are not used to woman's speaking — not, certainly, on the present subject.

For all the Indian maiden over the mantel-shelf, and the Genoese admiral on the wall, and the china that had

been Jefferson's, the scene, in that twilight hour, looked like an interior by Rembrandt. It had, that small gathering in the old-fashioned parlor, a simplicity, a homeliness, a pathos, a touching and spiritual and, yes, a rugged beauty! It was like a Rembrandt, and it was like a Millet. It was a lovingly touched, a shadowed picture of the beginning of things. There was music, too, — Beethoven, perhaps, — and under all there was a sense of the quiet Earth.

This small Richmond meeting is mentioned only because it is typical of many. In this tenth year of the twentieth century, throughout the length and breadth of the land, assemblies such as this are frequent. What is their innermost meaning, what is the soul of them? How is to be defined the general movement of which each is but a tiny facet? What will a hundred years from now have to say of it? What will a thousand years? This morning's paper states that to most men it but discovers "a vague, feministic discontent." Other men, and some women also, have been found to christen the Idea — there is an Idea embodied in the movement — to christen the Idea "trivial, — harmful, — absurd and ridiculous." I wonder — I wonder! Will a hundred years hence, will a thousand years, echo those epithets?

And no golden thing was ever brought to the King's storehouse but men said, "It is worthless." But the King accepted it.

It is cheerfully granted that here and there, through the length and breadth of the Idea, things occur to touch the sense of humor. It is good to laugh.

Now and then is heard an exquisite absurdity, but even that absurdity usually bubbles forth from a clear well of feeling — *right* feeling. And often enough it has for neighbor a master-stroke of pathos, a cry from the heart,

startlingly sincere. Sometimes — not often — an ugly thing is seen or heard. Women are not angels. But, believe me, more frequently than that jarring note, comes an echo from the future of a divinely lovely chord. Purity — fortitude — altruistic love. The individual, the group, the society, the nation, the race, that strikes, and holds, that chord, has found the dominant. By them will be built the vast symphony of the future.

Trivial? Only they find it so who, did they think upon such subjects at all, would find trivial, tedious, and degrading, all physical, all evolutionary processes — Hunger, Love, Nutrition, Reproduction, the first vague flowing together of two unicellular organisms into one, the immortal chain of the germ-plasm, the warp and woof of male and female elements, the flying shuttle of organic law, the alternation and rhythm of the universe, and that tremendous upward spiral that, as slowly and as surely as the coral insects, we do spend our days in building!

Retrograde and sinister? They who find it so are without the historic sense, and in the world of ideas are constitutionally myopic. They are not aware of the stream of tendency. They themselves would walk like the crab, backward; and force the same regression upon the whole wide, onward-spinning earth. Or, say they, "We would stand still" — and do not know that nothing ever stands still. There is progression and there is regression, but there is never immobility. They say, "We will stay where we are, in these still waters," and do not see that it is a land-locked pool from which the billows have fled!

A piece of foolishness to be dismissed by a caricature? There were no humorous journals at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. They were all in the Inquisition. But had there been, then

to-day some American collector might have among his treasures a colored print of a foolish Genoese sailor trying to prove to his betters that there were two roads to the Indies. Or, had such publications flourished under Catherine de Medici, there might survive, in the collector's portfolio, some bright young man's idea of that lunatic of a potter who burned his household furniture to feed the dying fire of his furnace. Had they always flourished he might have no end of treasures!

Turn a leaf. How easy to caricature was that young monk nailing his thesis to a church door in Wittenberg! Turn another. A shepherd girl dreaming on the hills above Domrémy. How bewitchingly Dutch the artist has made it — with cabbages for lilies! And so on through the portfolio, which must be a large one if it is to hold every caricature of a noble man, a noble woman, or a noble cause, — from the caricature of the Crucifixion on the wall of the Pædagogium in Rome to the latest page of the latest American Journal of Humor! Do you not know that the higher the Idea the more certain the pillory or the stocks? Ridicule is a weapon that any fool can pick up. Indeed it is the only weapon that can be at once rotten and effective.

Yes; very "funny" things happen, — things to make one die of healthful laughter, — but the movement of which they are the refreshing concomitants, the Woman Movement, is not "funny." In all the darting motion of this dynamic age it is most significant, most vital, most important. It is in the van. Were its units all but indifferent, yet go forward it must, for behind it is the life-force, the stream of tendency, the evolutionary will. Before that cosmic tide, man or woman is as stubble and as straw. On we go because we must. But the units in the van are not indifferent. Each, to the

extent of its puny might, *wills* to go with the tide, and, just to that extent, is a clearer-eyed unit than its brother or its sister somewhere in the rear, who is *buffeting* the tide. For they in the very van, like Columbus on the poop of the Santa Maria, know that the waste of seas is not forever.

II

The Woman Movement did not begin to-day, or last night, or yesterday, or the day before yesterday. It began an uncertain number of millions of years ago. It began when first a primitive, asexual organism slipped almost unawares into a sexual method of reproduction. It began when the union of two cells, hitherto undifferentiated, gave way to the union of two cells gradually, very, very gradually, differentiated. It began when the Masculine Movement began. They began together. Which was the more important cell? God knows! It is true that the female cell retained more of the nutritive, constructive, developing, and staying power of the asexual parent. The biologist will tell you that under certain circumstances, on certain planes of the great stairway of animal life, the ovum can, and does, develop by its own internal powers. It can continue its growth, bringing forth itself in a daughter form, and that without male coöperation. Very rarely the sperm undertakes a like development, but it never comes to anything. As organic life mounts the stairway, that power goes to sleep. The vertebrate must have a father as well as a mother. But the mother remains the more "natural," the more nutritive, the more constructive, the nearer to the womb of all things. The father apparently — for the contention is not proved — is the larger carrier of the factors that make for variability. He is

the more disruptive, destructive, energetic. The male inclines to the dynamic, the female to the static aspect, and dynamics and statics are but opposite balances of the evolutionary scales.

The male element — the female element! In the world of protoplasm, in the world behind protoplasm, how absurd to say, "This is inferior. — This is superior." These are equal. Not like, but equivalent. Two branches sprung from one root, unfathomably deep. Each, in that reproduction which is but discontinuous growth, hands on an inheritance woven of two. There are present, in the mysterious nuclei, in the undying germ-plasm, both lines of descent. Everyman has in him Everywoman, and Everywoman Everyman. On the biological plane the Feminine Movement and the Masculine Movement have the same weight, no more and no less. They are co-partners, co-heirs, yoked bearers of life. On that plane the woman has no need to say, "You wrong me"; no need to ask, "Is this justice?" no need to assert, "I am your equal." Here all Nature is her advocate. *Omne vivum ex ovo.*

What of the two Movements upon the plane of human history? Woman is, to-day, crying for recognition of equality with Man. Her cry implies one of two things — her actual inequality, or Man's denial of her equality. Let us, once for all, *mean equality — equivalence — equal value, and not similarity — identity — the same thing.* Man and Woman are not identical; were they so, the words "sexual dimorphism," "gender," "sex," would not occur in the dictionaries. The etymology of the word "sex" is uncertain, but it is thought to come from the verb *secare*, to cut. A trace of it is apparent in "distinct, distinction."

What are then the more salient distinctions between the two branches of humanity? Woman bears the human

race. Let women, let biologists, physicians, and educators, testify as to what that means. Man, without that function to perform, uses in other ways the energy saved. Where the woman builds, brings forth, and nourishes a human creature, he builds a bridge, a fortress, a cathedral. She bears a poet: he writes the poetry; a musician: he composes the opera; a conqueror: he goes forth to conquer; a daughter: she in her turn will build, bring forth, nourish, rear through childhood a human creature. If she never mates, then, obedient to the spirit of the hive, she will, like the worker-bee, *help* — in how many ways, God who watches only knows! So much for the functional difference.

What of the morphological — the difference in structure? We need no dissertation here. Physical man is stronger than physical woman. His limbs are better sustaining columns; owing to the position and nature of the organs contained within the pelvis of the woman, erect stature is easier to him; his foot is of stronger make, he has the advantage in lung capacity, there are more red corpuscles in his blood, he has a longer reach of arm and a wider grasp of hand, very much greater muscular force, and all the advantages on the physical and individual side to be gained by the absence of the characteristic functions of the woman. He is, in short, the stronger animal. Man is aware of it, and so is Woman.

What of the brain? In the larger frame, its mass is something greater than in the smaller. Relatively to body-weight, the brain of woman is a little larger than the brain of man. It is as rich in convolutions as is the man's. Why should it not be? Her mother gave one half, her father gave the other half. Behind those two stand two men and two women; behind those four, four men and four women; behind that eight, eight men and eight women;

behind that sixteen, sixteen men and sixteen women; behind that thirty-two — no use to go on with the wondrous House that Jack (and Jill) Built! Is she deficient in mental power? Then her forbears, men and women, were so. Did she inherit only from the women? Then we are again eighteenth-century Ovists, claiming almost the entire credit for the distaff side, and that despite the fact that often a daughter has her father's eyes!

No: we are not Ovists, though verily there are many who yet linger in the opposite school of the Animalculists! No: the male and female cells, the mother and the father, the man and the woman, two halves of one whole, differentiated elements of one stock, come together; and again, for a moment of time, there is unity. And from that unity again springs differentiation — differentiation of function, and therefore the containing walls of that function; differentiation of bodily structure, and therefore emotional differentiation; and therefore, to some extent, intellectual differentiation. Differentiation is unity multiplied by division, to the end that unity's work may be better done. The sexes are two halves of one whole, and the material is homogeneous. Nor is the whole like a wedding-cake — where the batter is the same, truly, but only one side has the golden ring and the lucky sixpence. Nature abhors violent and unrelated contrasts. Unrelation, indeed, does not exist in her province — nor in any other. Suppose, on the whole, we agree with the very many great men who, from the dawn of Aryan civilization to the present day, have poured oblation to the *mind* of the mother of the Aryan race.

A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;

And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

There are more of such men than you would think until you look into the matter. Suppose we agree with a few ancient and many modern thinkers, that much of the man is due to his mother. Suppose we agree that women *are* mentally capable. And suppose we stop what the Negroes call "miration" — this wonderful "miration" — over the fact that there has been no woman Homer, no woman Dante, no woman Shakespeare, Molière, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Beethoven, Wagner, Galileo, Newton, Darwin, Aristotle, Bacon, Kant, and so on. Very frankly there has not.

We have our own honor roll, but it is nothing like so imposing. True, every one of those men had a mother, without whose care he would not have written, painted, made music, or speculated on the universe. True, motherhood in itself is something of a poem, something of a picture, something of a musical composition, and of quite quintessential importance in the scheme of life. True, women have had at best a most scattering education; often, none at all; oftener, one that is quite worthless. True, with a better showing we might have done better. True, ignorance, superstition, ecclesiasticism, militarism, Mrs. Grundy, and Saint Paul, have combined somewhat to blight feminine ambition. True, with freedom and education we may yet out-Sappho Sappho. Caroline Herschel was a fair astronomer. In France there lives to-day the woman who, co-worker with her husband, proved the divisibility of the atom. A Nobel prize went this year to a woman. True, all this, and more; and yet we agree that probably men will continue to write the best poems, paint the best pictures, make the best music, accomplish the most in science and invention, lead in philosophy.

Their ability along these lines is greater, and the reason is as deep as are the foundations of life. The kinetic side of woman is subordinated in the individual, that it may reappear in the species. The reproductive sacrifice is hers, not the man's.

The energy of the male, not sluiced away as is hers, overflows in art, in music, in poem and drama, in architecture, in scientific thought, in philosophical speculation. The trouble is that it does not often enough overflow in those ways. Violence, unscrupulous scheming, rough-shod climbing after power, lust, intemperance, crime, economic free-bootery — masculine energy unweighted by morals! No. Man will remain the more dynamic, woman the more static. He will discover, invent, adorn, draw aside inch by inch the veil from the face of knowledge, build the ship, build the sea-wall, the lighthouse, the museum, and the temple. As with the birds, he has the richer song, the more brilliant plumage. She will conserve the species; she will instruct the youth of both sexes, and to a large extent the reins of administration will fall into her hands. One generation of practical training, and as administrator she will be the equal of man; two generations, and she will be his superior.

Women make able sovereigns. The wisdom of Pericles was largely the wisdom of Aspasia. Elizabeth of England will balance Charles the Fifth, Catherine the Second balance Frederick the Great, Victoria equal Franz Joseph. The list of great sovereigns is long. The list of women who have been the power behind the throne is long; the list of able consorts and regents is long, and the list of women who have influenced the king's ministers is long. Here is native ability, innate power; and, like murder, it will out. There is really no reason to suppose that in a democracy a woman would not do well

as a town-councilor, as a member of the board of health, or even, at a pinch, as a mayor. Maternal instinct is a curious thing. It is rather like nature in that it can care, with a whole-souled intensity, for one little honey-bee winging its way toward a clover blossom; and also, by a simple act of expansion, for all the bees in the hive, and all the clover in the field.

What of the moral distinction? What of it, father, husband, son, brother, lover, friend, neighbor, fellow citizen? What is the distinction, and is the feminine still the weaker side? What of the village women? What of the women in the farmhouses? What of the mass of women in the cities? What of the comfortable mothers of the American people, the happy wives, the fortunate daughters? What of the congregations in the churches? What of the charitable associations? What of the associations of nurses, the settlement-workers, the Red Cross? What of the workers over all the land for social reform? What of the teachers, three hundred and odd thousand in the United States? What of the workers in libraries? What of the writers, an army of them? What of the two thousand journalists, the seventy-four thousand bookkeepers, the eighty-five thousand office-clerks, the eighty-six thousand stenographers? And what of other legions of working women? What of the girls in service? What of the telegraph and telephone girls, the women in printing establishments, in shops, in restaurants, in theatres, at the pit-brow, in mills, in factories, and in sweat-shops? Without strength of arm, without a voice that is counted, underpaid, underfed, exploited at every turn, tempted upon every side, disfranchised, held in ignorance — what of the mass of working women?

There are perhaps twenty-five million women in the United States —

over five million of them wage-earning. There are more wage-earning women in this country to-day than there were men, women, and children in the day of the Declaration of Independence. What does it mean to say that, of the adult population of a country, one moiety furnishes to the prisons ninety-four and one-half per cent of the inmates, and the other moiety five and one-half per cent? What is the meaning of the enormous discrepancy shown by the drink statistics? The prostitutes? Yes; but to the making of one harlot there go, as a minimum, two rakehells. The silly, the common, the frivolous, the selfish, the dishonest, the unscrupulous, the adventuress? All exist, and in large numbers. We hope to reduce them. But we think that even there, were statistics available, the feminine hemisphere might be found less heavily shaded than the masculine. We think that that is, fairly, the opinion of the world.

It would seem that there is an inference to be drawn from two simple facts. First: the militarist, the employer of cheap and of child labor, the bribed politician, the contemner of education, the liquor interest, the brothel interest, every interest that sets its face against reform, from reform of the milk-supply to disarmament of nations, is opposed to the political liberty of woman. Second: the biologist, the political economist, the statesman, the sociologist, the eugenist, the physician, the educator, the student, and the moralist, are to be found, in ever-increasing number, advocates of her enfranchisement.

Distinctions of sex exist — naturally. They play an enormous part in life. But the sexes are but the two arms of Life, and Life is ambidextrous. And unless the hands work together, the potter will have an ill-shaped vessel. He will break Human Life into shards, and turn to work with other clay. *Es-*

sential inequality! That is a Mumbo Jumbo mask, which, when held by a masculine hand, is used to hide the face of a very human reluctance to share power. When a woman's hand raises the fetish thing, — *she knows not what she does.*

Once, long ago, I stood with an old friend before a window open to the summer night. "What a beautiful moon!" I said. "Oh, my dear," she answered, "if you could have seen the moon before the war!"

It is, apparently, the same moon: as large, as round, as silver, now as then. The difference lies in what it shines upon. The moon shone then upon a country yet heavily wooded; upon a country very largely agricultural, upon a people very fairly simple. She shone upon thirty millions of people; to-night she shines upon ninety millions; a few years, and her beams will fall upon double that number; a few more, and she will gaze upon a crowded continent, to her a seething plain like India or like China. Before the war she looked upon farmhouse and village, and throughout the length and breadth of the land upon but one city as large as is Baltimore to-day. To-night upon how many abandoned farms does she look, upon how many deserted villages, upon how many great cities, Babylons and Ninevehs of the Occident! Upon how many mill towns, mining towns, railroad towns!

Where is the old-time village, the sanest and sweetest of political units? The houses are there, the river is there, the everlasting hills are there, there are people there, more people than of old. And yet it is gone, the self-contained village of our memory — there is hardly a trace upon the air of the syringa fragrance. The trains thunder through, the telegraph ticks and ticks, the city papers are distributed, the saloon invites, the cheap news-stall outspreads its poisonous wares, there are glances

toward a certain street, narrow, indefinitely sinister, the bent laborer goes by, the housewife comes to her door and stands, looking out.

"Is not John coming home, and *how* is he coming home? Where is young John? Tempted or tempter, where is he? And where"—oh, much, much to the point!—"where is Mary? It is dark. Why does she not come home?"

In the old days there was small harm in the moonlit village streets. It was pleasant to hear the young folks' voices, coming home from church, from reading-society, from spelling-bee, from tableaux, from parties where nothing stronger than lemonade was handed, and where they only played at Beggar-my-Neighbor. It is different now. The streets are gas-lit, and other amusements are provided. And in that doorway the woman stands and stands—a woman? say rather there is one great heartache standing there! They for whom she waits are the younger girl and boy. What of the elder children? *They have gone to the city.*

"Oh!" says some one, "here is exaggeration. There is so much pleasant and wholesome life, sweet and sane, and bright with promise!" Oh, we hasten to agree, there is! That segment is the rainbow cast across a darkened heaven. It is, we trust in God, a sample cut from the whole great web of the future! But how large, after all, is the sample we have in hand? and is it not time that we wove more rapidly the web that shall match it? How many, after all, among us are quite safe, fortunate, happy, content that the world and that the less wise, less happy, shall remain as they are? How many among us are endangered, oppressed, exploited, ruined, lost through ignorance in the maze; tied by greed to a million whirling wheels; bound by a vitiated inheritance to that utter gargoyle, that nightmare monster, *decadence*; chained

by their own wrongdoing to all the hateful fruit of evil; unfortunate, unhappy, and most miserably unwise? Are they in this latter category vastly in the minority? Are they? Are they?

No. The moon shines to-night upon conditions, possibilities, dangers, hopes, struggles, and warfare gigantically greater than ever before. Moreover the contest grows. To the clash of bodies succeeds the clash of intellects; to the war of the cranes and pygmies, the war of the Titans. Heretofore, arithmetical progression; now and hereafter, geometrical progression.

We have eaten of the Tree of Knowledge. Instinctive growth has become conscious growth. Conscious growth is in slow process of becoming rational growth. Above, below, around the crystal sphere of the rational, immeasurably streams the spiritual. Not even these concentric rings, these spheres within spheres, are detached and unrelated. As there are protoplasmic bridges between the living cells, so there are passages from one of these to another. Near descendants of *pithecanthrope erectus* are among us; the cave-man is here, narrow-skulled, the savage, the barbarian, the semi-civilized, the man and woman, goblin-haunted, of the Middle Ages. Nor, from earliest times, have there lacked traversers of the gossamer bridges from the sphere above to the sphere below. Retrospective thought names them "men in advance of their day." They are the great, dramatic figures, they are the cosmic adventurers. Usually they are stoned, or burned, or crucified. Enslaved or done to death upon that lower sphere, when this at last rises, melts, into the next higher, they are tolerated. Another lift and coalescence and they are deified; another, to the sphere from which they came, and they are recognized. To-day happy are we that we recognized many who, long ago, came over the

hair-like bridges from the higher to the lower. We recognize many, but not all. There are a number to whose estate we have not come. We are happy too, that if we have a growing pity we have also a growing distaste for the ape and satyr; the savage, lustful and greedy, the barbarian with his war-cries and his idols; the semi-civilized with his insistence upon remaining semi-civilized; and the mediæval mind, fine at times but narrower than the needle-eye. They trouble us; if the tragedy of it all were not too deep for such a word as tedium, we might say that they bore us. A good dog, — most dogs are good, — a sensible horse, are both pleasanter and more improving company.

What of the travelers among us to-day from the land of to-morrow? For just so surely as the spirit of the past is in presence, so surely is also the spirit of the future. The near past is represented, and the near future; the far past, and the far future. The far, far past comes not; it would terrify us if it did. And the far, far future comes not yet; it would blind us with its glory, too utterly confound and humble us with its holy might. Nor could it breathe in this mephitic air. Slowly, slowly, as the great body of evil is reduced to carbon dioxid, — as the brute past sinks, as Humanity, now in the darkness with the roots of things, pushes above the soil, blades like the wheat, like the hyacinth, springs like the oak, like the palm, — matters will improve. Then, ah, then will the visitants come, the seraphs from afar!

III

What has this to do with woman? Much, oh, much! What has woman to do with this? More than you think, my friend, more than you think! For woman is half of humanity, and, broadly speaking, the altruistic half.

I am a woman, and I have faith in women. I know their weaknesses. We are hearing a good deal about these just now; we are likely to hear more. I know that they are inaccurate — but not often so as bookkeepers. I know that they are credulous — many of them. On the other hand, there are among them few false prophets. And credulity is the very thing in which they are improving. They are not half so credulous as they were; indeed, it is not too much to say that a fair proportion of them are growing critical. Inconsequent? Well, perhaps a certain number, and along certain lines. I have never seen much inconsequence when they were in earnest. It is a word that cannot possibly be applied to womanhood in the round. I know that many of them wear murdered birds in their hats, and I wish they did n't. I doubt if they do so much longer. I know that they play bridge — some of them. But there is little gambling, I should say, and an enormous number of women scarcely know one card from another. I don't think they gossip as much as they did; there are more interesting things to talk about.

I have heard the amazing accusation that they are lawless. (The lawlessness of women! Just heavens! Where are the statistics? What of her extraordinary respect for her policeman — *any* policeman — her pastor, and her lawyer?) I know they have, many of them, a sinuous, an indirect way of approaching and of obtaining the object or the end which they desire. It is a grave fault — perhaps their gravest. But, in the name of God, who is responsible for it? To-day, from half the pulpits of the land, by the press, by whom not, woman is told, "Continue as you are! Pursue the methods you were forced to use when you were the cowering mate of a savage half as strong again as you! Do as you did when you were Elizabeth

of Hungary, and your lord demanded what you carried gathered in your apron. Say as you said then, 'Roses,' although, in fact, it is bread for the poor! Do as you did when you were Godiva of Coventry. Petition; and however degrading a price your lord exacts for the lifted tax, *pay it!* Beg; and if refused, *manœuvre!*" It is not improbable that the phrase which, in the next few years, will become most distasteful to a naturally self-respecting and straightforward woman — and there are hundreds of thousands of such — will be the phrase "indirect influence." She is in train to hear it from many lips. It means, *Make me comfortable, and I will see what I can do about it.*

Immorality? There are prostitutes, there are immoral women. There will come some rain-washed, star-spangled night when there will be vastly fewer of these. The great mass of woman-kind is pure. Divorce? After all, not many women are divorced, and of those who are, a great number may be held quite guiltless of wrong-doing. The remedy for divorce lies in education and in more careful marriage laws. Just so long as in the training of the child we blink every basic fact of life; just so long as we split temperance, chastity, right-living, into two standards, attempting with brute blindness to divide the indivisible and to make of Eternal Law a double-faced Janus, one aspect toward the man, another toward the woman; just so long as hordes of the Unfit hurl themselves, *en masse*, into marriage; just so long as these things obtain will there be needed a wide exit from that estate. It should be a high and sacred Temple of Life, entered only by true, warm, and mutual love, by reverent regard for the human life that the man is to kindle and the woman is to bear. To the ignorant, to the rash and weak, to

the most miserable, to the Unfit, it has become the Pit of the Inquisition. Discourage, with all the wisdom of which we are capable, the mating of the Unfit; encourage far, far more than we do now encourage, the mating of the Fit! So will we bring aid to the anxious millions of the future — to the children of the vast, blue hall in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, the Unborn Children. They wait in the unearthly light, the Unborn Children, each attending his summons, each with some symbol of what he is to do or to become in that Life toward which he is voyaging. Time opens the door. "You—and you—and you!" — "Wait, Father Time, wait until I get my father's birthday gift—the disease I am to carry with me always! But when he sees the grandchildren I shall give him—" "Wait, wait, Father Time, until I find the jug marked Old Bourbon!" — "I can't come any quicker, sir. I'm lame. Mother worked overtime—ten hours and a half, and nine looms to mind." And out they troop, the Condemned.

Verily, womanhood is not without blemish; nor is manhood. Imperfect, frail, and tarnished, are they both. But as surely as I sit here in this sunny window, writing these words, Woman has on her side the Future. She is willing to rest her case with the Unborn, in the vast, blue hall, undulating with light, sapphire as the sea or as the Madonna's robe. "I was weak, my children—weak and ignorant. I was a stupid mother. I did not know just how to go about things—it was all so new. But was I not right to make the fight? It was for the right kind of a home for you—and that you should have strong bodies and clear eyes and a right spirit. O my daughters, was I not right to develop myself, to make them give me education, to make them give me liberty? How could I use my powers until I had

trained them? How could I even find that I had them until I tried? Where could I try but in the place of trial? Where could I get my training but in the arena of life? There is none other provided. *Yea, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus.* I fought that you might be fair and chaste and strong and free and wise, and I conquered! — O my sons! it was for you, too, that I fought. They say that in the long, long past, I brought you in my arms, a sacrifice to Moloch; that upon the Ganges I gave you to the river, a sacrifice to the crocodile. I know not; my life has been very long; I have done wild things. But oh, a million times more often have I been the sacrifice! I have been the scapegoat of the world. But when I fought at last, it was for you, too, that I fought. I fought that you might be fair and chaste and strong and free and wise, and I conquered! For I would be the mother, not of Death, but of Life; not of slaves, but of heroes."

Will she not have recognition in the vast, blue halls? Yea, verily, she will! And not she alone, the Mother, — the vital point of this matter, the central figure among women, the one almost solely important to Nature, however it may be with the End whom Nature serves, — but those others will be welcomed, the women who have never married, who have only helped other people's children, who have only served. They, too, reproduce in their own way, but their children are ideas, — brain children. Brain children are of great consequence in the future, but they do not fill the human arms. Thus it is the unmarried women are good soldiers in the Woman's War. They are stanch legionaries; they make a strong color-guard. But the bearer of the colors is Nature's masterpiece, and the colors are — One says they are one thing, and one says they are another. To this man the banner seems blood-red, to an-

other it is a washed-out white, a third sees a mere flag of revolt, a fourth, somewhat wiser, the eagles of human progress. One cries, "An uprising of the Helots!" Another smiles, "Psha! A sleazy piece of cambric! Vague feminist discontent." A spirit, in act to cross from a higher sphere, might pause to mark the approaching army; might say, "I see the ensign — and it is a babe in arms."

The future — the future! What will be the religion of the future? It will be — the Future. Why, how mad are we with our Shintoism, with our ancestor-worship! binding our feet because our great-grandmothers bound theirs; pouring our minds into the mediæval mould, into the eighteenth-century mould, long after candle-moulds have been discarded in favor of electric light!

What is ancestor-worship? It is worship of what we were, — we — we — we who tread the earth to-day! What is worship of posterity? It is worship of what we may become — worship of the many-whorled flower potential in the daisy of the field; of the deep and glowing rose potential in the stem; of the rustless wheat, of the finer form, of the nobler mind, of the woman wonderful as the Venus of Melos; of the man a demi-god, a Prometheus Unbound; of the child — ah, what birthday gifts may we not bring the child in that future in which we — we — we shall still tread this Earth! Beyond that fair estate of the future, what far and fair futures yet; what vistas, what grandeurs, what harmonies, what growth!

Religion! What is religion? Faith, — the theologian will tell you, — and Works. Neither has much to do with the past. You can believe that a thing happened in the past, but you can hardly exercise faith toward the past. Faith is the worker at the loom of the moment, the weaver of the future into

the present. We live by faith, backed with memory. Faith is the substance of things hoped for. Faith without Works is dead. And Works? How is it possible to work for the past? And Hope? How is it possible to hope for the past? And Love? It is possible to love the past. There was much in it that was lovable. But it is more helpful to love the future! We are sweeping out of the realm of brute force into the realm of intellectual force; out of the arid and dead lands of Egoism into the fair country of Altruism. One day, one great Sunday of the World, to the sound of deeper, richer, more golden-tongued bells than ever we heard in our loveliest dream, Altruism will wake to conscious unity with the Absolute—which is God.

Between us and that day lie many battlefields — ages of battlefields. There will be defeats and victories. The defeats lie nearer to us; beyond them is the zone of victory. Even to-day in

the fight for the Unborn Babe the allied forces are large. Men are fighting, boldly and well. Women are fighting; more and more and yet more of women. But their arms are antiquated. If they had even an old smooth-bore musket or a Revolutionary flint-lock! but they have n't any weapon at all — not what a man would call a weapon. They have a thing called "indirect influence," the indirection of which is extreme indeed. It has been claimed that they are furnished with an ancient arquebuse called "Virtual representation." *Virtual* representation? There is no such thing in the field of law, nor, I should imagine, in any other field. The elector is *directly* represented by the man he sends to the legislature. An army corps "virtually represented" on the battlefield, sounds somehow like something out of *Alice in Wonderland*. The arm the women want is the standard one of tested efficiency. It is called the Ballot.

"AUTRE FOIS"

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

'T is not this April day one sees,
Beguiled the way of orchard trees
'Neath snows of bloom and starting
green —

Oh, not alone this spring I ween!
Nor this spring's bird the Lover
hears —
But all the birds of other years.

Dimly the senses apprehend
The amber sunset's fragrant blend

Of buried loves and dear unrest —
That linger in the blossomed West,
As ecstasies of Mays long flown
To lyric heavens of their own.

Yet, heart of Nature's mystery!
Within each budding prophecy,
Each songful miracle of dawn —
Faint Springs forever passed and gone,
Look back at us with April eyes
From memory's lost paradise.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HANGING ON AND LETTING GO

THE black rainy day ended at last, and yet I had not answered the hard question clamoring through its solitude: "Will you let go, or hold on? You have passed seventy. For fifty years and more you have written for publication, thankful for earning a livelihood if not fame. Has not the time come, perhaps passed by, when you should take your place with old-time writers who have shown that they are not lacking in what has been called the art of retiring, — the saving grace of knowing how to make an exit, — of vanishing at the timely moment?"

Perhaps Charles Wagner did not have writers solely in mind when he wrote of those who, when their work was finished, could not resign themselves to picking up their tools and being off, but cheapened what they had once done by trying to equal if not surpass it. The aged Simeon was brought forward as an example. He had not waited to be told when he must go; he had said that *now* was the time, and presumably he had not lingered until forcibly ejected, — like some poets for instance (and not only poets), who will hang on for another round of applause.

Must one have lived seventy years to learn that letting go demands more heroism than hanging on? Hang on! was the clarion cry we heard in our childhood, only another version of the "Sail on!" of Christopher Columbus. And Casabianca? — but then Casabianca is called "a silly" by the children of to-day, because "he did n't cut and run," as they would have done when they saw the absurdity of holding on.

"This art of retiring," says Wagner,

"is a long one; the secret of gaining success in it lies in the thorough training of yourself in never lingering over anything — nor anywhere." Havellock Ellis says that all the art of living lies in the fine mingling of letting go and holding on. Here is a suggestion to keep one busy through the longest of black rainy days: was So-and-So, who helped to make history, a letter-go, a hanger-on — or, what perhaps made a hero of him, a half-and-half? Was I going to hang on, when common sense dictated that I should let go?

And floundering in a quandary, I took up my December *Atlantic*, — not the first time it has served me in making a decision, just as my father used to make his Bible help him in a doubt. Scanning the Table of Contents (like Aladdin rubbing his lamp), I fixed upon "A Gift from his Youth" as what I needed; nor was I disappointed. Hear this: "There's no such thing as old age so long as you want to go on. . . . If you've got the instinct to go on, the strength will come. . . . Old age has nothing to do with the spirit. . . . Some people are [as] old at twenty [as at seventy] because they have given up wanting to go on." (And oh, how I wanted to go on!) And then decision wavered — wobbled — I hung on with one hand, and let go with the other, thinking that the writer of that ideal story could not be an old woman; if she were young, or comfortably middle-aged, as the great majority of writers about the experiences of the aged are pretty sure to be, was her wisdom to be relied upon? But granting that the writer wrote from imagination, or close observation, in describing the experiences of the aged as she did — their

spurts of physical exertion evaporating suddenly into depressing indecision; their throbbing sense of desolation "blighting every impulse"; their hopeless rebellion against old age; their causeless panics, defeating effort; their deadly conviction, that will not be downed, that they are no longer growing old, but are old, — could a centenarian have portrayed it all more perfectly? But then the inspiration that came to the old beau to go on, to hold on, the inspiration that came from the old sweetheart of the story, — that touch was by a youngling, I was sure.

So the next day saw me hammering away to finish a sonnet, that, if ever finished, and accepted for publication, will be one of the results of that charming story. And because of what it did for me, I am expecting a general revival in our magazines of writers who have been letting go, — poets, storytellers, essayists; those "antiques" who have been advised to "retire to the background that their shadow may not retard the growth of the sprouting grain." "Renounce," says Wagner to these, "in time; don't try to *be*, and to *have been* together." Not such bad advice, after all, I find myself saying now as I copy his words. To let go, when one wants to hold on, — to go on, — is n't that really a greater and braver thing to do than to hold on when one wants to let go? Selah.

TASTES

"My latest fad," said Harrington, "is this little library of the greatest names in literature. It is by no means complete, but the nucleus is there."

When Harrington speaks of his fads he does himself injustice. The world might think them fads, or worse. But I, who know the man, know that his fondness for things out of the way, insignificant, or neglected, is something

more than eccentricity, something more than a collector's appetite run amuck. In reality, Harrington's soul goes out to the worthless objects he frequently brings together into odd little museums. He loves them precisely because they are insignificant. His whole life has been a silent protest against the arrogance of success, of high merit, of rare value. His heart is always on the side of the *Untermensch*, a name given by the Germans, a learned people, to what we call the under-dog.

"My collection," said Harrington, "is as yet confined almost entirely to authors in the English language. Here is my Shakespeare, a first edition, I believe, though undated. The year, I presume, was about 1875. The title, you see, is comprehensive: *The Nature of Evaporating Inflammations in Arteries after Ligature, Accupressure, and Torsion*. Edward O. Shakespeare, who wrote the book, is not a debated personality. His authorship of the book is unquestioned, and I assure you it is a comfort to handle a text which you know left its author's mind exactly as it now confronts you in the page.

"Next to the Shakespeare you find my Dickens volumes, two in number. Albert Dickens published, in 1904, his *Tests of Forest Trees*. It has been praised in authoritative quarters as an excellent work of its kind. An older book is *Dickens's Continental A. B. C.*, a railway guide which I am fond of thinking of as the probable instrument of a vast amount of human happiness. Imagine the fond meetings and reunions which this chubby little book has made possible — husbands and wives, fathers and children, lovers, who from the most distant corners of the earth have sought and found each other by means of the Dickens railway time-tables. To how many beds of illness has it brought a comforter, to how many habitations of despair — but I must not preach. I

call your attention to the next volume, Byron. From the title, *A Handbook of Lake Minnetonka*, you will perceive that it is in the same class as my Dickens."

Harrington drew his handkerchief to wipe the dust from a thin octavo in sheepskin. "This Emerson," he said, "is the earliest in date of my Americana. William Emerson's *A Sermon on the Decease of the Rev. Peter Thacher* appeared in 1802, at a time when people still thought it worth while to utilize the death of a good man by putting him into a book for the edification of the living. The adjoining two volumes are by Spencer. Charles E. Spencer's *Rue, Thyme, and Myrtle* is a sheaf of dainty poetry which was very popular in Philadelphia during the second decade after the Civil War. Do we still write poetry as single-heartedly as people did? It may be. Perhaps we might find out by comparing this other volume by Edwin Spencer, *Cakes and Ale*, published in 1897, with the Philadelphia Spencer of forty years ago.

"I must hurry you through the rest of my books," said Harrington. "Thomas James Thackeray's *The Soldier's Manual of Rifle-Firing* appeared in 1858, and undoubtedly had its day of usefulness. Thomas Kipling was professor of divinity at Cambridge University toward the end of the eighteenth century. In 1793 he edited the volume I now hold in my hand, *Codex Beza*, one of the most precious of our extant MSS. of the New Testament. I like to think of that fine old Cambridge professor's name as bound up with patient, self-effacing scholarship and a highly developed spirituality. But I digress. Cast your eye over this little group of foreign writers. Here is Dumas, — Jean Baptiste Dumas, — whose *Leçons sur la philosophie chimique*, delivered in 1835, were considered worthy of being published thirty years later. The quaint volume that comes next is by Du Mau-

rier, who was French ambassador to the Hague about 1620. The title, in the Dutch, is *Propositie gedan door den Heere van Maurier*, etc. — *Propositions advanced by the Sieur du Maurier*, one of the Regent's able and merry-hearted diplomats, I take it. And here is Goethe; he would repay your reading. Rudolf Goethe's *Mitteilungen ueber Obst- und Gartenbau* is one of the best books of the present day in its field.

"And finally," said Harrington with a flash of pride quite unusual in him, "the treasure of my little library — Homer; again a first edition."

"Homer!" I cried. "An *editio princeps*!"

"Nearly one hundred and fifty years old," he said. "The Rev. Henry Homer deserved well of his British countrymen when he gave to the world — it was in 1767 — his *Inquiry into the Measures of Preserving and Improving the Publick Roads of this Kingdom*."

Harrington sat down and eyed me doubtfully as if awaiting an unfavorable opinion. His face quite lit up when I hastened to assure him that his library was one of the most impressive collections it had ever been my good fortune to come across.

"Very few collections," I told him, "bear the impress of a personality. As a rule they are shopfuls of costly masterpieces such as any multi-millionaire may have if he does n't prefer horses or monkey dinners. But how often does one find a treasure-house like yours, Harrington, revealing an exquisitely discriminating taste in co-operation with the bold originality of the true amateur?"

THE SUNNY SIDE OF SUPERSTITION

OUR family confesses itself to be one of those in which superstition is not quite extinct. The male members were

long since emancipated, but on the disaff side there is a hyperæsthesia in regard to Fridays. Attempts to explode Friday's bad luck have not succeeded very well among us. The last was made but two years ago, and at a most imprudent time; for it was but a few weeks before a wedding of great family importance that two of us so far forgot ourselves as to go away to pay a visit on a Friday. The visit began pleasantly. It was with old and hospitable friends. A cosy and confidential cup of tea was followed by a very cheerful dinner and an absorbing game of whist. Not until morning did consequences appear in the voice of one of us calling, "I think I've got the mumps."

Reader, I recovered in time, but it was as a brand snatched from the burning. Friday appears to me a sort of hiatus in the week. To save a life I would cut out a garment on that day, but not to oblige a friend. The time may come when our entire kindred will cast off the shackles of Friday, as we once did of thirteen at table. We have been seen to wear an opal brooch or ring, though none of us were born in July. We pass on stairways, and cut street corners. In fact, one reason for sticking to Friday is that we think it only consistent to preserve one superstition of bad luck, when we cherish so many on the *sunny side*.

That there is anything genial, cheering, or therapeutically valuable about superstition may seem a tall statement. The adjective generally associated with it is "dark." On the contrary, there is something very brightening about a four-leaved clover. Who is not a little more of an optimist for picking up a horse-shoe? What lonely farmer's wife, storm-bound on a winter afternoon, with unwelcome leisure on her hands, but feels a little quickening of the pulse as she drops her scissors and beholds them sticking up in the carpet? — or

discovers that she has laid an extra place at the table? Company-signs are the commonest and welcomest of all superstitions. The scissors — the needle — the dishcloth — the fork — the Saturday sneeze, all inculcate hospitality, and reward it, by an unexpected visitor. If the needle slants as it stands up in the crack of the floor, it foretells a gentleman! Run, young daughters of the house, and put a blue bow in your hair.

To show that superstitions have a friendly bias toward good luck, witness the couplets on sneezing and on birthdays. Here the good or harmless omen exceeds the bad in the ratio of *five to two*.

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger;
on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
on Wednesday, get a letter;
on Thursday, something better;
on Friday, sneeze to your sorrow;
on Saturday, company (or, as some say,
joy) to-morrow.

Birthdays are rated as follows:—

Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday's, full of grace;
Wednesday's, merry and glad;
Thursday's, sour and sad;
Friday's, loving and giving;
Saturday's, works for a living.

And even in picking up pins, the threat is but vague and mild compared with the reward for befriending the homeless pin. In the latter case,—

All the day you'll have good luck, —
whereas in the former, you will only —
wish you had n't passed it by.

If you pick it up sidewise, you are promised "a ride."

The "rain before seven," the apron wrong-side-out, the black cat coming to your house (which to the uninstructed might look sinister), the two spoons in a dish, the load of hay and cream-colored horse on which your wishes come true, the grain-of-the-table, the consoling "unlucky at cards, lucky in love"; the wishbone, the rice, the old shoe, the moon-over-the-right-shoulder,

der, the double handshake, the cricket on the hearth, the bubbles in the tea, — all are friends and well-wishers for us. There is a difference of opinion as to the bird flying in at one's window. The majority pronounce it a bad omen; but certain old New Englanders maintain otherwise, and in my own experience it is the luckiest of signs. There was once a time when the last slice of bread on the plate was believed to force celibacy on the rash and hungry one who seized it; but of late it seems universally known as "the handsome husband," or "five thousand a year."

A belief in dreams is naturally one of the last strongholds of superstition, as it lies close to the respectable borders of the Psychical Research Society. Experience, however, too often upsets our theories, and takes away the fascinating bugbear we have cherished. I am in a position to prove that there is no harm in dreaming of a rat, or a wedding; or in repeating dreams before breakfast (except that no one will ever listen). On the other hand, to dream of snow, or of being aboard a ship, are private "good-luck signs" of my own. I do not by any means claim them exclusively, but I am left in an unwilling monopoly of them. Readers are more than welcome to them. I have tested them a dozen times, and never known them to fail.

Last year, however, marked a crisis in my traffic with dreams. Up to that period I had indulged a too-ready faith in the dictum that "Dreams are a mirror, in which we see our true selves." This seemed less a superstition than a plausible hypothesis. Its claims were, I thought, more than supported by a dream in which I saw with painful vividness my contemptible physical cowardice. I was stranded on top of a tower in a lake. I was aware that I was dreaming; and in a sort of inspiration I said to myself, —

"Now is a good chance to see if I have any courage at all. I am only dreaming. Let us see if, in a mere dream, I can't jump down into that lake, which is only an imaginary lake. Push me off the tower!"

Thus I commanded myself; but that obstinate coward refused, and I woke up, so to speak, on top of the tower.

This experience fixed my faith in the postulate that dreams are a true index to our characters; and for months after it I was proud of creditable dreams, and laid a flattering unction, and so forth; whereas dreams in which I behaved badly cast a long shadow of remorse. I was a slave to this superstition (as I now think it) up to six months ago. But a dream which I had then, represented me as a person of so little principle, such flagrant bad faith, and such perverted instincts, that I turned on the mirror theory and threw it forever out of doors.

As a last witness to the contention that superstition has an indulgent, friendly, sunny side, consider the dozen ways provided of changing one's luck at cards. If "picking geese" is thought vulgar (though I know a lady of the first water who does it) one can walk, or better, run, round one's chair; or if too stout, too crowded, or too comfortable to do so, one can "blow the luck" into the cards, when one's next deal comes round. Or by a risky declaration of trumps, or a harebrained lead of them, one can tempt that April goddess who favors the brave. This last is the most gallant and admirable of all superstitions. Older than "touching wood," it is more fearless than science itself. It resembles in miniature the great leap that Perseus took at the bidding of the wise goddess. Like other theories originating at cards, it is greatly applicable to life itself. It is that wisdom and valor of the heart which, in Froude's fine saying, "correct the follies of the head."

A PLEA FOR THE HALF-TRUTH

"THE average man lives, and must live, so wholly in convention that gunpowder charges of the truth are more apt to discompose than to invigorate his creed." So Stephenson wrote in a little essay on "Books which have Influenced Me," one of the most illuminating and helpful of all his delightful writings. But why the average man, only? We are all creatures of a very limited content. Even the wisest cannot assimilate much truth at once, and by most of us truth needs to be taken only in homœopathic doses. As the baby requires small portions of food taken regularly to keep it in good condition, and too much food is far worse for it (and causes more sickness) than too little, so the mind and soul of man need little bits of truth to feed upon, to furnish necessary strength and stimulus for growth and useful work; and these little bits need to be half-truths, not whole ones. Half-truths, you say: why not little whole truths, small, but each one perfect?

Truth is like a circle-symbol of the infinite, and returns upon itself. To surround and grasp a whole truth, mentally, is to secure inspiration for work in many different and apparently contrary directions. What we need is the half-truth, perhaps the quarter-truth; not the whole, but only so much of truth as furnishes us dynamic force for progress in a given direction. A great whole truth touched off within our minds all at once would be indeed a gunpowder charge, destroying, not invigorating, our powers. What both the individual and society need is the generation of just enough power to drive them around the circle — really an ascending spiral — gradually.

New half-truths, a few at a time, are necessary to supplement the old half-truths. When one round of life's spiral

is completed, we can look back upon the course traversed, and see the part-truths, that seemed once so mutually destructive that half of them must be false, harmonized and fitting perfectly into the completed, perfect truth. This is what upward progress means, and what human nature necessitates. "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face." When all is finished we behold at last the many segments, the many shining facets of truth, and know our old opponents — teachers of most dangerous errors as we used to think — possessed of that knowledge of the other side of truth necessary to complete and harmonize our own. So the conservative and the radical fight mightily for their half-truths, because the half-truth possesses and inspires them fully. Possessed of both halves, progress would seem hopeless. The forces urging in one direction would be negated by the forces urging in a contrary direction, and nothing would be accomplished. As men are constituted, upward progress to higher truth results from the over-emphasis of half-truths, — first radicals, then conservatives contributing their share, — until, the errors mixed in with each half-truth to make a complete working programme being burned out in the fires of conflict, the complete, symmetrical whole truth emerges, fused out of its seeming broken and opposing parts.

"T is a half-time" always in this world, when studying the present and its needs, "but time shall make it whole," when we look back from the higher level over the historic pathway trod.

Fortunately, men's minds are so constructed that they cannot, if they would, take in whole truths all at once. This is our salvation. The half-truth is our present strength and dynamic inspiration; the whole truth is our complete reward, when the work is done.